

October 1927

THE
REDBOOK
MAGAZINE



Something New
in Stories of Today by
Rupert Hughes
Sam Hellman
Frank R. Adams
Margaret Culkin
Banning
and
Others

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The best time to fight gum troubles is BEFORE THEY START

HOW IPANA and massage help thousands to ward off the troubles that follow "*pink tooth brush*"

RIGHT in your own circle of friends you can point out men and women who have suffered—in health and in appearance—through the ravages of these modern gum afflictions.

And if you ask these people about their experience, perhaps the first thing they will tell you is how stubborn, how difficult to deal with these troubles are, once they gain a foothold.

Yet it is encouraging to know that serious gum disorders, hard as they are to cure, are often quite easy to prevent. And the method dentists recommend is both simple in its performance and effective in its results.

It is our diet that undermines the health of our gums. Our food, dentists point out, is too soft, too quickly eaten. The roughage and the fibre have departed from it. The act of mastication no longer yields to our gums the exercise and massage that

keeps the fresh, nourishing blood in brisk circulation through their walls.

That, very briefly, is why gums soften, weaken and lose their tone. "*Pink tooth brush*," the earliest sign of impairment of gum health, is often a sign and warning of more severe, more serious troubles to come.

How Ipana and massage defeat "pink tooth brush"

Common sense dictates that the way to prevent or correct such troubles is to give back to the tissues the stimulation they lack. So dentists recommend massage—a gentle frictionizing of the gums, with the brush or with the fingers.

And because of its content of ziratol, thousands of dentists direct their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for the gum massage, as well as for the regular brushing of



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Cradles of Evolution

By FRANCIS MITCHELL FROELICHER
Executive Committee, Progressive Education Association

THE family as a social institution is changing. The cradle of evolution is shifting from the home to the school, and both parents and teachers are working together to reach an understanding of the methods best suited to prepare boys and girls for happy and efficient living. Science has outrun philosophy, and man is now consciously participating in his own unfolding.

Present-day parents, particularly mothers, are just discovering themselves as individuals. In the past, many of them devoted themselves almost exclusively to children and home. When the children outgrew the home circle, the mothers who had lost their main occupation and interest were often overwhelmed by a sense of desolation and loss. They had not built up contacts which would afford an outlet for their creative energy when the family no longer absorbed it. Today, more and more mothers are cultivating interests outside the home, interests that will endure in spite of changing family conditions. These mothers are in a position to contribute more as individuals to the family circle than they were when their activities and attention were centered on it exclusively. In this way, the spiritual unity of the family is being enriched rather than destroyed.

As parents continue to give more time and attention to their own development as individuals, it becomes necessary for the school to increase the scope of its work and take over responsibilities which the home can no longer deal with effectively. Parents have always expected the good private school to give thorough academic training and adequate preparation for college. Now they are searching for schools which will

not only do these things well but which will also help their children to face the new and perplexing problems of today and handle them efficiently. In response to this need, schools are becoming less severely academic and more social in character. Instead of remaining isolated, apart from life, they are becoming self-sustaining communities which represent normal adult living in a miniature but accurate way.

One of the greatest services which the school can perform is to make its students excited over things of the mind and responsive to the thrilling and wonderful story of man's development and his possibilities. To do this is to substitute genuine emotion for artificial reactions and to arouse in the growing boy and girl a sense of their own powers and responsibilities as thinking creatures.

Philosophy, the study of human relationships, will overtake the discoveries of science only as we further develop the intelligent and critical study of the past. Enlightened education is placing increasing emphasis upon the causes and results of social movement and change and their bearing upon modern economic and social trends.

The good private schools, with their relatively small enrollments and opportunities for individual study and research, are the logical outposts for developing sound educational methods, suited to the changing needs of modern life.

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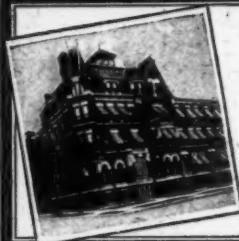
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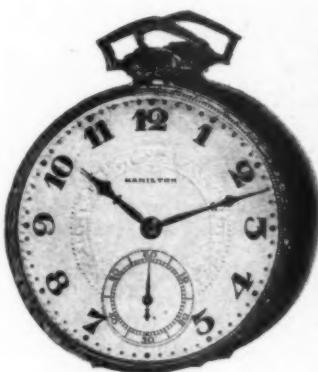
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in "Hit the Deck"

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in "The Circus Princess"

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ESTHER RALSTON
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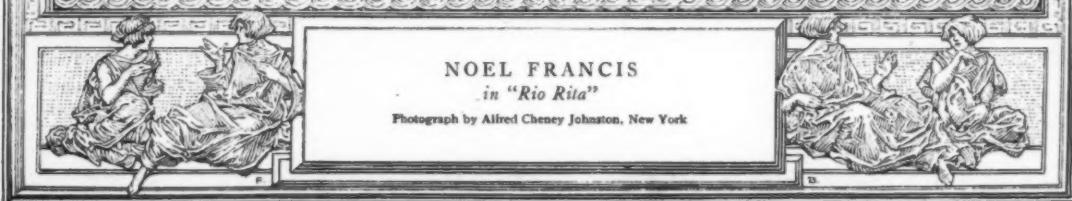
Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee



NOEL FRANCIS

in "Rio Rita"

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York

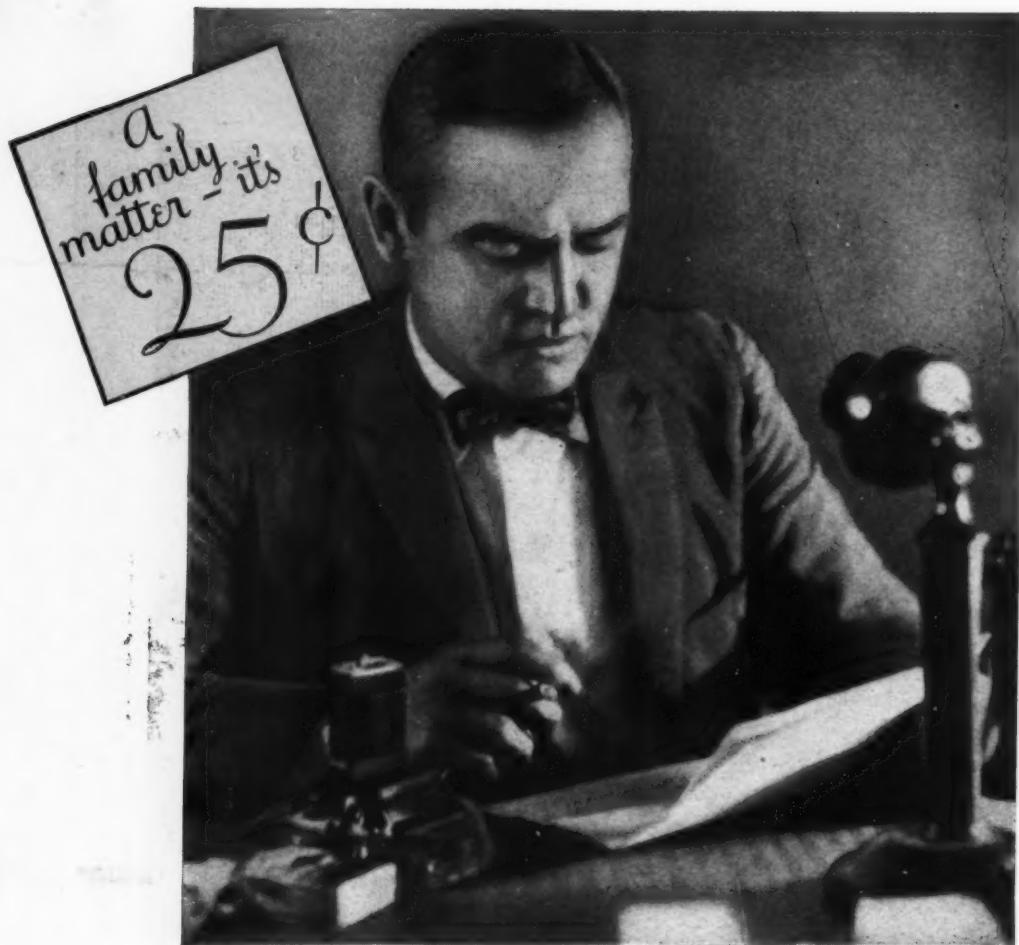




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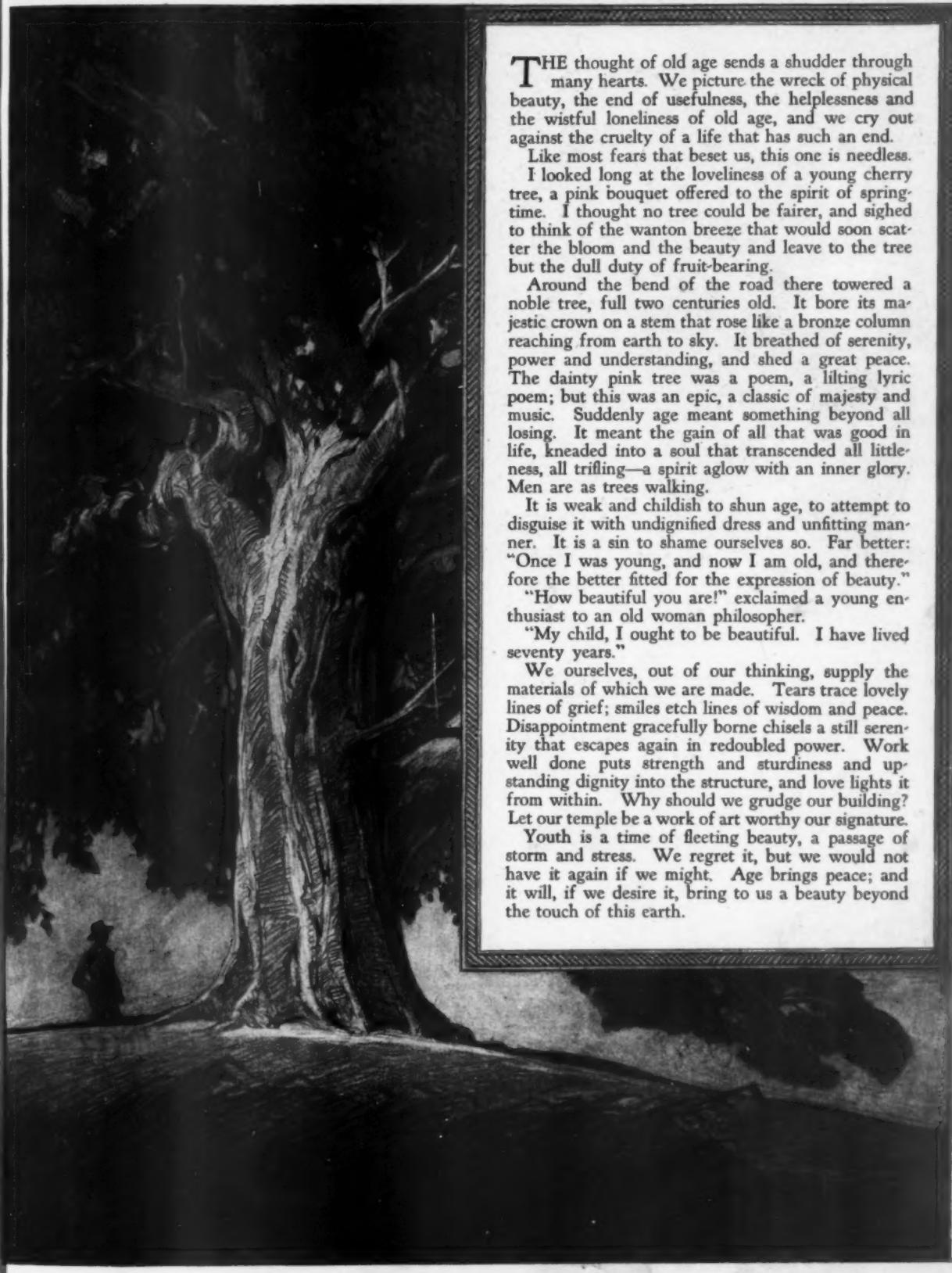
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Beautiful Old Age

By Angelo Patri

Decoration by Franklin Booth



THE thought of old age sends a shudder through many hearts. We picture the wreck of physical beauty, the end of usefulness, the helplessness and the wistful loneliness of old age, and we cry out against the cruelty of a life that has such an end.

Like most fears that beset us, this one is needless.

I looked long at the loveliness of a young cherry tree, a pink bouquet offered to the spirit of spring-time. I thought no tree could be fairer, and sighed to think of the wanton breeze that would soon scatter the bloom and the beauty and leave to the tree but the dull duty of fruit-bearing.

Around the bend of the road there towered a noble tree, full two centuries old. It bore its majestic crown on a stem that rose like a bronze column reaching from earth to sky. It breathed of serenity, power and understanding, and shed a great peace. The dainty pink tree was a poem, a lilting lyric poem; but this was an epic, a classic of majesty and music. Suddenly age meant something beyond all losing. It meant the gain of all that was good in life, kneaded into a soul that transcended all littleness, all trifling—a spirit aglow with an inner glory. Men are as trees walking.

It is weak and childish to shun age, to attempt to disguise it with undignified dress and unfitting manner. It is a sin to shame ourselves so. Far better: "Once I was young, and now I am old, and therefore the better fitted for the expression of beauty."

"How beautiful you are!" exclaimed a young enthusiast to an old woman philosopher.

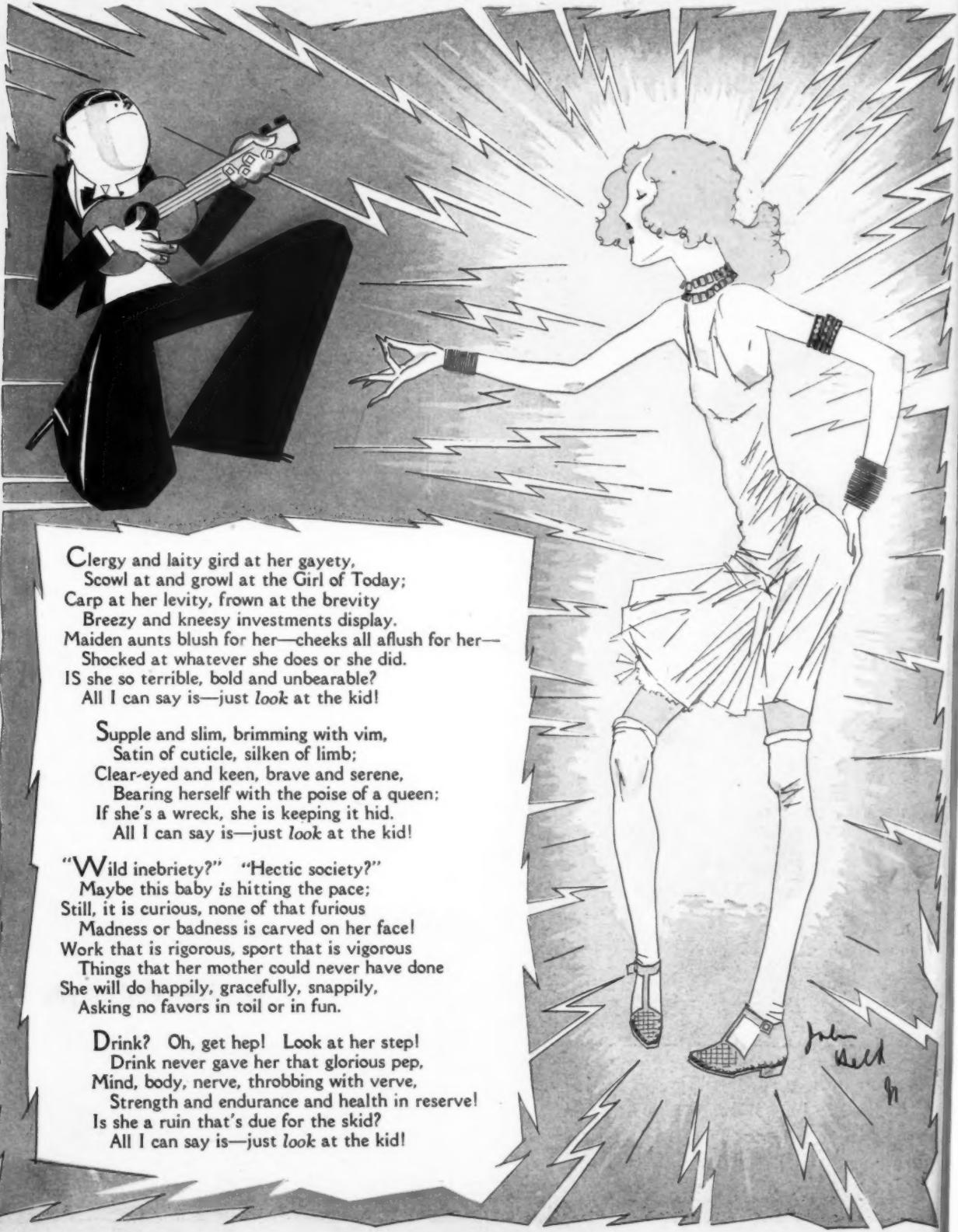
"My child, I ought to be beautiful. I have lived seventy years."

We ourselves, out of our thinking, supply the materials of which we are made. Tears trace lovely lines of grief; smiles etch lines of wisdom and peace. Disappointment gracefully borne chisels a still serenity that escapes again in redoubled power. Work well done puts strength and sturdiness and upstanding dignity into the structure, and love lights it from within. Why should we grudge our building? Let our temple be a work of art worthy our signature.

Youth is a time of fleeting beauty, a passage of storm and stress. We regret it, but we would not have it again if we might. Age brings peace; and it will, if we desire it, bring to us a beauty beyond the touch of this earth.

Take a Good Look!

By Berton Braley • Decoration by John Held, Jr.



Clergy and laity gird at her gayety,
Scowl at and growl at the Girl of Today;
Carp at her levity, frown at the brevity
Breezy and kneesy investments display.
Maiden aunts blush for her—cheeks all aflush for her—
Shocked at whatever she does or she did.
IS she so terrible, bold and unbearable?
All I can say is—just look at the kid!

Supple and slim, brimming with vim,
Satin of cuticle, silken of limb;
Clear-eyed and keen, brave and serene,
Bearing herself with the poise of a queen;
If she's a wreck, she is keeping it hid.
All I can say is—just look at the kid!

"Wild inebriety?" "Hectic society?"
Maybe this baby is hitting the pace;
Still, it is curious, none of that furious
Madness or badness is carved on her face!
Work that is rigorous, sport that is vigorous
Things that her mother could never have done
She will do happily, gracefully, snappily,
Asking no favors in toil or in fun.

Drink? Oh, get hep! Look at her step!
Drink never gave her that glorious pep,
Mind, body, nerve, throbbing with verve,
Strength and endurance and health in reserve!
Is she a ruin that's due for the skid?
All I can say is—just look at the kid!



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A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

The Fiddlers

By BRUCE BARTON

IT was at a concert in New York where a celebrated teacher of the violin was exhibiting his pupils. A boy of eighteen stepped onto the stage and began to play. A hush fell over the room. His face, his fingers, every move and look proclaimed an embryo artist.

With easy assurance, in which was no trace of effort, he played one number after another, the audience urging him on with enthusiastic applause. Each of us felt the thrill of personally discovering this new star in the musical heavens. The concert over, a gentleman rushed forward to congratulate the teacher.

"You must be wonderfully proud of that brilliant boy!" he exclaimed.

The teacher was unresponsive. "Not very proud," he said.

"But surely he will be a master."

"No. He will probably be a fiddler in a restaurant."

The man was a bit indignant. Was this coolness born of professional jealousy—the envy of an older man for the brilliant youth? The teacher did not leave him long in doubt.

"The boy could be a master," he explained, "but he never will. Some of the others who performed less well today you will hear from later. But he—no. He will be a fiddler. It comes too easy; he will not work."

If you have read much of biography you know that the teacher was right. Nothing is more impressive than the infinite pains which great men have taken, not merely to achieve position, but to keep it.

Emerson tells of a letter from an artist friend describing Michelangelo's huge mural painting of the Last Judgment, which the friend "had the opportunity of seeing very near, and was astonished at the minute finish of muscles and nerves, finished like a miniature." No detail was too small for the artist whose shoulders were bent by the long effort of finishing his immortal pictures under the dome of St. Peter's.

Booth, the great actor, was never satisfied. One night, after a performance in which he seemed to the audience to have surpassed himself, a friend went to congratulate him.

He "found Booth with his head in his hands in the deepest dejection, from which not even the praise of an old friend could arouse him, disgusted at having given so miserable a performance."

Whether great success is worth what it costs or whether mediocrity is a happier state are debatable questions. But there is no secret about the formula. Eternal work is the difference between the artist

—and the fiddler.



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A Very Gallant Gentleman



Illustration by David Hendrickson

FOUR men, dragging a sledge, fought storm and snow and terrific cold. They were returning from the South Pole, which they had reached on January 18th. Now it was March 12th, and after nearly two months' desperate struggling, they were forty-seven miles from One-ton Camp, where were supplies to save them.

The name of one, the leader, will never be forgotten: Scott—Captain Robert F. Scott. The others were Wilson, Bowers and Oates. A fifth had gained the Pole with them—Evans; but on the return he had fallen into a crevasse, and though rescued and cared for by his comrades, he had died nearly a month before.

The weather was frightful. "I maintain," wrote Scott, "that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate, and that no one in the world would have expected the temperatures and surfaces which we encountered . . . I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through."

It was this second month of antarctic marches and camps on the return, which was the worst. On March 12th, Scott wrote: "We did 6.9 miles yesterday, under our necessary average. We did four miles this morning in four hours 20 minutes—we may hope for 3 this afternoon. We shall be 47 miles from the depot. I doubt if we can possibly do it. The surface remains awful, the cold intense, and our physical condition running down. . . ."

Oates, whose feet had frozen, was the weakest. In spite of dogged determination, he delayed the party. He could not start when they were ready nor keep up without help. Fuel was nearly

exhausted, and food. They had to make all possible haste to One-ton Camp. Oates begged them to leave him. He proposed, on the 15th, that they leave him in his sleeping bag. "That," wrote Scott, "we could not do, and induced him to go on."

He knew they would never forsake him. They all had refused to desert Evans till the end.

The 17th was Oates' birthday. They were at their fifty-eighth camp from the Pole and were within thirty miles of One-ton Camp. They were in their tent. It was blowing a blizzard, requiring all that was in the strongest to face it and make any advance at all.

Oates arose and said: "I am just going outside, and may be some time."

He went out into the blizzard—and no one ever saw him again. . . .

Eight months later, another party of Englishmen found, in a camp eleven miles from One-ton Depot, Scott, Bowers and Wilson in their tent, in sleeping bags as if asleep. They never found Oates; but after reading Scott's diary, they marched twenty miles south to the point, as near as they could judge, where Oates had left his comrades, where they heaped up a cairn and placed thereon a cross and the record: "Captain L. E. G. Oates, of the Inniskilling Dragoons . . . returning from the Pole, walked willingly to his death in a blizzard, to try and save his comrades. Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman."

THE Lovely Ducklings

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by John La Gatta

The great drama of an American family facing this new day. Some of the young people deliberately cast off the old code—or try to; others cling to the code—or try to. Mr. Hughes takes each one at the critical decision in his or her life and tells the story of them all in separate but related episodes. This first is of Louise Todd, eighteen years old, known to her companions as "Hot Toddy."

IF Mrs. Todd looked calm, it was because she was so bewildered that she could not select any other look. Among her many worries she could not make up her mind just what worried her most, just which of her many children she was most afraid for—and of.

She had five of them, and guiding their lives was like leading five pigs—not to market, but back home from their wanderings.

She felt now as if her soul had sunk down in the middle of the road, hopelessly entangled in five leashes tugged five several ways, all threatening to break, each of them hurting worse than all of them. Nobody was getting anywhere; nobody was happy; or if happy for a while, happy in ways that rendered the parents unhappy.

Every member of the young quintet of Todds was adorable, and all the more impressive from being dangerous and always in danger.

Mentally collapsed in the middle of the road, Mrs. Todd was physically ensconced in a rocking-chair on the little back porch that she retreated to when the young people turned the front of the house into a sort of domestic daylight night-club.

She was so distraught that she could not even care when she saw that a rusty old hen had somehow escaped from the chicken yard and was leading a rag-tag and bobtail gang of ducklings across the lawn.

The silly, solemn fowl did not have sense enough to realize that fate had played a joke on her in persuading her to sit on some other mother's children till they came out of their shells. If she realized how incongruous she was with that alien rabble about her, she made no apologies. She strutted insufferably.

The tiny flatbills followed, whistling, gobbling, and flapping their galoshes. All was serene until they spied the concrete swimming pool that Mr. and Mrs. Todd had devised in the vain hope of keeping the children at home.

Mrs. Todd had sighed to think how expensive the pool had been and—like all the other traps for the children—how futile.

Now she smiled, in spite of herself, as the misbegotten ducklings

became suddenly aware that water was near and tumbled over themselves to reach it. They were dragged across the grass by strings as invisible as they were irresistible. A yearning for the unknown, yet foreknown, open sea overwhelmed them as it had overwhelmed Mrs. Todd herself in her Midwestern youth, among the wind-rippled, boundless prairies of Iowa. Just such ropes of desire had drawn her and her husband out to California in spite of themselves.

Yet when they had reached the ocean, they had simply stared at it and said: "So that's the ocean! Well, well!"

They had been tempted to take a dip, but put it off, and went back to their dull business; her husband to making money and she to keeping house.

The ocean was another thing to the children. They played in it, or along its sandy edges, till they were almost amphibians.

Gilman, the eldest son, had gone into the surf every day for one whole year. Helen, the oldest girl, had swum almost to Catalina once. The rest seemed less at home at home than on the beach.

Her musing was broken in upon by the appalling protests that hen was making against the call of nature to her brood.

Mrs. Todd had seen the same thing before. She knew that it had happened millions of times. It always happened when a hen hatched duck eggs.

And yet when it happened now, it surprised her. The waddling grotesquelings, so blundersome on land, gracefully launched their little yellow canoes on the glassy surface of their first pool as if they had never known anything else. They seemed to swim by the sheer will to swim. Their beaks were high and proud; their tails wigwagged signals of delight.

Something told the ducklings that they could swim, but nobody told the hen. That lately stately dame had lost all her majesty. She was a bawling fishwife, squawking uncouth warnings, threats, prophecies of disaster.

Unable to see how safe, how happy, how appropriate her children were in their escape from her world, she shrieked at them that they were unsafe and doomed to misery, to ruin. She did everything but follow them.



"G'by! I can't kiss you
because my paint is fresh.
We're dining on the
beach. G'by, darling."

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Mrs. Todd laughed at the hen till she had to mop the tears away to see the ancient, the everlastingly repeated farcical-tragical comical-pastoral spectacle of—

"G'by, Mummsie! I'm off!"

The voice was the voice of her second daughter, Louise, but the coat was the coat of her son Gilman, so long that it trailed on the ground. The close-cropped head that emerged from the collar might have been a boy's, but for the blatant rouge on cheeks and lips. Mrs. Todd, who called the girl "Louise," did not know that her friends called her "Hot Toddy." Her mother

was afraid that Louise knew more than was contained in the book "What Every Young Girl Ought to Know."

Mrs. Todd prided herself on being a modern mother, and she had presented Louise with that terrifying volume on her sixteenth birthday. She never knew how it had amused Louise to read it, how quaint she found it.

At eighteen, as a senior in the high school, she was calling Freud "old stuff" and growing skeptical of quaint "complex" theories. Louise was not in the least unusual among the girls of her generation in looking upon innocence as a sham and ignorance as a crime. Her ambition was to know all there was to know, and her pride was in permitting nobody to control her—neither her parents nor her male companions. She deceived her parents for their own comfort with benevolent pretense of the innocence they wanted her to have. But that was as far as she would go. She treated with frank anarchy her mother's attempts to rule her.

So now when Mrs. Todd asked where she was "off" to, she answered:

"To the beach, of course."

"But it will be dark by the time you get there."

"Yes, but the moon rises at sunset. G'by! I can't kiss you because my paint is fresh."

"But your dinner—"

"We're dining on the beach. G'by, darling."

To check her flight Mrs. Todd caught at the skirt of the vanishing coat and gasped at the disclosure.

"You're in your bathing suit!"

"Of course. I wouldn't swim without it, would I? Not with all those boys along. Some do, but I don't."

"You're not going swimming after dark!"

"Surest thing you know. Wouldn't miss it for worlds. Please don't keep me. They're waiting."

An automobile horn squawked in the street. It sounded like the hen still squawking as she still chased her irretrievable flock around the pool.

Mrs. Todd felt her own soul squawking. But she rose and spoke with determined calm:

"Listen, Louise: You're not going on any such outrageous party. Understand that once for all."

"I'm going where I please, when I please. Understand that once for all."

"Do you defy me?"

"If you defy me—yes!"

An amazing idea, that a mother could defy a daughter.

She stared into the harsh eyes confronting hers, and turned scarlet at what she saw there. She took refuge in precedent:

"If I had answered my mother like that, she'd have slapped my face for me."

"And would you have stood for it?"

"I never gave her cause. I was always obedient. I revered my mother."

This was greeted with laughing skepticism.

"What a lot of fun you must have missed! I adore you, darling, but I don't revere you the least little bit. And as for obedience—dun't esk! You wont get it. I'm nobody's little white slave. I'm past all that nursery nonsense."

"Is it nonsense that a high-school girl should obey her mother?"

"I'm eighteen. I'm of age."

"Oh, are you? You're quite an old lady, I suppose. But don't forget one thing, miss: as long as you call this your home—"

"I call this my home as long as it is a home, as long as I'm free to come and go as I please. If you want me to call it a jail, all right—I'll call it a jail! And I'll break out and stay out."

Mrs. Todd peered at the flushed and insolent beauty who had once been a helpless babe in her bosom; and before that, nothing at all. Somehow the will that had developed with the body from infancy to womanhood had never really clashed with her own till now. Years ago there had been admitted disobediences



repented and apologized for, often in tears. Latterly there were evasions on both sides from any definite conflict.

Now the issue was joined. Mrs. Todd told herself to crush the mutiny at once. She had no thought of her own pride. She was thinking of her daughter's welfare, or at least she thought she was thinking only of that. She was picturing the beach in the moonlight, the mixed company, the dubious quality of the wild young men who were being put to it nowadays to be wilder than the wild young women.

She was thinking of what she had heard of, and read of. She was imagining.



An endless billow began to curl over and whiten along its crest. As it loomed above Louise, she dived into it.

"If you don't want to hear worse, don't be so quaintly unreasonable. Good-by. Don't worry if I'm late. I promise not to drown, at least."

"But promise me you—oh, please! Come back, Louise—honey!"

The slap of the screen door, the patter of running feet, answered her. The automobile horn blatted. The hen at the pool cackled and ran.

There was a babble of voices at the curb. A car door was slammed.

The ducks sailed to the corner of the pool, clambered ashore, resumed their awkward toppling gait and listened to the scolding of their old-fashioned mother without understanding and with every intention to repeat the escapade at the first opportunity.

Chapter Two

MRS. TODD sat in a trance of terror a moment or two, then sprang from her chair. Something took her up the stairs to the room of her mutinous daughter. It was like seeking the haunt of a dead child, very like the pilgrimages she had made to empty rooms of her children when

they had gone away to school or on long visits.

Two of her children had died in their infancy. They still dwelt at her breast and were beautifully heavy there at night. They were still hers.

But these five that had lived and, by a relentless process of evolution, had changed from blossoms of herself to ruthless individuals—they were no longer hers. She could see nothing of herself or their father in any of them. None of her own youth resembled in the least the youth of these ferocious young rebels.

Her living children were already dead to her; and she was

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She was frightened at the mere hint of what might happen on that dusk strand with the moonlight turning all the world into hiding-places and filling all the minds with moods that shunned the daylight.

She was frightened out of all appeal to authority. She wrung her hands in prayer:

"Oh, baby, baby, don't be like the rest of the terrible girls of this generation!"

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma, don't you be like the silly old women of the last generation! Be modern, grow up, for God's sake."

"Louise! Such language!"

but the landlady in a boarding-house, whose guests paid nothing, criticized everything and sought their pleasures elsewhere.

She had fought her eldest daughter's outlawry desperately, and lost the battle. Helen was a business woman now, who went her own way and merely slept at home, and not always.

As Louise had grown up, her mother had driven with a lighter rein, granting her freedoms that Helen never had, freedoms that Helen herself disapproved of—for the children criticized each other mercilessly. The reward for her indulgence of Louise was flat defiance. The Louise she had known and cherished was lost in a changeling.

Who was that fierce-flaring stranger who had spoken in Louise's voice from across Louise's lips? Where had she come from? What was she up to? How far would she go and with whom? And in what state would she come home? Drunk—dishonored—degraded? Other girls came home so, why not Louise?

Visions, like flashes of lightning, smote the eyes of the mother's imagination. She could not endure them. Such things simply could not happen to a child of hers.

There was appalling talk everywhere of what the young people of today were doing, but such revolting things were impossible in her family. Still, her children were human—she had all too much proof of that. Yet they could not be beastly.

She opened the door of Louise's room with the anxiety of Bluebeard's final wife turning the knob of the fatal closet. At first glance the room looked about as usual. Louise had evidently dressed in a hurry—or undressed in a hurry—for the disorder was perfect. The way a wind strips an apple tree of its petals and flings them about, was the way Louise had handled the few petals that clothed her exuberant frame.

Schoolbooks were as little regarded as clothes. They were very wise books for a high-school girl, and Mrs. Todd regarded them with a certain awe. In her day she had never studied such things.

Here was Hawkes' "Advanced Algebra" and next it Wentworth's "Plain Trigonometry." She glanced inside and the problems might have been cuneiform inscriptions, for all she made of them. But the learned Louise had taken them lightly, for the margins of many pages were filled with crude drawings, human profiles, cats, rabbits and endless repetitions of Louise's own initials, and others that perhaps indicated young men who had drawn her mind from her studies.

"C. S." occurred oftenest, and "Scud" more than once. These referred, perhaps, to Charley Scudder, who was all too frequently seen in Louise's company—especially since one dinner-table quarrel when two of Louise's brothers had protested that Charley Scudder was not fit to be seen with any decent girl.

This had evidently made just the sort of impression that abuse of a man usually makes on the feminine soul. Not only was Charley Scudder oftener with Louise than before, but his name was here on many a page.

And on one page was "L. T. + C. S. = X?" That was a problem indeed. Louise had marked out one tentative answer, L. T. + C. S. = L. T. S.; but still visible was a much embellished "Mrs. L. T. S."

None of the thrills of eavesdropping was lost upon the mother. Peering into these schoolbooks was like reading her daughter's letters—a pleasantly unpleasant duty that she had hitherto neglected. She wondered now what had filled the occasional missives that had come in the mail for Louise, and been carried

off to her room for perusal, with a violent indifference that should have aroused suspicion. Mrs. Todd resolved to institute a strict domestic supervision from now on.

She put back the mathematical books whose margins had offered her problems more abstruse than any in the text. She glanced at a chemistry and wondered at the chemistry of a girl's blood. The formula for that was not given.

The French grammar betrayed nothing beyond a few frivolous pencilings about the conjugation of "aimer," "J'aime" and "il aime" and "nous aimons" were vigorously underscored.

The Knickerbocker Essays and a book on "Food" gave Mrs. Todd no help. She took no interest in Magruder's "American Government" beyond a fleeting amazement that in three years Louise would be a voter. That was a strange thing. She herself had disdained the combat waged by certain women for the suffrage, and had never taken the trouble to intrude on the polls with her ballot. Yet this daughter of hers might one day be a Senator—or President of the United States! What a mockery of womanhood! No wonder the girls of this generation had grown unmanageable.

Mixed with the schoolbooks she saw a few novels. She read little fiction herself, and these books meant nothing to her until she felt a sudden qualm in an impression that two of them had been banned recently. She touched them with gingerly fingers—she was one of those infrequent souls that feel no challenge in the word "forbidden."



The two fell to playing like silly children. Louise took a stance like a prizefighter and sparred with disgraceful skill.



"Gosh!" Scudder moaned. "To think that I should 'a' picked a damned evangelist on the swellest night of the year!"

She had no curiosity about things that were not nice, not conventional, disapproved. It stunned her to realize that her children were of an opposite mind. How had they come by those uninherited traits?

Her eyes turned for a little comfort to something of more pleasant aspect—a book of verse, a thin black volume called "The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke." She remembered vaguely that Brooke had written a famous poem and had been killed, or had died somewhere during the World War.

The book fell open at a biographical note. Heavily marked lines caught her eye. The poet, it said, was "almost ludicrously beautiful." He had "died from blood-poisoning on board a French hospital ship at Scyros. . . . He was buried at night, by torchlight, in an olive grove. . . . Each one of these four sonnets faces, in a quiet exultation, the thought of death, of death for England."

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
. and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave—their immortality.

That gave her pause, that word "immortality." She herself had given sons to the world, and daughters too. They were expected to have sons and daughters—to have sons and daughters.

Her immortality was in their power. The name and existence of Todd was altogether in their power. Yet what children would they have, if any? What ideals could they pass on, seeing that they had none of their own?

Another marked passage caught her from her reverie.

"I have been too great a lover," he cries. . . .
It is just life he loves, and not in any abstract sense,
But all the infinite little familiar details of life cata-
logued with delighted jest.

She closed the book upon a finger and thought of life—"the infinite little familiar details." She had known all of them in her own heart, more of them in her own experience than she wanted her children to know.

That was one reason why she dreaded to have her children going about with other boys and girls. She would have died rather than tell anyone all that she had encountered, all that she had escaped, often through no nobility of her own, but through good luck that she dared not thank heaven for.

Sometimes she felt, in all the noisy pother about the wickedness of the children of today, a gigantic hypocrisy. People had been very wicked in her own day. Their parents had never stopped calling them hard names. They had certainly known all there was to know—which wasn't so much, after all. They had done, some of them at least, all there was to do—which wasn't much. But they had been taught to keep quiet about such things. Silence did not erase them, of course, from the indelible books of fact. Yet it was surely wrong to dwell on them. Her children, though, voiced the opinion that concealment added a sin to sin. What had once been called "decent reticence," they called "hypocrisy." Were they right? Who was right? What was right? Troubled to strange depths, she glanced down at the book and it fell open at a page heavily scored.

Oh, Heaven's Heaven! but we'll be missing
The palms, and sunlight, and the South;
And there's an end, I think, of kissing,
When our mouths are one with Mouth.
Hasten, hand in human hand,
Down the dark, the flowered way,
Along the whiteness of the sand,
And in the water's soft caress
Wash the mind of foolishness. . . .
Spend the glittering moonlight there,
Pursuing down the soundless deep
Limbs that gleam and shadowy hair;
Or floating lazy, half-asleep,
Dive and double and follow after.

Was that what her daughter was seeking and doing on the ocean? What was the "foolishness" that she must wash out of her mind? Evidently it was what was usually called wisdom and modesty.

On another page she found this: *(Continued on page 112)*

A Million Dollars

By Richard Connell

Who served as private in the A. E. F. and learned, in battle, the ways of machine guns.

Illustrated
by
Charles Sarka



NOW he had his feet firmly set on the road to his ambition. . . .

He remembered that day in the parlor of his father's old-fashioned house by the sea. He remembered the musty, solemn smell of a room kept sunless and opened-only-for important occasions. Mr. Newell, the minister, paying a pastoral call, sat in the horsehair rocker, sedately jovial.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Newell, "so this is little Judson! Shake hands with me, Judson."

A small hand, scrubbed pink by his mother for this event, was held out, limp with mistrust, and was engulfed in a hand like a plump white silk pincushion.

"How old are you, Judson?"

"Six—goin' on seven."

"Big for his age, isn't he?"

"He wears nine-year-old sizes."

Fathers are proud of oversized sons.

"Well, well, well! That's fine. He'll be a bigger man than you, Mr. Danton. Do you go to school, Judson?"

"Yes—sir." The "sir" a postscript. Mother's eye on him.

"What lessons do you like best in school?"

A little thought, a little squirming, and then:

"Number-work."

"Well, well, well! How interesting! What do you want to do when you grow up, Judson?"

A prompt, earnest answer.

"I want to have a million dollars."

"Well, well, well! Our little millionaire!"

Later, there was a shiny new dime from Papa for good behavior. . . .

He remembered playing marbles with the other boys. Baseball wasn't so much fun. But marbles you played for keeps. If you practiced by yourself, you grew so good you could shoot better than the others, and you could win all their marbles away from them. When that made them mad, the way it did Clemmy Aiden that day, and they called you names like "Moocher" and "Piggy," and dared you to fight, you could pick up your winnings and walk away, chanting as you went:

"Sticks and stones will break my bones,
But names will never hurt me."

He remembered the schoolroom. What did it matter if in fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue? It was a lot more fun to work out neatly, in a little brown notebook, fascinating problems like:

"The butcher, A, buys 12 hams, at \$3 each, and sells 6 to B at \$6 each, and 6 to C at \$7 each. How much does A make?"

There wasn't much sense in going on with school, once you'd mastered compound interest. Anybody, you'd think, could see that; yet it had taken him many weeks to win his father to that view. He didn't want to be a doctor. Going off to college and spending years learning to cut people open and sew them up might be all right for some boys—but what did it get you? Look at white-haired Dr. Carew, wearing the same glossy green overcoat he'd worn for fifteen years, and driving the same shambling speckled mare he'd had even longer. No, behind the counter in his father's hardware store—that's where he wanted to be, measuring out pounds of nails, and making change out of the worn wooden till.

Funny man, his father. Called himself "a merchant of the old school," whatever that meant. Successful, yes, but in a moderate way. Once or twice they did not see eye to eye. There was that incident of the paint. Why wasn't it all right to assure Abel Frawley that the best paint for his boat was Klipper Brand, Grade A? Bigger discount from the Klipper people, and bigger profit for you. That was business. Let the buyer beware. His father said some sharp, stern things—and made him take Abel Frawley the right paint.

In the main, though, his father had no occasion to regret taking him into the store and, at twenty-one, into the firm. Judson Danton worked hard. He had no bad habits. He was shrewd and careful. The business prospered.

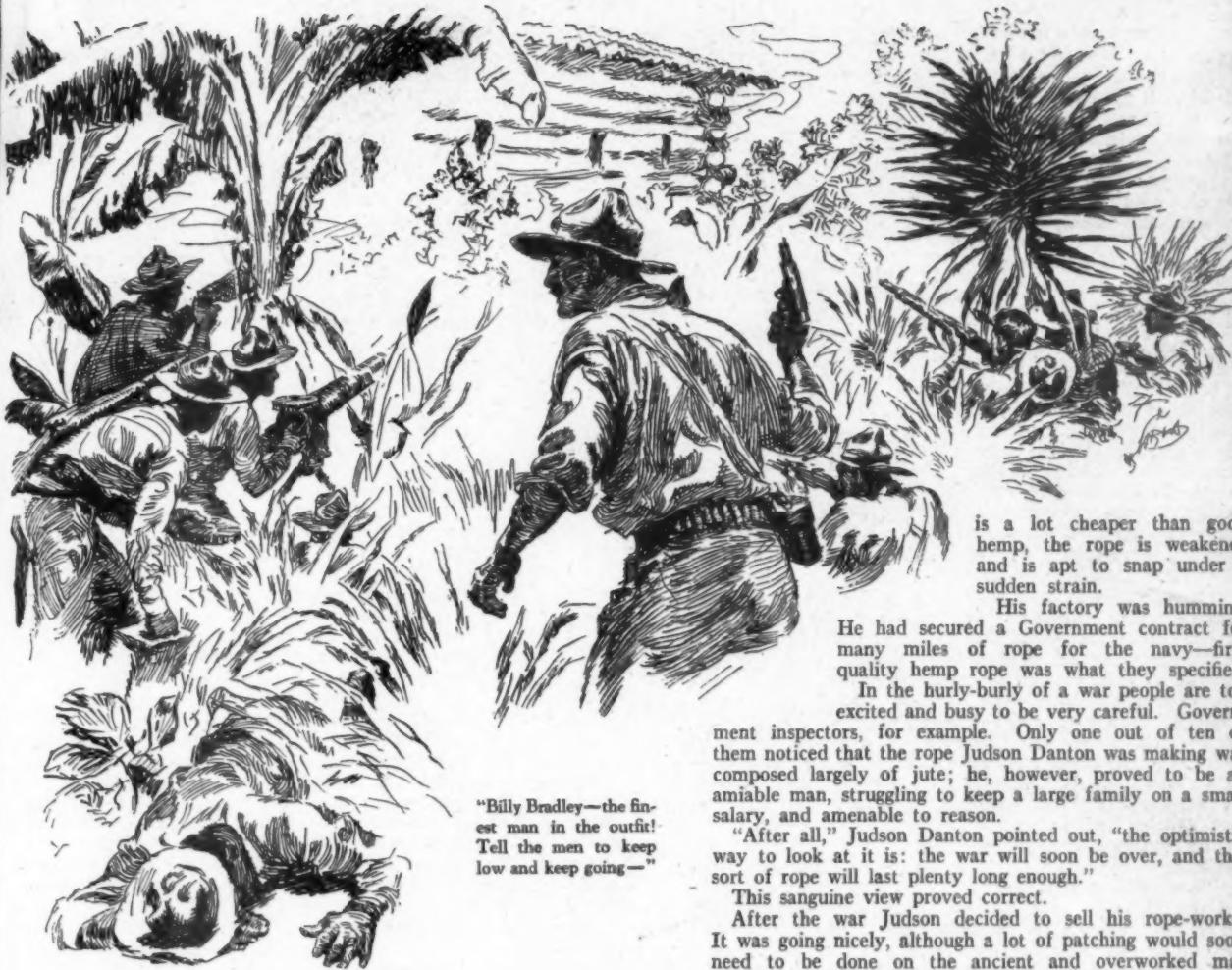
His affairs took a jump forward when his father retired. The years it took for Judson to bring that about! And it was for the good of the business, too. His father did not seem to see it that way—but at last capitulated, reluctantly. Seemed to think that at sixty-one he was as useful as ever. Took a deal of hammering to get him to give in.

Judson remembered his father's last day in the store. Just sat there, not saying much, staring at the shelves. Same shelves he'd been looking at for forty years, too. Should have been tickled that he could get away from work, and fool around the garden, and fish.

"You wont catch me selling balls of twine, and twenty-cent ice-picks, once I've made my pile," his son had said to him, and the father had said nothing, but just looked at him, as if he had not heard, or did not understand. At closing time his father went out of his store for the last time, keeping his eye straight ahead, not looking back, even once.

"I blame myself," said Judson Danton, at the funeral, "for not making him retire five years ago. Guess he must have been ailing a long time without letting us know. Not four months after he retired, he began to sort of crumble, and then he went to pieces fast."

Business was good. Trade was regular. The new branch at



"Billy Bradley—the finest man in the outfit! Tell the men to keep low and keep going—"

is a lot cheaper than good hemp, the rope is weakened and is apt to snap under a sudden strain.

His factory was humming. He had secured a Government contract for many miles of rope for the navy—first quality hemp rope was what they specified.

In the hurly-burly of a war people are too excited and busy to be very careful. Government inspectors, for example. Only one out of ten of them noticed that the rope Judson Danton was making was composed largely of jute; he, however, proved to be an amiable man, struggling to keep a large family on a small salary, and amenable to reason.

"After all," Judson Danton pointed out, "the optimistic way to look at it is: the war will soon be over, and this sort of rope will last plenty long enough."

This sanguine view proved correct.

After the war Judson decided to sell his rope-works. It was going nicely, although a lot of patching would soon need to be done on the ancient and overworked machinery, but with the advent of peace the chance to make really substantial profits was lessened, Danton decided. He felt he had skimmed the cream, and it was cream that interested him. His decision to sell was somewhat hastened by the unpleasant conduct of that firm of rope wholesalers in Baltimore. Less tolerant than a war-time government, not only did they write him a nasty letter, but they flatly refused to pay for a shipment of rope he had sent them, pointing out that when they ordered hemp, it was hemp they expected to get.

It was an adage of Judson Danton that luck walks by the side of the successful. Those two young men from Boston, just out of the army, and still full of notions gained in a university school of business administration—was it not pure good luck that literally flung Judson into contact with them? They were eager to put their inheritance into a going business.

"Of course," one of them remarked, "we don't know a great deal about rope-making."

Smiling as he carefully tucked the check into his wallet, Judson said:

"You'll learn rapidly, I'm sure."

Before their education had progressed very far, Judson left for virgin fields, seeking new worlds to conquer. It seemed wise to him to do so. He had a not unnatural antipathy to lawsuits, and he had, moreover, a burning and exigent desire to add to his store of worldly goods, quickly, largely. So a day came which found him, well-dressed, well-fed, confident, pacing the deck of a small steamer bound for the Republic of Varacosta, which is in Central America, a mere mosquito-bite on the map, a hot, tiny spot, comatose—and rich.

Judson's departure from Gloucester was not a flight—not exactly. It was more in the nature of a studied exodus, a planned pilgrimage, long-considered. For Judson Danton had had dealings with Varacosta. What little hemp he had used, he had imported from there, and it would have been patent to an even less alert man than he that the native Varacostans were somewhat guileless

Newburyport, with its trim fittings, and its big, bold sign—"JUDSON DANTON—SHIP CHANDLER—ALL KINDS OF MARINE HARDWARE, ROPE"—was getting on its feet, and showing a profit. Still, Judson fretted. Slow work, making big money. Then the war came along.

Judson had just turned thirty. He was a big man, tall, broad, powerfully put together. He hadn't married. Time enough for that. The coming man of Gloucester, everyone said. Respected—and getting rich. Director of a bank. Chairman of committees. Steady, thrifty, far-sighted, both feet on the ground. Not at all the sort of man to be stampeded by flag-waving, drum-beating, the general hullabaloo.

They remarked how he faced the early dark days of the war with courage and optimism. They applauded his announced intention to take an active part. He proved himself no laggard. He sold his two stores for cash, and took over the old, abandoned Enright Rope Works. Twelve and fourteen hours a day he worked, bossing the men who were cleaning the rust off the machines, and devoting himself unsparingly to the task of getting the factory into some sort of running order. Soon it was operating briskly, and giving employment to the women of the town, and others who could not go to war. Judson Danton was exempted by the local draft-board because he was an essential part of an essential industry.

"They'll need rope over there," he said. "They'll need rope in the navy, too. A lot of rope. This is no time for taking it easy. Full steam ahead."

He knew a good bit about rope-making. As a lad he had often watched the spinners, as he sat beside the rope-walk. In his stores he had handled every type of rope. His factory specialized in one-inch, shroud-laid rope. To make it strong and durable, he knew, you use the best quality of sisal hemp from Central America. With the hemp, a small proportion of jute might be combined, but not too much, for if you use too much jute, which

and somnolent when it came to business. Their hemp was a superior hemp. They were, clearly, not awake to its possibilities; nor was it Judson Danton's intent to arouse them. . . .

Now the ship was in the harbor of Estalinda, the capital, and Judson Danton was surveying the sprawling town, asleep and baking in the sun. Straggling streets, small yellow-white houses, ramshackle warehouses by the water, that was the capital of Varacosta. He noted a barracks of a building with the flag of the republic above it—the presidential palace, probably; he saw the only trim-looking building in the town, the United States consulate on a hill, with its flag hanging limp in the breezeless air, and he smiled. Then his eye was caught by something nearer at hand, something cutting through the green-blue water by the ship's side, rippling, turning, vanishing. He watched, interested. Something swift-moving, unhealthy gray in color, slid along near the surface of the water, and for part of a second Judson Danton saw a small, cruel eye looking back at him.

He turned to one of the sailors.

"Lot of them here?"

"Plenty."

"Not a good place to swim, eh?"

"I'll say so."

"They call 'em 'tigers of the sea,' don't they?"

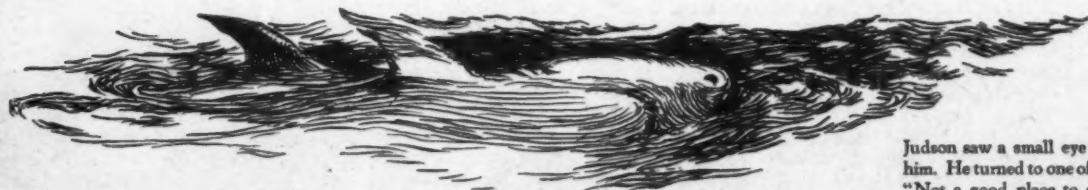
"Believe they do."

The tender had come to take Judson Danton ashore.

"Watch your step, sir."

"You can bet I will."

In the hotel, the best room, Judson locked the door. He took off his white linen suit, already damp. In the glass he surveyed his thick arms, his deep-chested torso, not without satisfaction. Then, from next to his skin, he unbuckled a compact money-belt, opened one of its flaps, and drew out a small piece of paper—looked at it, sighed happily. It was a certified check on a New York bank for four hundred and eighty-seven thousand dollars. The halfway mark—almost; and he had his best years ahead of him. He was thinking that as he went to the window and looked out into the chief street. Ankle-



Judson saw a small eye looking at him. He turned to one of the sailors. "Not a good place to swim, eh?"

deep white dust lay on it, and through the dust padded the bare feet of a few natives, unkempt beneath vast straw hats.

"Not what you'd call a lively or cheery place," mused Judson Danton, "but, then, neither is the bottom of a gold-mine."

His lucky star shone on the Varacosta venture. It had been easier than he had dared hope to persuade the government to give him the hemp-exporting concession—easier, and less expensive. Old Cevallos, who was the government, was but a fat and torpid shadow of the man who had seized the presidency a dozen years before. Ease had bloated him, softened his will. He lived for his rum and his entertainment, both cheap in Varacosta. Supplied with money for them, he was tractable enough. The overhead in that quarter was, Danton considered, agreeably low, especially since he had a thousand peons, without fancy ideas about pay, working for him in the hemp-fields, and a brisk demand for his hemp, at robust prices, in the New York and Rio markets.

Three years passed. They were not always comfortable, but they were increasingly prosperous.

Too bad the climate made any sort of exercise such a chore. Lying in a hammock, under a palm-tree, with a boy to fan your growing stomach, and another to bring long, cool drinks, certainly does put weight on a man, Judson Danton mused, and was consoled by the thought that his fortune was growing portly even more rapidly than he. . . .

He was drowsing in his hammock. He'd just come from the presidential palace.

"What's eating the old boy?" he was thinking. "Ought to know I'm well able to run this dump. Guess he's taking this Rachado business seriously. Blast that half-baked, wild-eyed young trouble-maker. Mistake to send spigs to the States to be educated. They always learn the wrong things. Well, if Rachado starts anything, I'll get together with the old man and we'll come down on him like a ton of brick."

He sipped at his drink, then dozed off. . . .

In a little, hidden-away café, semi-dark, with its blinds closed, a small group of men sat around a table. At the head of the table sat a youngish man, the cleanest of them, a lean, keen-looking, bright-eyed young man, with the face of a zealot. He was addressing them in a low voice.

"The hour is almost at hand, fellow-patriots. We must strike a blow for liberty. We are the slaves of a corrupt and greedy old man, and he is but the tool of a man even more corrupt and greedy. This is our country, which we love. It is not this stranger's. There is blood on his hands, the blood of our loved ones. From whom do you think came the gold which bought the guns with which the soldiers of Cevallos shot down our brothers last Easter day? Whose brain directed the hanging of my father for daring to protest against the corruption of the Cevallos government?"

"We dare not harm him," interposed one of them. "His crimes we cannot prove. He has stayed within the law."

"We need not harm him," returned Rachado. "But we must not let him stand in our way. He must be put aside, kept under lock and key, until the Cevallos government is overthrown, and the country is safe in the hands of those who love it. At liberty, he is a menace to our cause—"

As silently as a fever, it spread over the land. In corners of the Danton hemp-fields, by night, groups of men whispered,



When his rescuers opened the door, the tables must be jerked from under him. "They come!" cried Rachado.

guardedly, and on their lips were the words "Rachado" and "the Liberator."

The ears of Judson Danton were vigilant ears. To them some of the whispers filtered, and he went, late one night, to the shabby palace of the president. There was a gray tinge in the face of Cevallos, and fear kept creeping into his eyes.

"You'll stand with me, then, Señor Danton?"

"I know what side my bread is buttered on."

"Pardon. I do not understand."

"Yes, I'm with you. Don't worry. You can count on me. I'll handle this little matter."

"There will be no shootings?"

"Like as not. The wise man shoots first."

Chuckling as he entered his hotel, Judson went to the room of Karst and banged peremptorily on the door.

The withered Dutchman stuck out a goatlike, frightened head, blinking.

"Ach, Herr Danton—it is you! Good! I feared robbers."

"Let's have another look at those stones, Karst."

Karst unbuttoned his pajama coat. A chamois belt girdled his lean waist. He opened its pockets, and made a little pile on the table, a pile which glittered dully in the lamp light.

"Beauties," he said caressingly. "In my forty years as a

diamond-buyer, I have never seen finer ones. These are the best Brazil has produced."

Judson glanced at them, carelessly. "The real goods, eh?"

He silenced the other man's assurances with a wave of his big palm.

"Oh, I know they are," he said. "Remember that Englishman on board the *San Quentin* that I had you show them to?"

Karst nodded. "The clergyman."

Danton grinned.

"He never saw a pulpit. Gem-expert—that's his line. I had to be sure to get a straight report. Lucky he was aboard. Oh, those things are genuine. Still want to make a deal, Karst?"

"Yes. But have you changed your mind, Herr Danton?"

"Listen, Karst. Just between two white men, understand. You're pulling out on the *San Quentin*, bound south, tomorrow morning, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm sailing on the *Garden City* tomorrow evening, bound north."

"Leaving Varacosta?"

"For good. No more use to me. I've cashed in all my chips and I'm going to quit the game a winner."

"Then this Rachado uprising—it is (Continued on page 120)

This Love Proposition

By Frank R. Adams

Who naturally seeks the light and graceful in life and who comes upon his people at play in pleasant places.

Illustrated by R. F. James

THE two theater-tickets were all by themselves in a large envelope. The messenger-boy had departed before Rosabel discovered that there was no clue to the sender's identity.

She was sure that she had not ordered seats for the matinée herself, and she was almost equally positive that no admirer of hers would send her a pair of expensive locations without occupying one of them himself.

As a matter of fact Rosabel was just then between beaus. The next to the latest one had recently given up hope, and the very newest hadn't begun to have much of any yet.

Rosabel was rather rough on suitors. She went through them like a wastrel son through his patrimony. Half a dozen serious ones passed through her toils in the course of a year, besides any number of crushes who only existed, as far as Rosabel was concerned, during one dance or a picnic.

There were those, all ladies, of course, who shook their heads over Rosabel's prodigal behavior with eligibles and predicted that some day she would certainly be sorry and wish that she had taken up with even the least of her besiegers. Her type of beauty was sure to fade early, they said. Better make her market while there was yet time.

But Rosabel could not see any reason for linking her life with that of any man unless she found one whom she just couldn't live without. Perhaps she was cold—something might be lacking in her make-up. At any rate she never seemed to catch fire, no matter how high the flames leaped in rings around her. It was a little discouraging to be a complete egg with everyone else being furiously scrambled round about her.

But about those theater-tickets. Sixth row on the aisle—just where everyone wants to sit.

Helen Perry, an idle spectator of Rosabel's perplexity, could not help seeing the cardboard strips and commenting. "You're a lush entertainer, darling—lunch and now the matinée. Where do we go?" Helen was resting, not horribly ungracefully, on the higher articulations of her spine, and her French hosiery was crossed negligently.

"Nowhere," Rosabel answered absently, still staring at the envelope. "These must have been sent to me by mistake."

"In my day," Aunt M.
nerva reproved, "young
ladies did not smoke in
public." "I know," her
niece conceded. "It must
have been lots more
fun when it was a sin."

"Nonsense," Helen objected. "Isn't that
your name and number right there on the
envelope?"

"Yes, but—"

"But me no buts, gal. Those are meant
for you and— Look! They're for 'The Last
of the Ladies,' and you can't get in for love nor money. Come
on, angel, mistake or no mistake, one of those cushioned chairs
is going to hold me in its lap for a magic afternoon."

"There ought to be a card somewhere in the envelope." Rosabel shook it upside down and then peered into it as if she expected that something might have clung to the inside.

"Don't you recognize the handwriting of your shy admirer?"

"No."

"You have so many fan letters, I suppose, that it would take a handwriting expert to identify any particular sample. But don't you keep your correspondence? We might go through it for clues. Or I'll be glad to do it for you. I shouldn't be entirely wasting my time, anyway. There must be some hot material there that I could use in my authentic biography of—"

"No!"—shortly. "I do not keep men's letters except—" Rosabel hesitated.

"Except what? Come across, defendant, with the concealed chapter of your past."

"This was years ago—during the war. I was a kid, about





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twelve or thirteen, and I carried on a *marraine* correspondence with a soldier who received the lumpy sort of a knitted helmet I sent out with all the other Red Crosses the army had to bear. It had a tag with my name and address on it sewn inside, and he wrote to thank me gravely for the beaver bag or whisker-warmer and to suggest that I make the next one a trifle larger because he was planning his spring set longer and curlier."

Rosabel stopped while misty reflection chased across her face.
"And then—" Helen prompted.

"Nothing. I answered him, not very cleverly, I'm afraid, but he guessed that I was very young, and he wrote me a dozen charming letters. When they suddenly stopped coming, I was heartbroken for a while, but I got over it. I suppose he was killed or else got tired of writing to an infant—or one of those French girls distracted his attention."

"Anyway, you kept the letters. May I see them?"

"There's no real reason why you shouldn't. But I warn you, they may not sound clever now. I haven't even looked at them for years."

Rosabel opened the cedar-wood chest that stood under her wide bedroom window and thoughtfully dug out from the very bottom a small bundle of letters held together by a wide rubber band. The elastic cracked and broke away when she started to extract one from the packet.

But neither of the girls noticed that.

"It's the same handwriting!" Helen exclaimed, almost in awe. Rosabel said nothing. She was turning the new envelope over and over in her hands trying to coördinate it with the far-away chapters of her adolescent past.

"It's strange," continued Helen, "that he wouldn't send a note with those theater-tickets so that you would know where they came from."

"No, it's not strange, not if you know Alexander McFarlan."

"But you don't know him."

Rosabel brushed her hand across her eyes. "No, of course. But it seems as if I did. I guess he must have put himself across very vividly in his letters. I'd almost say that I knew him better than I do my own family. Anyway, he's a canny

young Scotchman who has no intention of ever being fooled by any man, woman or child, especially not by any woman."

"Young?"

"I think of him as young. Of course he must be old now—or at least middle-aged. I'd forgotten that it was ten years ago."

"Well, no matter how decrepit and cautious your boy friend is, he shows excellent taste in the matter of entertainment. Let's get on our bonnets and be on our way. There'll be time to look at some shoes I want at O'Neil's just around the corner from the theater." Helen got up from her kneeling inspection of Exhibit A in the Aisle Seat Mystery and shook her silken sheath back into place—almost to her knees.

Rosabel put the old letters back into their corner of the hope-chest, but she made no move to get ready for departure.

"Shake a leg," Helen prompted.

"Don't think I shall go," Rosabel decided.

"Not go? Listen, darling, those seats are for 'The Last of the Ladies' and no foolin'. Of course we're going."

"Not me, not Rosabel Rivers."

"Why not? Is there any reason for this insanity, or shall I call the wagon without further examination?"

"Can't you see? This is a kind of trap," Rosabel demurred. "If it is, I have to admit that I like the bait. What sort of skullduggery do you suspect?"

"Didn't I tell you this man is clever? Here's what I think: He has suddenly arrived in this city and has remembered my name. Now he wants to find out what I am like. He'll be sitting somewhere in the audience watching those seats. Then, if he decides that I am some one he wants to know, I suppose he thinks he'll be able to contrive some way to meet me. Otherwise he just lets the whole affair ride without another move. The nerve of him!"

The not overly subtle Helen hummed appreciatively. "Personally I think the old rounder deserves a hand. I give him a lot of credit for having thought up a new stunt. You don't have to meet him, you know, even if he decides that you'll do."

"No, I don't. But I don't like the idea of this a little bit. It's almost an insult, spying on me this way."

"If twenty dollars' worth of theater tickets is an insult, let me be insulted regularly at least twice a week. I say, let's go."

"You can go. I'll give you the tickets."

But the gray-haired gentleman had a trick or two up his sleeve. He vaulted, in a manner that must have been learned in some man's army, from the seat to the back of the near horse.

"But if I sit in those seats, he'll think I'm you."

"That's all right. It will serve him right."

"Say, darling, I'm not entirely a washout—not in my own estimation, anyway. I may not have purple blue eyes like yours, and my skin may have a few freckles on it, but—"

"Shush! I didn't mean that. But it would serve him right if he made a mistake and got all tangled up trying to find out what happened."

"All right, then. You'll forgive me, won't you, if I postpone our afternoon chit-chat and embark on this thrilling adventure. It's too bad to waste that other seat, though. I don't know a soul I could call up on such short notice. Can you suggest anyone?"

Rosabel thought a moment. "Would you mind having an older woman with you?"

"Not at all, especially if she were a nice old lady."

Rosabel smiled. "I believe my Aunt Minerva would go."

Helen smiled too. Then she laughed. "Darling, you are hereby awarded the red plush ear-muffs for the best idea which has been had during the season of 1927."



"You'll have to help her get ready if you're to get there on time."

"Check. Let's get started. Where's her dress?"

"In the closet. The first-act one is best—the gray taffeta with the lace collar and cuffs." . . .

Two extremely differing types of femininity occupied the aisle seats in the sixth row at the matinée of "The Last of the Ladies," that discreetly naughty American farce which you have probably seen yourself by this time.

One of them was a very-modern young woman in her twenties, her hair dark but cut short, painfully thin but intentionally so, gowned skimpily in beige with stockings to match, but with smart black shoes. Her skin was about the same color as her dress, as you could tell when she crossed her knees. Her lips were carmine, frequently renewed, and there were a few

healthy freckles on her face and neck which powder failed entirely to conceal.

She was very animated and just a trifle, a mere trifle, too loud.

The other woman might easily have been the personification of the title of the play they were to see. She belonged, obviously, to the generation which had produced ladies. Even her style in dress dated back a good many years. Her soft gray frock was unmodishly long and was made on lines that concealed rather than advertised the femininity of the figure beneath it. Her complexion was fair, and for a woman of her age remarkably well preserved. There were tiny wrinkles around her eyes, and the hair which framed her face was almost white, but her expression was sweetly serene.

When she spoke, it was in a low clear voice that was a violoncello by comparison with the nervous clatter of her companion. The carrying quality of the latter's tones evidently grated a little on the old lady's nerves, because she looked around uneasily from time to time to see if some indiscreet remark had been overheard. The young lady, it may as well be admitted, used a great deal of slang and even sometimes a mild profanity, not particularly shocking to one paced by the younger generation.

representative of an earlier decade.

The dark young lady evidently craved a little public attention, and she got it, much to the distress of her elderly cicerone. Many of the members of the audience who sat near by cast amused glances at the ill-assorted pair.

"Well," said one young man to another sitting two rows back of the disturber, "my judgment is that she won't do and that we can now devote our time undistractedly to the entertainment on the stage. What do you think?"

"I think she is cleverer than you give her credit for. But I'm not going to watch her any more myself. Keep track of the plot so you can tell it to me when I come back. I don't know just how long I shall be gone."

The last speaker was the older of (Continued on page 100)



The STORY OF

By

WILL DURANT, who wrote *The Story*

MANY nations have sought happiness, and found it for a time in varied forms and places. Egypt sought it in the grandeur of its enterprises and its monuments; it ruled great peoples, made many slaves, and raised enormous stones to build for its priests and kings houses of eternity.

China sought it in wisdom and courtesy, knowing the frailty of greatness and the suffering of men; her sages stood aside from war and power, and loved simplicity and peace; her peasants tilled the soil with the patience of an ancient race, bearing all circumstance calmly, and decking with bright colors their im-
memorial poverty.

Judea sought it in a stern restraint, checking the impetuous energy of its proud men and passionate women with a merciless and all-encompassing rule, preserving itself through every vicissitude with a self-discipline that let the heart be broken, if necessary, but not the law.

India, having worn out its soul in climbing, turned down at last from the pursuit, and sought happiness, or peace, in the Nirvana of self-slain wills and stilled desires.

Greece, so little and so complex, where did its treasure lie—in the wealth and power of its many ships, or in the temples that crowned with marble whiteness the bare hills uplifted from her blue seas? Perhaps the Greeks themselves did not know until Pericles turned the gold of their Confederacy, pledged for war, to the uses of the arts. Recall the story Plutarch tells, how the crowd, assembled in the agora, protested against this lordly expenditure for peace, and reminded Pericles that these moneys had been voted to maintain an unconquerable fleet; how Pericles pleaded the cause of beauty, and pictured for them such building and carving as should do justice to their gods; how at last they yielded to his eloquence, and the Parthenon rose about Athene's seat, and noble figures, conceived in an artist's brain, gave man new dreams of what he and his gods might be. Then, when

Socrates sat in Dionysus' Theater, and heard the somber lines of Euripides rise like melancholy music past Ictinus' colonnade to Phidias' frieze—then beauty radiated happiness as lavishly as it ever can to men who know that they and it must pass away.

The wise men of Athens, from Solon to Aristotle, preached moderation and restraint, but her people practiced pleasure with a wild abandon; their philosophy was a vain attempt to chain a race resolved to know every delight at whatever cost. It was Epicurus who phrased their secret creed when he bade men welcome pleasure as the only good; and they followed as well as any people his almost Stoic counsel to leave the passing pleasures of the flesh for the more lasting joys of the mind.

Yet in the end Greece came to India's view, and denounced desire as a futile circle of appeasement and new longing. Her last philosophy of content was worthy of an Oriental saint; indeed, the founder of the Stoic school was a Semitic merchant, ruined and virtuous, rather than an impetuous Athenian. The stern tradition of military Sparta fused with his Eastern fatalism; and when Greece, like Zeno, found itself desolate, it took to Stoicism as an anodyne against despair. Men turned their backs on life, and sought what bliss there might be in apathy and self-denial.

When all the Mediterranean world became Roman master or Roman slave, Stoicism met every need: the slave had no choice but to kill desire; and the master, trained with war and brutal sports, cast out all feeling lest he should falter in his rule. For the Romans sought happiness in power, rejecting pleasure scornfully, or yielding to it with barbaric immoderation in the intervals of their campaigns. When their mastery was complete, and their sensualism (no longer restrained) ruined their stock and left the world as disordered and impoverished as before, a new form of Stoicism arose in the asceticism of medieval Christianity; and for another thousand years the world thought very ill of itself, and placed its happiness in a pretty paradise that lay just beyond



HAPPINESS

of Philosophy*

Illustrated by
Franklin Booth

the valley of death. Not till wealth and luxury came back with the Renaissance, did men believe in the earth again.

But then, luxuriating in all the imported delicacies of the East, Europe began to love beauty and pleasure once more, and honored men who could create fair forms that would perpetuate some mortal loveliness. Never were artists more favored than in those bright centuries when popes, *condottieri* and financiers competed for the services of Angelo and Titian; never did a people place its happiness more trustfully in art than those Italians who in three hundred years made their land the art gallery of the western world.

Then Columbus came, and the Atlantic replaced the Mediterranean as the bond and division of the white man's home. England sought happiness in empire; Germany tried to find it in science; France pursued pleasure with all the skill and subtlety of an inventive race. At last the New World grew rich too, drawing adventurous souls from every nation, and surrendering the wealth of its soil to the zeal of those human beavers and ants that swept across it like an inundation. And here, too, man sought happiness.

Because of the fever in their blood, because of the restlessness that came down to them from every immigrating family, the new people was almost fated to seek happiness in action and success. It was too young to care very much for the goods of the mind; it was like a lusty athlete, proud of his brawn and bravery, and happy in the health of his flesh. It knew that the body must come before the soul, security before gentleness, and wealth before art; it gave all its energies to growth, and worshipped the men who made it the richest people of the earth.

And now it stands in its rich mansions, whose every room is crowded with beauty created by alien hands; it tries so hard to love that beauty, to understand it, to imitate it, even in its courage to equal it; but it cannot, and begins to wonder whether

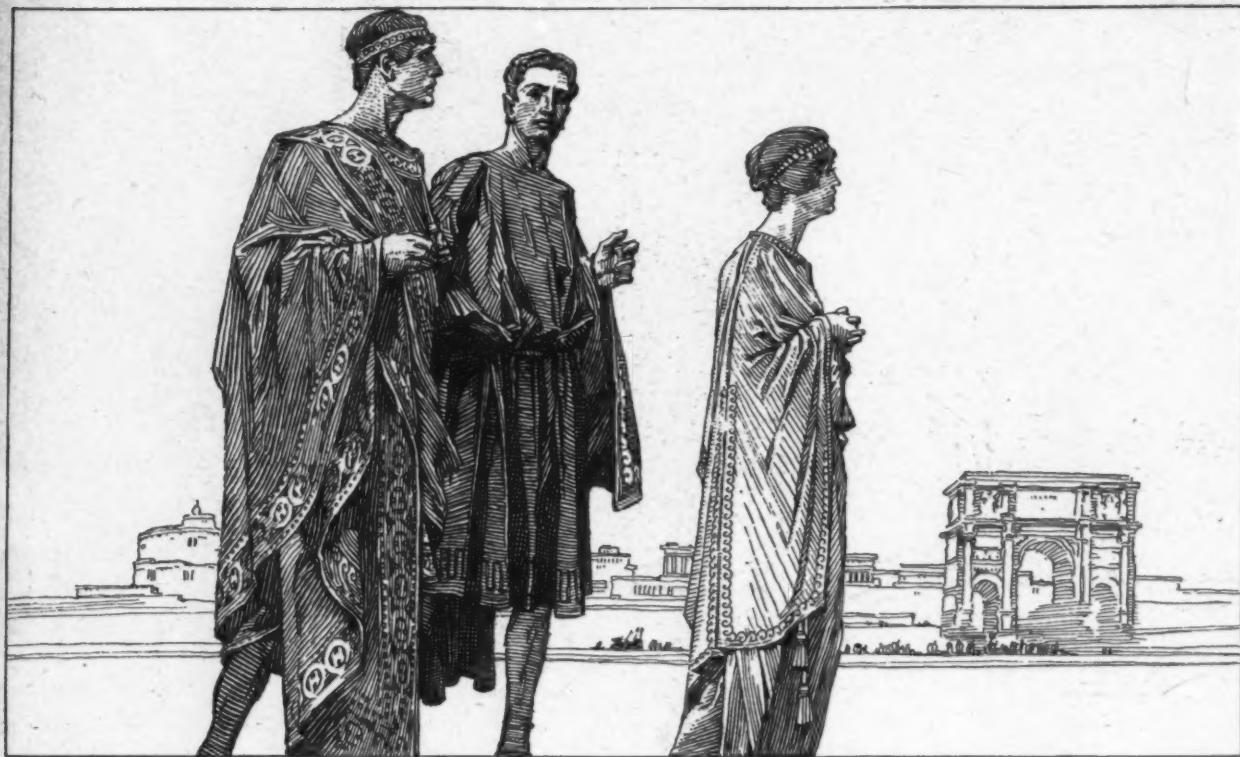
it has found happiness after all. It is no longer a lusty athlete; it is a man of great wealth suddenly grown sick with his riches, and feeling a strange emptiness in a heart that could once be filled with the zest of rivalry and the thrill of gain. Who knows but the rich man will some day run out of his mansion, leaving his wealth behind him, and begin anew the quest for happiness?

The Hazards of Happiness

SO varied has been the search, and so many the seekers; and yet how many have found what they sought? The sands at this moment wreath themselves voraciously about the Pyramids; the ghosts of those "deathless" Pharaohs hover like mirages in the heated desert air; nothing survives of the grandeur of Egypt but those gloomy sepulchres and the broken works of artists who were not permitted to leave us even their names. Were they happy, those enslaved artists and those slave-driving kings?

And those learned Confucians of China—is it happiness we find in the deep lines of their faces, in their lowered eyes that seem to see all and to expect nothing? Or does he that increaseth knowledge increase sorrow? Is our wisdom only a disillusionment and a resignation, an abandonment of all fair hopes, an irony and a pity that look back with tender regret to the days when our faith was fresh and young? Which is wiser, the child or the sage? Which is happier, the sage or the child? *Omnis philosophi tristes*—"all philosophers are sad:" literature has the phrase in a hundred forms. It is not given to many men to be both merry and wise.

As for the fakir, the Stoic, the ascetic and the pietist: if they have no secret hope of happiness, they range beyond our quest; but if in their self-denial lurks the dream of some sweet reward in after years or in an after life, what inverted Epicureans they must be! And what fools to dismiss the actual goods of the



earth for delights they know not of! Przybyszewski tells of a young saint who resolved to deny himself every desire in order to be fit at last to travel from Poland to gaze on the holiness of Rome. After many years he felt his heart clean of all self, and walked a thousand miles, over the plains and hills, until he stood at the gates of the Eternal City. Suddenly the thought came to him: "I, who have denied myself so many small delights—shall I not crown my piety by denying myself entrance to Rome, and the sight of the face of the Holy Father?" So he turned back, victim of his habit, and retraced a thousand miles to the village from which he had come. And as he entered his home, his mind broke into pieces, and for the rest of his days he was a raving maniac. . . . Let us not deny ourselves too much. Let us swear that we shall never injure or offend anyone, and for the rest let the commandments defend themselves.

To explore the happiness that lies in beauty is wiser than to kill desire; but alas, beauty has a tongue, and beauty dies. In the fairest of things the deepest tragedy is concealed; for what is so frail as loveliness, and so helpless against time's enmity? Time is our greatest friend and our greatest foe: it gives us wisdom, and it gives us death. What is so unforgivable in nature as the fading of a flower, or the transitoriness of a woman's beauty after it has fulfilled itself in motherhood?

Those that love art are also wise; for if the artist creates beauty less lavishly and compellingly than nature, he gives to beauty a permanence which is not found in the passing bloom and foliage of a summer season. Nature atones by bringing gifts again in the renaissance of spring; but every soul that has once felt the winter wind must look upon April's verdure with a premonition of decay. It is for such spirits that art was made; their fingers or their fancy may run lovingly over Aphrodite's chiseled grace, and their eyes may know spring again, or the summer sun, in any Corot or Turner on the wall. That is why sculpture is the greatest of the arts—because it carves beauty as lasting as marble and as tender as human flesh.

Yet there is something cold in statuary which leaves us discontent; art is long, but it is not living; and it points us to the vivid reality which it imitates in everything but life. Aphrodite cannot love us, even for a moment, as mortal beauty can; and these trees that almost move in the breeze on Rousseau's canvas cannot give us shade, or a tryst for our love. And time will have its way with those marble forms and subtle pigments too; corrosion conquers Leonardo's masterpiece, and a Turkish gunner's

shell in one moment ruins the Parthenon, whose majesty had come of a hundred artists' agony. Beauty is so hard to make, and so easy to destroy.

Only those who have drunk in gentleness with their mother's milk find happiness in art; tougher minds go forth to find it in power, or in wealth, or in a science that will bend all the forces of nature to man's will. But "power, like a desolating pestilence, poisons whate'er it touches," as Shelley said; few men have had it without sacrificing conscience to expediency. "My brother Joseph," said Napoleon, "is too good to be great." *La politique n'a pas d'entrailles*—politics has no bowels of mercy. Doubtless a Bismarck or a Pitt knows happiness when empires form or melt at their command; and Cavour or Mirabeau or Washington had the glory of liberating peoples; it is an honor greater than happiness; but we may judge the bliss of such men from Washington's final bitterness, and the lines that wrote Lincoln's history on his face.

The mind of the scientist is more at rest than the head that wears or guides a crown. There must be a noble quietude of spirit in busy laboratories and the retreats of research; there is a zest in this "cold, clear air," and thrills at the nearness of truth, which almost rival the ecstasy of the lover or the artist in the presence of beauty. Who has not admired the patience of the search and the unpretending faithfulness of the work, or envied the happiness that transfigured the face of the discoverer? Let us say nothing derogatory here, but keep our slings and arrows for those who turn the white light of hard-won knowledge to the dark uses of wealth and war.

For wealth, as a wise man suggested, is not always innocent, and too often *pecunia olet*. It takes much philanthropy to deodorize a fortune. Perhaps if a man gives well we may forget how he earned; but can he himself forget? Life is short for those who know its possibilities; and it is seldom granted to a man to rise both from poverty to wealth and from ignorance to culture in one existence.

So the rich man turns to the pleasures of sense, and most of the world turns with him. Not unwisely; for all things pleasant are to be held innocent till proved guilty, and every presumption should be in their favor. Life is difficult enough without littering it with prohibitions, and building barriers to delight; happiness is so hard to find that every door that may be, should be open to it. Soon enough the flesh will grow weary, and the eyes look dull upon those pleasures which once we blasphemed with our theology. Soon enough each joy will lose its tang, and



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and

we shall wonder what it was that lured us so; even love will seem ridiculous once it is fulfilled. It will be time enough to be ascetic when we are seventy.

This, of course (to repeat ancient saws), is the tragedy of pleasure; that all things sweet seem fated to turn bitter on the tongue; every flower fades as we gather it, and love dies sooner the more it is returned. Hence the past appears kinder than the present; we forget the thorns that pricked our fingers as we plucked the rose; we pass over quickly the insults and injuries of the years, and linger fondly over our victories, till memory is only a treasury of pride. The present seems small and refractory beside the past that we select and the future that we dream. The thing at hand is never quite good; "we look before and after and pine for what is not;" we are not wise enough to love the present as we will when it is past. And so in the very act of embracing pleasure our gaze is far away, and happiness is still around the corner though delight is in our arms. What imp of unreason was it that fashioned us so perversely?

The Nature of Happiness

BUT perhaps it is our own fault, and we have mistaken the nature of the thing we sought? What is happiness?

The Epicurean is right: happiness is based upon pleasure. It has a relation to pleasure which Mark Twain saw between climate and weather: it is the same thing, but it lasts longer. It is a whole, and pleasure is a part. It is a symphony in which our varied joys are notes and themes. To find its secret let us first examine its parts, and study the origin and nature of pleasure.

Like every other emotion, pleasure is composed of changes in the body, and their conscious reverberation in the mind. The blood circulates a little faster, especially in the brain, and lends new luster to the eyes; the experiments of Lehmann showed that all pleasure, esthetic as well as sensual, dilates the arteries and accelerates the action of the heart. Respiration is quickened, warming the body and enhancing the nutrition and growth of the tissues. The glands pour their juices into the blood, and spend their energy in exclamations, laughter and song; Sir Humphry Davy danced about his laboratory when he discovered potassium. Hence the health that comes of pleasure and laughter; it has even been proved that joy increases the strength of the arms. And this is true of our most ethereal and intellectual delights; each rests upon kinesthetic or organic sensations from muscles, lungs, heart, digestive tract and limbs. Faith, hope and

love seem to expand every cell in the body; doubt, fear and hatred contract our tissues as if with poison—which they may physically be. Pleasure, then, is an acceleration of the processes that make for life and growth; it is a rapid tempo of the blood, an expansion and exhilaration of every cell. All these changes, sending their messages to the brain, constitute the body of our joys.

Apparently pleasure accompanies, but is not the cause of, the actions we call pleasant; originally we did not desire things because they pleased us, but they pleased us because we desired them; the desire is instinctive, rooted in our individual or social needs. It is the custom in contemporary psychology to deny all efficacy to pleasure in the determination of human behavior; but very probably this is one of the exaggerations which have made psychology so popular. Instinct (or "unlearned response," as fashion calls it now) is soon mingled with memory; and acquired knowledge enters more and more into our conduct with every year of growth. So it is that a pleasure which was once only an accompaniment and not a cause may be recalled, and guide desire. How many pleasures came to us first by kindly accident, and then lured us to recapture them by the fragrance they had left in our memory!

So much for the psychology of pleasure; its biology can be still more briefly phrased in Spencer's way: "Pains are the correlatives of actions injurious to the organism, while pleasures are the correlatives of actions conducive to its welfare." The principle is useful despite its exceptions; it is true that many injurious things are pleasant; but only because our experience of them has been too recent, or too brief, to let their maleficence establish a repugnance in our natures; usually the animal instinctively rejects what would injure or destroy it. A sounder difficulty lies in the pleasure which certain actions bring that actually kill the individual; the male spider is eaten, as often as not, by the lady he has wooed too well; and in general, reproduction is a prelude to death, a perpetual *Liebestod*. We shall have to amend Spencer and say that pleasure normally attends those actions that make for the welfare either of the organism or of the species. Even suicidal heroism may be pleasant; not all our instincts have regard to our individual carcasses; and occasionally it may be sweet, as well as decorous, to die for one's country.

Pleasure, then, is the accompaniment of an act that has survival value for the individual, the group, the race or the species; it is primarily the organic reverberation of instinct fulfilled. And since happiness is a (Continued on page 168)



A Little Clown

By Barry Benefield

Who tells, with intimate tenderness, the love triumphs and defeats, the hopes and temptations, of four unforgettable people.

THE hermit youth who was the last of the Tideboys was cooking supper in the kitchen of the run-to-seed Louisiana mansion that was his, when the growling of his two red hounds cut through the roar of the November storm outside, and he turned—to see a girl standing with her back against the door.

"Mister," she said to him, "my pappy is out yonder in our waggin sick with a misery in his side, so I wisht we could git a night's lodgin' here. We cain't go no further this night, we cain't for a fact."

"Who is your father?"

"He's a yarb doctor, but his roots an' barks what he gives the darkies don't seem to do him no manner of good this time."

"What's his name, I mean?"

"Hooker Dibble, an' I'm Phoebe Dibble. Oh, Mister, come an' he'p me without no more talkin', because Pappy shore is bad off."

Old Hooker Dibble was indeed bad off; for when Shepherd

Tideboy entered his room to call him next morning, the old herb-doctor was beyond waking. . . .

They buried him in the old graveyard under the cedars; and then, because Shep Tideboy had been kind, and because she recalled her one remaining relative, an aunt in Arkansas, as harsh, Phoebe asked to stay on for a time. And so began an idyllic interlude, with the boy and girl in all innocence idling about the neglected Tideboy place and the neighboring forest. But of course tongues soon began to wag about the neighborhood, and Shepherd's legal guardian, his cousin César Honfleur, came scandalized to look into the matter. Abetted by the sheriff, César undertook to send Phoebe to the Arkansas aunt, but the girl slipped away from them back to Shepherd Tideboy. The age of innocence could not survive this episode, however; that evening the two young people rode away to another parish and were married.



Illustrated by C. D. Williams

And now Shepherd realized the truth of César's earnest preachers: he must become a man and a citizen, take up his part in the world. First, therefore, he must complete his ragged education; and after a period of tutoring at home, Shepherd and his young wife went to Austin, Texas, where he entered the University—and where poor Phoebe valiantly entered grammar school with the town children.

This arrangement endured for some three years, with Shepherd becoming more and more successful and engrossed in his studies, and with that wild-hearted daughter of the road Phoebe more and more irked by the restraints that bound her. And at last, shortly before commencement—Phoebe went away. (*The story continues in detail.*)

As a girl, Phoebe had two distinct grades of language. One, derived from Hooker Dibble and his associates, she used for common everyday purposes. The other, picked up bit by bit who knows where, and laid away in some sweet, prim place in her mind, she had brought out only when play-acting with her dolls and with little boys and girls she chanced to meet, and

"The two girls were whanging away on their banjos to draw the crowds. I was to dance, if you please. Professor Williger said it would help pull the hicks when we'd stop."

even with them only when they were properly sympathetic. Her three years in the Austin school had tamed and leveled down her everyday speech, but it had no doubt enabled her to enlarge her precise, starchy, secret, ceremonial language.

That was the language she had used in letters to Shep's Aunt Lyd and his Cousin César, who had come to depend on her for news of their adventure; and it was the language of the letter the student-husband found late the next afternoon when, having been away since morning in the whirl of commencement preparations, he came home.

It was propped up against a dark-brown pitcher in the middle of the dining-room table, filled with fresh pink roses from an opulent Spanish neighbor's yard, and all the little house was sweet with them. After that, whenever he smelled roses, he could see the square bulky white envelope with Phoebe's emphatic dark little writing on it—"Mr. Shepherd D. Tideboy"—leaning against the brown pitcher.

"Dearest Shepherd:

"I am not so very happy any more, and I am going away. I am so discouraged and distressed about myself. I am afraid I am not of much account. But maybe it will be better for both of us. I hope so, Shepherd. I must hope so."

"I wish that I could say I knew I was right in doing this, but I cannot. My head is all fuzzy about it. I suspect that often I shall be terribly sorry, and I shall grieve that the idea ever came to me. You will never know how many times I put it away from me, but it would always come back. When I would say, 'No, no, Phoebe, you can *not* do that,' I would feel nice and warm all over. When I would say, 'Yes, but you will do it,' I would feel cold and then hot, and I did not know what to think."

"Maybe I was married too young. Maybe after a while I should have had enough of the road and should have longed to settle down and be very quiet. Maybe if I had continued to

be diligent with my school work, this idea would not have come to me. Yes, and my housework has lately been falling off too, Shepherd. You did not notice it, but at last I seemed to lose interest in that also. If I had not met some old friends Pappy Dibble and I knew, maybe the idea would not have kept coming back stronger and stronger. Oh, it is all *so* mixed up. But it looks like I cannot help things piling up and piling up in my mind to push me away, so I will go on. It was a great relief just to decide it one way or the other.

"**Y**OU must not think, Shepherd, that you *did* anything to make me unhappy. I am simply an ornery tramp, I suppose, and nothing else could be made of me.

"When I used to ask you to do something very special and would say, 'Just to please me, Shep,' you would always do it. I cannot remember one time when you did not. Just to please me now, Shepherd, do not bother about me at all. I am with a good family who will take excellent care of me. When you get this we shall be far away, and we shall be moving about swiftly, so you could not catch us if you tried.

"I had a mind to go away last winter when my friends were in town, but I thought it might worry you in your studies, and besides I was then not even as certain about it all as I am now. Well, you are all right about your examinations now, and you have won your fellowship, and I will go this time.

"The old man of the family would not take me along, I was afraid, if I told him I was married. I said my aunt had me in school here, and I was about through with it, and was a grown woman and wanted to make my own living if I could, and my aunt was willing. So he was glad to take me. That was a white lie, but I like to believe it was not so *very* wicked, because I told it to keep him from worrying and I never hurt anybody by it, I am sure. Of course I cannot wear my rings, but I suppose I should not wear them, now.

"Tell Mr. Beddoes and Mr. Heydler and Mr. Vallati good-by for me; also the nice old Spanish gentleman across the street who gave us flowers. You can make them think I have gone visiting relatives. Next year you can think of other things to tell about why I am not back.

"And now, Shepherd, I must make a request of you. Will you not keep my dress and slippers and yellow silk stockings and all the pretty things I bought for the commencement ball? I shall need silk stockings in the work I shall do, but I would not wear my commencement stockings for *that*.

"You remember how you joked me about buying a little at a time? When I had decided to stay I would buy the slippers, or the dress, or the black mantilla, or the silk pretties to go beneath, but not everything at once, because I was afraid the idea to go might come back too strong for me after all, so there would be a waste, and you will need all your money for your studies. I have taken with me the old brogans and the dress I wore when I drove into your big gate.

"If you should marry again, you could tell your wife that the dress and things were your mother's. That would be only a white lie. Would you not tell a white lie for me, Shepherd? I think I would tell a thousand black ones for you if they were needed.

"But Shepherd, you ought *never* to marry again. I am *sure* of that. You keep yourself free, and go ahead and be a bachelor scholar. You could get the best board in town for less than it has cost to run our house and me, and you would have no outside worries at all to take you away from your books. I know. I have asked about board. And then sometime you might go away to that Eastern university you talked so much about. It would be easier to do if you were a bachelor boarder and not a husband tied down to a wife and house and maybe children.

"Well, we did have some good times together, did we not, Shepherd, while it lasted? I shall not forget our days in the woods by Abancourt Bayou, or our playtimes together in your great secret attic, our capture in the stable loft when you stood up for me, your campfire by the branch when I ran away from the sheriff and came back to you, your struggles with Julius Cesar and our early housekeeping career, our first year here—oh, I shall have so *many* things to remember, Shepherd, when I have gone away.

"**A**ND now I must close. They are waiting for me downtown. Will you not promise me, Shepherd, to go to bed every night by twelve o'clock and not sit up studying to all hours? You will make yourself sick again if you work *too* hard. And besides you will have more free time now.

"I have sent your clothes and the house things to the laundry,

and got in two lamb chops and a head of lettuce for your supper. They are in the ice-box. You will need some butter tomorrow, but I forgot it while I was out. That striped blue shirt of yours was so worn out that I did not send it to the laundry again; I put it in the ragbag. There was simply nothing more that could be done for it.

"I have sewed buttons on everything that had lost them, fixed up all your socks and put your clothes in pretty good shape, I believe. Do not forget to tell the milkman to leave just one quart of milk in the morning. If you let two come, one will sour, and it will be a waste. You will need all your money, Shepherd. I am afraid I have wasted too much of it. The dress and the things for the ball are a waste after all, but when I bought them I did not think they would be. We have to take chances sometimes, or we would not get much fun out of living.

"And now I must request one more thing of you, Shepherd. You see what a bother a wife is. I could hardly bear to leave Marguerite, Gwendolyn and Arthur behind, but they could not stand the traveling I shall have to do. Their traveling days are over, bless their old hearts; *they* must be very quiet and still now. They have jolted along so many miles of country roads that their constitutions are considerably shaken, I am sure.

"Do you think I am laughing, Shepherd, as I write about the poor old dolls? I assure you I am not. Pappy Dibble used to love them, I thought, almost as much as I did. I would sometimes catch him talking to them just as though they were alive, and he would blush and get *so* nervous. And he would pretend to doctor them with his bitters and pick-me-ups. If you should marry again in spite of everything, you could tell your wife that the old dolls belonged to the little sister you never saw.

"But please keep Marguerite, Gwendolyn and Arthur, and do not throw them away. They are so little—they are like me, Shepherd—and they would take up no room to speak of, and they would always be quiet, I am sure, so as not to disturb you. You will find them lying on the bed. I got them out to kiss them good-by. I was keeping them for some who were to come later, you remember. They will not come now. Just to please me, Shepherd, save my little children of the road.

"Good-by, Shepherd. I cannot bear to write any more.

"Yours affectionately,

"Phoebe."

Chapter Eight

SHEP spent all summer traveling about searching for the mother of the little children of the road. He carried them in his valise wherever he went, meaning to use them in his behalf. All the money he had left he threw into the pursuit—what a waste, he thought, Phoebe would have said; he would have mortgaged the house and farm, and sold his soul, if possible, for more money if he had believed it would do any good. He would have traded all the monkish centuries in history for so many minutes face to face with Phoebe.

He told Beddoes, Heydler and Vallati everything—they were friends, and they helped him all they could, especially with advice calmer than any he could contrive for himself. Beddoes gave him two months, going with him over country roads in a buggy, stopping at every wagon-yard they could hear of, inquiring about itinerant medicine-men, small theatrical companies, every group of caravan travelers that had women with them. Shep shrank from the idea of putting the police on Phoebe's trail, as if she had committed a crime. Crime! He was the criminal, he thought, if there was one in that business. But he employed a private detective, who produced no better results than he.

He advertised in the personal columns of large newspapers in Texas, Louisiana and near-by States. He devoted a week to writing an advertisement. He seemed to need a page to say a tenth of what he wanted to say. Beddoes finally did something that fitted the style and size of the personal columns: "Phoebe, come back to the big house. I need you. S. T."

And so he went home early in the autumn. Perhaps she would come after a while, or write. If she should see the advertisement, though he didn't think she would, she might go or write to Austin, but his three friends would let him know quickly if she did. He could not stay about the University. While he waited, he wanted to bury himself deeper than he could there.

If by a miracle she should see the advertisement, he made himself believe she might drop in on him some day in the pine forest and say, lifting her chin and shaking her head: "Well, Shep, you asked me to come back. Here I am. Blood be on your own head."

For he thought he could find between the lines of her letter



The sudden blowing of a horn brought him straight and listening. "Loretta must be in a lot of trouble," he said.

the idea which had most influenced her in going away. A craving for the freedom of the road, boredom with her school work as a classmate of children, impatience with her progress as measured by memory tests, the chance meeting with some old wanderer that her father had known in his itinerant days—these and such as these had been involved in her decision; but probably the upsetting impulse came from a notion of hers that his way as a long-time student would be easier if she removed herself.

People always think of men when they think of chivalry; it is a convention, a fixed idea. But whenever the word crossed Shep in later years, he always thought first of Phoebe, gallant little knight riding out into the world to serve her cloistered husband.

He had become again a hermit, going deeper into seclusion than before. Though the big house was ten miles from town, buried in a pine forest and screened by trees and shrubbery from a road along which not more than a dozen people passed on any day except the country's busy Saturday, yet it was now too

public and glaring for him alone. When Phoebe was there, he had loved the big house.

He wanted to live in the woods and to be close to running water, so that he could hear it all the time and feel its movement. Rain on the roof, the soft little whispering of the bayou among the cypress knees and fallen trees in the dim shadowed forest, the gentle lift and swing of a boat on its slow current, these had always touched, and touched soothingly, something deep in him, and now he longed for them more than ever.

Going a mile into the woods behind the big house, he made a small clearing on the bank of Abancourt Bayou. Borrowing Hooker Dibble's wagon and team from Seneca Samson, who had bought the outfit, he hauled lumber from a mill twelve miles away to the bit of hard clay bank he had selected for building operations, and set to work on a houseboat.

It was good for him to use his hands, and he asked the help of no one. He camped in the woods until the hull was put together, calked, pitched and slid into the bayou. Then he slept on it, among lumber, shavings, hardware and tar-smelling oakum



left over from the bottom of the boat. Within two months—he worked steadily but slowly, for he was in no hurry—the superstructure was up and the houseboat complete.

It was not large—a mere matter of two good-sized rooms, one for cooking and eating, the other for sleeping and reading; but it was large enough, and he settled down for a while. He smelled the earth and the rain and the woods, listened to the wind in the trees, lived over the days with Phoebe out here, watched birds and animals about their serious little affairs, heard the low voice of the bayou saying only gentle things as it moved slowly on, felt its soft current rocking his boat, and regained some peace of mind.

And presently he began reading again, but not closely and with notes, as he had done at the University; now he simply drifted about in the Middle Ages searching for ardent interesting people to know. People were the bright spots of history for him.

Beddoes and the two other good friends in Austin had volunteered to see that he got whatever book he wanted from the libraries in Austin, if it was at all available there. On Tuesdays and Fridays he walked over to the mail-box in front of the big house to wait for the rural rider, who never came earlier than eleven in the morning, though Shep was there by ten in case the rider should some day beat his record. He was forever hoping that the amiable fellow would bring a letter from Phoebe.

He brought plenty of reading matter about the late Dark Ages, but autumn and winter and spring went by with nothing from her.

Shep was haunted by the fear that she might come to the big house sometime, and finding him not there would go on away. That was a foolish, farfetched fear, considering the nature of Phoebe. If she wanted him, he told himself, she would find him; she would search out and cross-examine Loretta and Seneca and everybody else anywhere near until she had all the information available about him.

Nevertheless he persuaded Loretta and Pompey to move to a tenant-house out behind the enclosed vegetable garden, of the big house. Their old notion about a ghost, mostly pretense even in the beginning for the sake of the thrills, had been weakened by the fact that Phoebe and he had lived in the house while he prepared for college; and now the notion wasn't strong enough to frighten Loretta from an advantageous offer. He felt easier when she moved; if Phoebe came now, somebody would be immediately at hand.

Old Tackaberry dropped in occasionally, but only when he had been to Crebillon for a week-end of whisky and Shakespearean declamation. From time to time César Honfleur rushed out to see him, arriving with the determined air of one prepared to fight something out and be done with it. But he would stay for only one meal, dashing away without fighting anything out.



"Damn it, make yourselves at home, you lousy water-tanks!" Hal rallied his guests. Tumblers banged on the table, knives and forks rattled, the diners yelled and joked.

ONE clear midday early in June the rural rider handed him, along with some books and papers, a letter from Phoebe. Dropping everything else to the ground, he leaned against the mail-box post and tore open the envelope. It was postmarked St. Louis, had been sent to Austin and forwarded to him.

"Dear Shepherd:

"I should have liked to write often to you, especially if I could have had answers, only I thought maybe my letters might disturb you, and if I gave an address you might try to find me at the place stamped on the envelope. But now you are at the end of an-

The spring following Phoebe's disappearance, Mrs. Pilduff brought out for a few days an extremely pretty girl, whom she described as a fanatic fisherwoman. Giving them the boat, Shep camped on the bank a considerable distance away. This was a test of Mrs. Lydia Pilduff's, who was quietly satisfied with the result.

Loretta drifted over every Monday morning, swaggering her handsome hips and shoulders, her pleasant creamy face shining with the racy gossip she had been collecting, and would presently place before him in the touching hope that she might entertain him. She did his washing, cooked his dinner and while he ate, produced her shocking stories.

"Lawsy, lawsy, it aint *no* use; you aint heard two words I said, Mr. Shep. Nobody been able to put life in you but Miss Phoebe. I pray the Lord for another storm to blow her in our big gate. Books, books, nothin' *but* books—an' you is a grown man, an' the country full of young women!"

In May the head of the history department at the University, who knew from Beddoes that Shep was at home reading, wrote suggesting that he return the following October and take on his fellowship the coming session. He said he would continue the appointment, anyway, and duly list him in the catalogue as part of the history faculty. Shep thanked him, but wrote that his return any time soon was doubtful.

other session, with a world of good work already done, I am sure, and St. Louis is too far from Austin to think of coming here to catch me, even if you wanted to. Besides I shall be hundreds of miles away from it by the time you get this.

"Well, I have a new job, a better one than I had at first, so now I can tell you what the first one was. Do you remember Pappy Dibble speaking of the professor and the two little red-headed banjo-picking girls we spent a week with in a wagon-yard when we were all storm-bound for a week? It was that Professor Hugo Williger who took me away from Austin. The two girls were as grown as I was, but they were still whanging on their old banjos to draw the crowds. I was to dance, if you please.

"It was not much dancing, you can imagine, Shepherd, but Professor Williger said it would help pull the hicks to our automobile when we would stop in a place.

"He had bought an automobile, a secondhand one, though it could go twenty miles in a single hour.

"Dear me, Pappy Dibble never knew what traveling was. We almost covered a State in the time he and I would have used to cover a county or a parish. Still I do not know if I liked it as well as I did our wagon and team. We saw more things in the automobile in a day, but we did not see them so well. Everything and everybody was just a smear (Continued on page 144)

GLAM

*"If You Got It, It Shows;
If Not, You Got No Show"*

Another Real Comedy from Hollywood

By Sam Hellman

WHAT do you think of it as a stunt feature?" asks Barney Cole when I looks up from the script.

"Stanley," I returns, "must have been throwing a fit on a tight rope when he wrote it. I'm only halfway through this gospel according to St. Vitus, and already there've been eight leaps to death and six swoops from the clouds to save Rita's honor or what have you."

"It is smeared on kind of thick," admits the director, "but the art-lovers down by the gas-house like to see Basil Brave pull daredevil stuff."

"So would I," says I. "Tell me, how did you folks happen to work that ladyfinger-fancier into D. D. rôles? He's got a streak in him as wide as a poppy field."

"I know," shrugs Cole. "It's just one of those things. Basil's a good-looking husky and stacks up well on a horse—in the stills. We used him in a couple of dude Westerns, and he rolled the gigglers out of their seats. Then along came Joe Grimm."

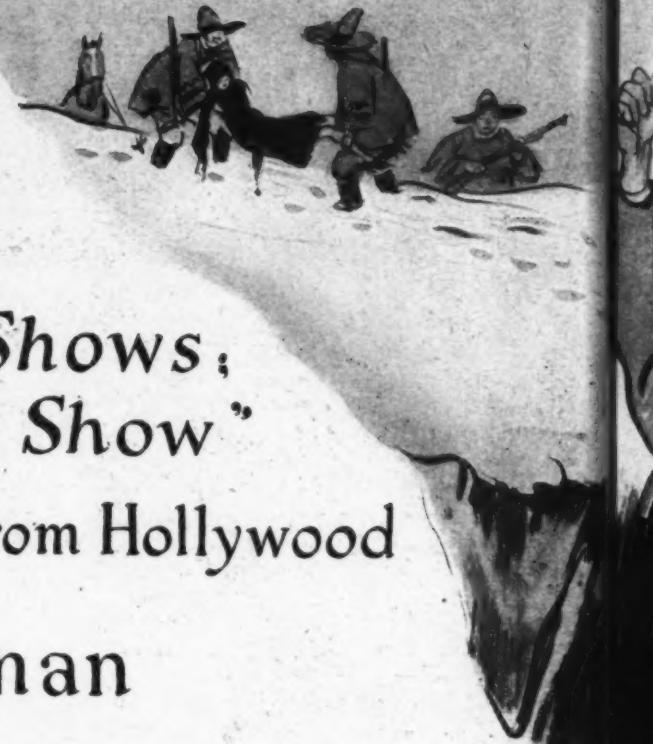
"Poor Joe!" I murmurs. "Always a long-shot but never a close-up. Why don't you give him a chance, Barney? He's got too much just to be doubling for that sweet-scented pastry."

"Nope," says Cole. "Grimm's all right, but he has no glam."

"Glam?" I repeats. "What's that—cine-mese for *drag*?"

"Glam," explains the director, "is the quality of making folks in an audience think you've got something they haven't, but which they'd admire to have. It's the gift of being able to remind a one-legged man that you've got two legs, and a fat woman that you're slim."

"Well," says I, "wouldn't any thin Thesp remind a dumpy



Illustrated by Tony Sarg

Dora that she was carrying a couple of spare chins around with her?"

"Not one in a thousand," comes back Barney. "Take Valentino. On this lot alone there must have been a hundred extras as handsome as he was, but not one of 'em had a fraction of his glam. He could make married women sigh over their husbands' bay-windows, and maidens sob over the cowlicks in the hair of their steady. Valentino wasn't merely an actor; he was yesterday's regret and tomorrow's maybe."

"If such is the case," I remarks, "I must be just filthy with glam. I can't walk even in the outskirts of Hollywood at night without reminding folks of things they haven't got but which they'd admire to have."

"Such as?" inquires Barney.

"My installment payments, mostly," I answers. "I too am yesterday's regret and tomorrow's maybe. Listen," I goes on, "if you've never used Joe Grimm on his own, how do you know he's not so glamish?"

"I don't," grunts Cole, "but Old Man Rulen says he isn't, and that strikes him out. Getting back to the scenario," he continues, "do you think you can dig up some good South American gags about llamas and pampas and—"

"Leave it to your favorite funster," I cuts in. "You know me, feller—the Moses of mirth. I tap the bean and out gush gags. What's the idea, anyhow, of locating the pic in South America? From what I've got of the action, it could just as well take place in East Hohokus, N. J. Of course," I concedes generously, "you might have a little trouble getting around the name Rita that Stanley's hung on the girl in the script, but—"

"It's like this," explains Barney. "The boss has a llama in



"It's a 'wow. You do everything but leap over Niagara Falls with a hot stove in one hand and a rabid bulldog in the other."



"When the machine catches fire, you jump in your parachute with Rita, you get lost in the snow, have a hand-to-hand battle with an enraged llama—"

the zoo that's been fairly eating its head off there, and he figures—"

"I see," I interrupts. "Rulen's getting tired of pampering the llama, so he's going to dramatize both the llama and the pampa. Well," says I, "super-features have been built on less wool and more cry than that. Going to South America for any shots?"

"Why should we?" demands the director. "The llama can carry the atmosphere, can't he?"

"Sure," says I. "I get it in strict confidence from the dictionary that he's a beast of burden, but how about a pampa? Got a pair of those in the zoo?"

"A pampa," returns Cole, "is just a prairie. Any unshaved lawn is a pampa or a llano, as it is known among guachos on the better sort of haciendas."

"Gosh!" I exclaims. "Are there no limits to your knowledge?"

"Few things are hidden from me," confesses Barney bashfully, "and those not for long. As a matter of fact," he goes on, "I wasn't serious about the llama carrying all the local color. We're going to have lots of it. Rulen's been keen for some time to make a picture that'd goal the South American exhibitos."

"In that case," says I, "why don't you take a company down there and give 'em the real McCoy?"

The idea of maybe snagging a trip for myself to the land of the tango and the mango clicks strong with me, but there's

no selling a bill to Barney. He's the kind of guy that'd rather build a set of the Hollywood jail than send across the street for a shot of the real hoosegow.

"There's no need to leave California," says Cole, "for honest reels of honest realism, as you so charmingly put it. When I get through with 'Perils of the Pampas,' they'll be using the picture in the public schools of Argentina to teach geography, and running excursions to spots where the various scenes were filmed."

"Stock stuff," I sneers.

"Hardly that," comes back Barney. "I did try to get some shots of the Andes, but there was nothing stirring, so—"

"So," I cuts in, "you're using part of that Alps footage you had in 'Is Yodeling a Menace?'"

"Exactly," smiles Cole. "I took it from the 'Yodeling' piece, but, if you recall, the mountain sequences were made in the Sierras."

"Wasn't it the Rockies?" I inquires.

"No," says Barney, "you must be thinking of the Thibet yarn that was laid in the Himalayas. What's the difference? All mountains look alike, don't they?"

"Probably," I shrugs, "but never having seen an Alp or an Andy, I'm no *autoridad*. What else have you in the realms of stark realism?"

"Some great shots of the Mississippi," returns the director.

"Taken undoubtedly," says I, "on the Sacramento."

"No," comes back Barney, "these were actually shot on the Yellowstone. You remember 'em, don't you? We used 'em in that Yang-tse flood feature last."

"And now," I remarks, "they're running bases for the Amazon."

"Partly," nods Cole, "and partly for the Orinoco. Seeing that the banks don't show in the film, how you going to tell the difference between the waters of the Mississippi and the Amazon? I'm also figuring on using a bit of the footage for Lake Titicaca."

"Why not?" says I. "Maybe I'll get up a symbolic gag, and you can use some of it also to show that the roof is leaking. I suppose," I adds, "that a shot of the weeds in your back yard will do for the jungle stuff."

"We're all fixed there," returns Barney. "The jungle set on Stage Four is still up—you know, the one we had built for that two-reel educational, 'The Bengal Tiger in His Native Habitat.'"

"What a picture this is going to be!" I snorts. "Joe Grimm doubling for the hero; the Alps née the Sierras doubling for the Andes; and the Mississippi, alias the Yellowstone, doubling for the Amazon and a leak in the roof. And that isn't all."

"No?" queries Cole. "What else irks the laughboy of Long-acre Square?"

"Reading over some of the D. D. stunts laid out by Stanley," says I, "it looks like I'll have to write subtitles to double for most of them. How, for example," I wants to know, "do you expect to work that gag of having Basil Brave jump from the airplane onto the cowcatcher of the racing locomotive just in time to snatch Rita from the tracks of the burning bridge? There must be a limit even to miniatures, and to what the miniature minds of a movie audience'll fall for."

"In reply to yours of even date," returns Barney, "I beg to state that our Mr. Rulen has been making this type of product for years and has a ten-dollar bill for every blonde in Africa."

When I gets to the studio next morning, I finds Joe Grimm waiting. I had known Joe in the old carnival days when he looped loops, human-flied up the side of silos, dropped in parachutes and otherwise thumbed his nose at the old gent with the scythe, and we're still pretty clubby.

As far as brains go, you could have thrown a pair of battling cats through Grimm's head without leaving a scratch on 'em, but he's a likable lad, at that. The only thing I have against him is his resemblance to Basil Brave. They're built alike, and with the kind of gin they sell in Hollywood, you might mistake one for the other on a dark night. The two couldn't trade close-ups, but they could get by in middle and long shots, and did.

"I hear," says Joe, "they got another picture for me to work in. Know anything about it?"

"Yep," I returns, "and it's a wow. You do everything in it but leap over Niagara Falls with a hot stove in one hand and a rabid bulldog in the other. Your D. D. stunts in this piece ought to put Basil over bigger than ever."

"That's nice," scowls Grimm, "and I'll still get a hundred bucks a day for daring my neck to break. Why don't they give me a chance to play myself?"

"I spoke to Cole about it yesterday," says I, "but the Old Man thinks you're shy on glam."

"Shy on what?" asks Joe.

"Glam is hard to explain," I replies. "It's one of those things you have or haven't. If you have it, it shows; if you haven't it, you got no show."

"Can't you pick it up?" he inquires.

"Nope," I assures him. "It's born with you like a mean disposition and a talent for playing the loud bassoon."



"The daredevil who leaps from airplanes falls six feet on a lawn and breaks his leg!"

"Well," says Grimm, "I wasn't born with either one of 'em, but I'll pick up the mean disposition if they keep me doubling for Brave. The yellow cream-puff!"

"Pipe down, bo'sun," I advises. "Basil may not be the spineless cactus you think he is. Remember the story of the doctor who treated a guy for jaundice for eleven years before he found out the patient was a Jap? Brave may just look yellow to you. After all," I goes on, "he's a big star, and they're putting him in pictures that cost prominent plasters. Why should they take a chance of having him bust a leg and tie up an expensive production? Why?"

"How about my legs?" cuts in Joe.

"Basil's legs," says I, "are events; yours merely incidents. Want to hear about the new picture?"

"Shoot," growls Grimm.

"We open on Brooklyn bridge," I begins. "Basil is walking along thinking, or thinking that he is, when all of a sudden he pipes a gal on the railing ready to jump into the drink. He rushes forward to stop her, but he's too late. Over she goes, and without even hesitating to take off his spats, Brave jumps in after her."

"Who?" demands Joe.

"You," says I.

"He swims ashore with her," I continues. "She looks so beautiful, snuggled up in his arms, that he stoops over and kisses her."

"Who does?" asks Grimm eagerly.

"Basil," I returns.

That doesn't register so hot with the daredevil. And there's a reason with a ribbon in its hair. For some time now I've noticed Joe's eyes go hungry at sight of Lora Dane, the lead in Brave's features and affections, and she's the cute and acute cause of Grimm's growing grouch on his job. At that, it is pretty tough to rescue regularly from death and worse the chick you're kicked in on in the long shots, only to bring her into the close-ups to be kissed and messed over by your rival.

"It develops," says I, picking up the plot, "that Rita is being hounded by Don Alvarado y Toledo y Sandusky y Washington Courthouse, who not only wants to marry her but has also got a yen to get control of a rubber mine or a coffee well or something left to Rita by her uncle Don Testudo y Chillicothe y Springfield y—"

"What is this?" growls Joe. "A story or a railroad time-table?"

"Basil," I goes on, "confronts Alvarado, and in a fight that follows he's thrown out of the eleventh-story window of a first-class hotel."

"Who is?" asks Grimm.

"You," says I.

"I thought so," grumbles Joe. "I always get the breaks."

"While you are laid up in the hospital," I continues, "Rita discovers that unless she appears on her property by New Year's Day, it's forfeited to Don Alvarado. It's now Christmas. The zinc orchard or the banana foundry or whatever it may be, is in Argentine, a perfectly disgusting number of miles from the nearest ciudad. Rita is in New York. What to do? What to do?"

"Well," inquires Grimm, "what do I do for a hundred smackers a day and Basil's public?"

"Brave," I returns, "it seems is a millionaire sportsman whose hobby is flying. He holds the amateur nonstop flight records between Chicago and Evanston and between Cincinnati and Covington, so he is nothing daunted by the New York to Argentine jump. With Rita beside him, he hops off in a blizzard."

"Is that a make of machine," asks Joe, "or a make of weather?"

"Weather," I tells him. "All the early action of the piece takes place in deep snow on account of our stockroom being loaded up with salt. In fact, when you're thrown out of the hotel window, you're saved only by falling into a heavy drift piled up in front of Moe Garfunkel's Pawne Shoppe."

"Go on," urges Grimm. "What do I do next that happens to Basil?"

"Where was I?" I inquires.

"Over Staten Island," he answers.

"Oh, yes," says I. "Well, Alvarado, who's now in Argentine—you'd been in the hospital for a month—learns from one of his spies of your take-off. He's an aviator himself and goes forth to meet you in the air. On the way south you get into all kinds of jams. Over the Andes you have to climb onto the wing of your bus to battle with a condor—"

"What's a condor?" thirsts Joe.

"A bird," I explains, "that doubles for the vulture and the eagle in them that mountings. Barney," I adds, "will probably use his trained pigeon for the part. You can lick your weight in pigeons, can you?"

"And twice my weight in Basil," grunts the daredevil.

"Over the pampas," I continues, "you meet up with Alvarado's plane. He's got a machine-gun and brings you down in flames."

"Don't I ever trim this wop?" demands Joe. "We've hooked up twice already, and both times he's heaved me out on my neck. When do—"

"Don't worry," I cuts in soothingly. "Every dog has his day,

"Nope," says I. "You still have a few dates with death, but it's all stuff you've done before. Need I add that at eleven fifty-five p. m. on December 31st you zoom down on the quinine mill or the cinchona garage or whatever Rita's property is?"

"So I'm used right up to the finish, eh?" remarks Joe.

I nods. "Right up to the clinch. You don't double in that."

"I'd like to," admits Grimm bluntly; "but," he adds bitterly, "there's no danger in kissing a girl."

"The hell there isn't!" says I

Barney starts off with the hospital sequence, in which what romance there is in "Perils of the Pampas" is pulled, and for several days there's nothing for Joe to do. Neverthe-



"I must have a double," insists Joe. "I'm a valuable asset to the company. You can get men for a hundred a day to risk their necks."

and you'll have yours. When the machine catches fire," I resumes, "you jump in your parachute with Rita dangling from your waist. You get lost in the deep snow of the pampas, have a hand-to-hand battle with an enraged llama, and blinded by the blizzard, you fall off a precipice, saving yourself by catching hold of the branches of a rutabaga tree. While all this is happening to you, Rita is kidnaped by a band of guachos hired by Alvarado. She is tied to the tracks on a railroad bridge; the bridge is fired, and—"

"And so," yelps Grimm, "is the bird that wrote this story, if Rulen's got any sense left. How in—"

"Just a moment," says I. "Here's where you come in strong. You sneak up to Alvarado's camp, steal his airplane, parachute from it to the cowcatcher of the locomotive and snatch Rita from the burning bridge."

"In the meantime," suggests Joe, "loosening the ropes around her with my teeth."

"Not according to the script," I comes back. "The way Stanley has it, they're cut by tongues of flame. However, I'll put your idea up to Cole, if you want."

"Never mind," growls Grimm. "He'll think I'm trying to hog the camera. Does that cowcatcher stunt wash me up?" he inquires.

less he hangs around the set doubling for a goofy young man gone sappy over a skirt. He follows Lora around the stage like a tax on the trail of an income. You can't blame him much. The Dane gal's got "those"—which is "it" in a wholesale way. Even I have never kept my eyes after school for looking at her.

She's a good-natured, unspoiled doll and treats Grimm pleasantly enough, but it's easy to see that she serves the white meat of the chicken to Basil. However, Joe seems happy enough with the wings and the neck.

"It's a wonder," remarks Grimm, "they don't have me double for Brave in this hospital stuff."

"Why should they?" I asks.

"Well," says Joe, "he might fall out of bed and break the manicure off one of his fingernails."

"In that case," I assures him, "we'll use a close-up of your hands. Don't that set you all a-twitter?"

"Do you imagine," goes on Grimm, "they'd give me a chance to star in this picture if anything was to happen to Basil?"

"What do you mean?" I comes back, looking him straight in the lamps.

"Aw, forget it," growls Joe, giving my thoughts a tumble. "I wouldn't muss a hair on his vaselined dome. But he's likely

to get sick or hurt or something, isn't he? There's no law against him getting laid up, is there? Besides," he continues, "the way Brave burns up the roads and the roadhouses, he's likely to be raked out from under a wreck any time."

"I'm afraid," says I, "it wouldn't do you any good if he was. Quintessence Films has you ticketed as a D. D. stunt man, and they'll never think of you in any other way. The best chance you have is to give this deadfall the air and start all over again at some other lot."

"I wouldn't leave this place," mutters Grimm.

"Maybe," I suggests, "even she will never think of you as anything but a stunt man. Wouldn't it be smart billiards for you to give her the ozone too, and start all over with another fair and warmer?"

Joe's got nothing to say to that, and I have no time to pursue the subject further. Gagging one of these peril pictures is no maiden's delight. You not only have to build up giggles, but you've got to spot 'em so they'll cover up ridiculous and impossible situations. Make 'em laugh is the idea, and they'll forget to think, if any.

At the end of the week, Cole's still working on interiors and everything's going smoothly, when blooey—over goes the applecart! I get the bad news in the morning paper via the headline route.

DAREDEVIL OF SCREEN HURT IN ROADHOUSE RAID

Basil Brave leaps from window and fractures thigh in two places.

According to the yarn underneath, the dicks had been tipped off to parties pulled off at the joint, and a whole flock of flat-feet had descended on it. Most of the mob had made their getaway through the windows, but Basil had been found outside sitting on a cracked tibia and sent to the hospital, where the chances were he'd stay for a couple of months.

On the lot, the first person I runs into is Joe Grimm. He's got a paper in his hand, so I know he's read about the raid.

"Did you sic the cops on Basil's hang-out?" I shoots right at him.

"It'd take the mind of a gag-man to think up something like that," snarls Joe. "Why should I do it? What would it get me outside of a layoff? I suppose," he goes on, sarcastic, "I framed up on Basil so he'd jump out of a window and break a leg! Didn't you tell me I'd never get a chance to play straight on this lot even if—"

"I'm sorry," says I, "but it struck me kind of peculiar that Brave should get messed up right after you asking me what would happen if he passed out of the picture."

GRIMM walks away angrily, and I treks me over to Barney's office. Cole's stalking around in a high and handsome frenzy when I busts in.

"Of all the damn luck!" he yelps.

"Clam yourself," says I, "clam yourself. It's not your fault if—"

"Everything," barks Cole, "is my fault around here. Old Man Rulen'll tell me that I should have been standing outside the window to catch Basil on the fly, or that I should have had the roadhouse burned down the night before."

"No use crying over split thighs," says I. "Pampas aren't perishable and—"

"Pampas aren't," cuts in Barney, "but Basil Braves are. Rulen's been particularly anxious to cash in on that sap while he was clicking at the B. O. Now he's not only put this picture on the hummer, but the other Basil Brave features we have out as well."

"How do you figure that?" I asks.

"Did you read," howls Cole, "how far he jumped? Six feet. The daredevil who leaps from precipices and airplanes falls six feet on a lawn and breaks his leg. Great publicity, that! Basil Brave, the idol of American youth, the exponent of clean living and pure thinking, who's only happy when he's with his books and his dogs, caught in a raid on a roadhouse. G-r-r-r!"

"Woof, woof!" I barks sympathetically. "But what are you going to do about 'Perils of the Pampas'?"

"I don't know," shrugs the director helplessly.

"Then listen to me," says I. "Why not play Joe Grimm?"

"As Basil Brave?" exclaims Barney, with a disgusted expression.

"As himself," I comes back. "Call him Cecil Courage or Harold Hero or anything you want. Introduce a new daredevil, a new—"

"Not a chance," interrupts Cole. "The Old Man can't see him."

"Here's my idea," says I. "You've still got the hospital and hacienda sets standing. Shoot Joe in all the sequences you've made of Basil. Don't tip Rulen until you're ready to flash the rushes on him. I got a hunch," I goes on, enthusiastic, "that Grimm'll wham 'em. Know what that'll mean?"

"What?" inquires Barney.

"I'll mean," I replies, "that you'll have another Douglas Fairbanks—a bird who can act in stunt pictures and do his own stunts. Exit doubles and long-shots, enter a star who can do his thrill stuff in close-ups."

Cole still hesitates, though I can see that he's getting sold on my notion.

"It's a beautiful gamble, isn't it?" I urges. "And what do you put up? A couple of days' work in standing sets and a few hundred feet of film. If the boy's a flop, Rulen need never know of it. He isn't due back until the end of the week, is he?"

"It's a go," snaps Barney. "Brave's probably through for good, anyhow. Where's Grimm?"

JOE'S het up over the big chance to show his stuff, and even Lora doesn't appear displeased over the prospect of working close up with him. The roadhouse raid apparently has put the skids under Basil. She chats gayly with Joe, and the last I sees of them that morning, they're walking arm in arm towards the studio lunch-room.

That afternoon Barney begins reshooting the hospital stuff. Seeing that most of the action is love blah, I figures on seeing some natural acting, and I'm not disappointed.

I don't pretend to know what the public wants any more than the public does itself, but after five minutes with the Kliegs, I'm willing to bet double or nothing on my past-due installments that Grimm'll be a knockout. The boy's so good with his love-making that he's even got Lora acting over her head.

"Well?" says I to Cole, after the day's work is done.

"He looks great," admits Barney, "but we're selling films, not living pictures."

"Don't you lose any sleep," I tells him. "Joe will stack up on the screen just as well as he does on the set."

The next morning Cole and I see some of the hospital rushes in the projection-room, and Barney agrees with me that Grimm's got everything but the kitchen sink.

"Talk about glam!" says I. "Joe just oozes it. He's old George G. Glam himself; but you aint seen nothing yet. Wait till you get an eyeful of Grimm doing his daredevil bag-of-tricks in close-ups. He'll make most of the take-a-chance babies around Hollywood look like broken-down spavins in wheel-chairs listening to their arteries hardening."

"That's what I'm counting on," returns Cole, "to make folks forget Basil Brave and get them asking at the box-office when the next Grimm picture is coming."

"Basil's forgot already," says I, "or will be by the time the papers get through spoofing him. Did you read the squib in this morning's *Star* kidding him about having his double shave for him? It's going to be tough from now on to get away with any doubling stuff. Audiences are going to watch close for it in every D. D. picture they see."

"I guess you're right," agrees Barney. "We're lucky to have a star who wont need proxies to do his leaping and lunging for him."

IN three days we're through with the interior re-shots, and we get the rushes assembled for the Old Man to take a squint at. He comes to the projection-room mumbling grouchily to himself. It's apparent that Joe will have to sell himself to Rulen from the ground up.

And does he? I'll tell your Aunt Chovy that he does. Before two hundred feet of film are run off, the Old Man's bobbing up and down in his seat, rubbing his hands together and otherwise acting like a gent whose ship has just come to port.

"Why haven't we used Grimm before?" he demands of Barney, when the showing's over.

"You didn't think he had glam," returns the director.

"Me?" splutters the boss. "Why, the first time I saw him I knew he had it. Didn't I tell you?"

Before Joe leaves the lot that evening, he's signed up to a juicy contract. Quintessence Films is taking no chances of letting the find of the season get away from it.

The next day we cleans up some odds and ends on the interior sets and we're practically through with (*Continued on page 161*)

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SINCE his university days at Princeton, Lawrence Perry has been an enthusiastic follower of sport, amateur and professional. Here he writes of that sport which is finding new favor daily and which already has such hold that one contest of two men pulls in two million dollars through the gates.

Illustrated by
Leslie L. Benson

Knockout

By Lawrence Perry

EARLY morning in autumn—an impeccable day. The Sound revealed never so brilliantly its billions of facets, the blue, flashing rise of wavelets. Mist, gold-shot, hung lightly upon the trees that shaded an out-jutting point of land.

With a sigh that was eloquent of sheer joy in living and being, Doris Willing slipped from her bathrobe, and stood forth as a water nymph emerging from some maritime gossamer. Of the morning and all its beauty she became forthwith a part, and no inconsiderable note of glory vanished when, with deft swiftness, her hands rose in the adjustment of a rubber cap which shut from view all that light brown hair which had been glowing gold where the sun rested upon it.

Now her head had the brave guise of the aviator's, but a singularly beautiful aviator with frank, violet eyes, heavily lashed and above decent brows, soft, opulent, that had never known needle or cosmetic.

The one-piece bathing suit was of seal brown, and the sun had imparted to the smooth, soft skin of her arms and neck, shoulders and legs, a light, creamy tan.

Wading ankle deep, she paused; with a little cry she plunged forward under full headway until at length she dived and with lusty strokes cleaved her way to a float anchored in deep water.

Her head had just appeared above the level of the flooring when upon the other side a figure bounded from the water.

"I beg your pardon! I suppose this is your float?" There was a pleasing inflection in the young man's voice.

Doris climbed to the raft with no reply other than a faint hospitable smile. Her gaze was frank with curiosity and with admiration. He was stunning physically, obviously an athlete



She regarded him with the frankest interest. "This is tremendously thrilling. I had associated boxers with the caveman type."

in superb condition; she had never seen his like—certainly not in such slim bathing attire, which was a deep crimson and involved no waste of material. His legs were long, with that beautiful slenderness that comes from training; his arms with their long, rippling muscles bespoke lancing strength and power.

But it was, after all, his face which claimed her attention and held it—a square face, finely modeled. The eyes were gray, and above them were solidly built brows.

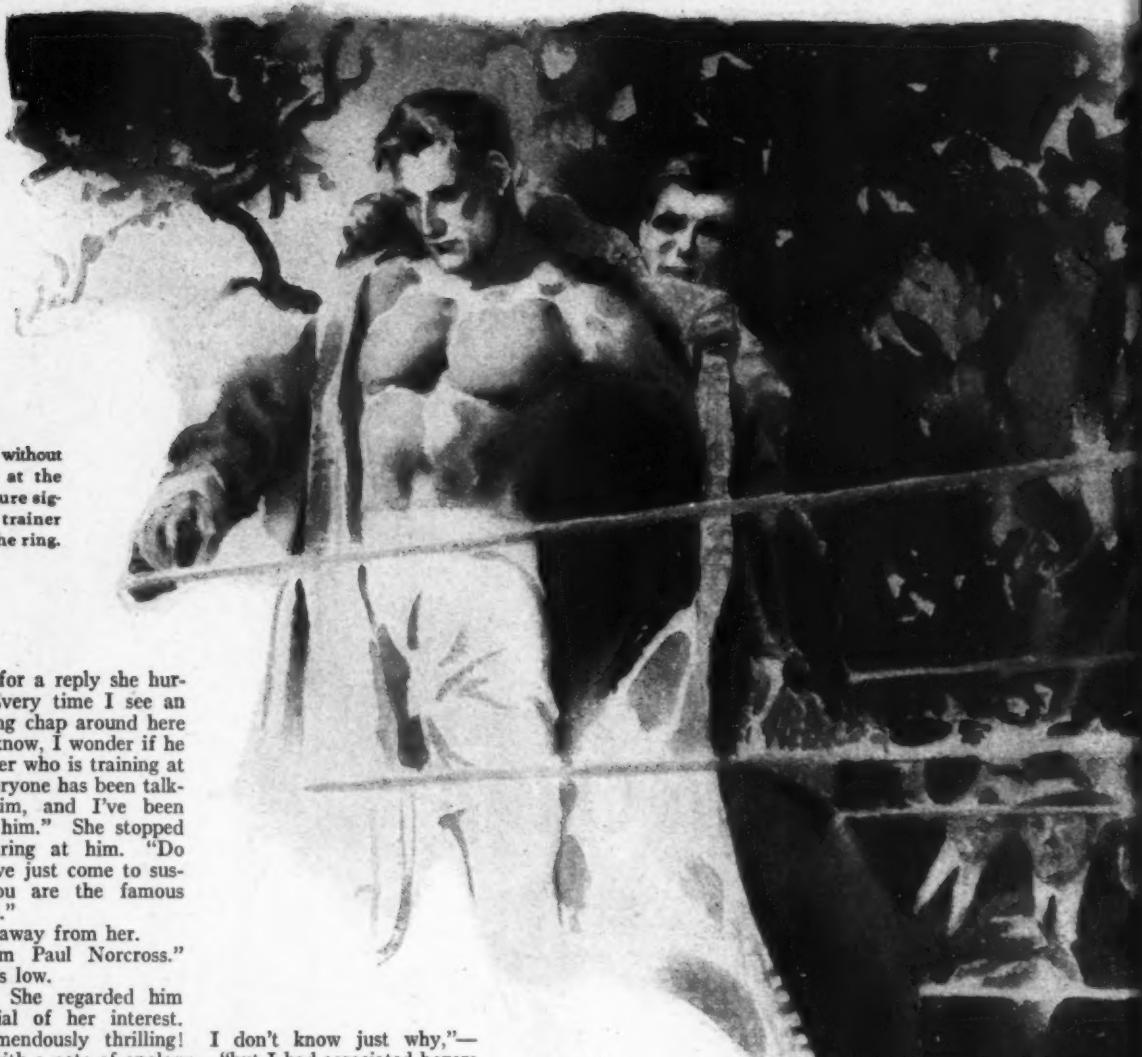
"This is my float." She smiled.

"Do I have to leave it?"

"Well—I imagine you really came out to swim, not to occupy a float."

They both laughed.

"Are you a college man? You look like a football player."



Norcross without a glance at the prone figure signaled his trainer and left the ring.

Not waiting for a reply she hurried on: "Every time I see an athletic-looking chap around here that I don't know, I wonder if he isn't that boxer who is training at Seaciff. Everyone has been talking about him, and I've been crazy to see him." She stopped abruptly, staring at him. "Do you know, I've just come to suspect that you are the famous Mr. Norcross."

He looked away from her.

"Yes, I am Paul Norcross." The voice was low.

"Really!" She regarded him with no denial of her interest. "This is tremendously thrilling! I don't know just why,"—she laughed with a note of apology,—"but I had associated boxers with the cave-man type."

"Modern boxing," he said a bit stiffly, "is supposed to require quite a little intelligence."

"Forgive me. It's simply that you are so—so—I mean it is so unexpected. I've read so much about you in the papers and I knew you had taken a cottage at Seaciff. Haven't I read, too, that you are—oh, awfully mysterious and retiring, really a recluse except, of course, when you come forth to box? There! I'm being rude again. Still," she added with playful impudence, "this is my float. You are a trespasser and must pay the penalty of my curiosity."

"Sure I'm a trespasser. I dope it out that salt water is good for me. My trainer doesn't. So every morning I take it on the sly before anyone is awake, and now I've got to beat it!"

"Mr. Norcross," she interrupted, raising her hand, "you don't fool me a bit."

"Fool you?"

"Yes. It suddenly occurred to you that you ought to play up to your rôle as a boxer and talk in a gruff voice out of the side of your mouth, using slang."

A gleam of humor flashed across his eyes. "I have to be going. It's been great to meet you, Miss—" He raised his eyebrows questioningly.

"I am Miss Willing."

"Good-by, Miss Willing." He held out his hand and she took it.

"I shall see you again?"

He hesitated. Then he gestured.

"I'm afraid not. I'm a fighter."

Her eyes held his, and with all the sculptured brawn and lithe stature, she knew she was the stronger.

"I shall see you here again." Her voice contained the note of regal command.

"Good-by, Miss Willing." He flashed away through the sunlight downward into the blue, sparkling depths.

Doris sang throughout the process of dressing for breakfast. She had come to rate incidents in her life in accordance with their sensational or dramatic quality. This meeting on the float had been rarely sensational, the most unusual in its various personal qualities that she had ever experienced—with perhaps additional chapters to follow. She savored every detail in retrospect and came down to the breakfast-room thrilled and sparkling.

Her father, eminent in Wall Street, a widower, had been unable to leave business for Newport and now was at the table, deep in his paper. Doris, who had refused the usual invitations in order that she might stay with him, came up to him, stroking the grizzled head. He smiled up at her and returned to his paper. Doris was the important interest in his life—aside from finance. Even so she was a minor interest.

Doris took him to the station for the nine-thirty train and after luncheon motored over to the Club, where they were holding



a tourney. Chubby Lannin, she knew, ought to be somewhere about at this hour of the day. She sent a servant in quest of him.

"Hello, Chubby." She extended a hand in languid interest as the obese young man appeared upon the veranda.

Slowly and with some show of curiosity his gaze traveled from her slippers feet and narrow silken ankles to the black silk hat. "Thought you were playing polo with the Meadow Larks today."

"No, the Lady Bugs defaulted. Look here, Chubby, you're the dead game sport of this community. Tell me something about this boxer, Norcross."

Lannin blinked and looked important.

"He's good. May be the heavyweight king of the world

soon. I've played him in every one of his fights, and he doesn't owe me a cent, I can tell you." He grinned. "But he's a faker."

"A faker?" She moved impatiently. "Just what do you mean? Tell me something about him, like a good chap."

"Nobody knows much about him. He blew into this country three years ago. Said his father ran a copra station in the South Sea Islands and that he

learned to box from a retired English pug out there. He keeps away from the fighting crowd—in fact, he high hats everyone. Trying to register gentleman stuff. He isn't popular with the fans, naturally. But that doesn't worry him since he's a knockout artist. He draws the crowd. And since he fights all the time, practically, he's coined money. In important fights he's put every man he's met to sleep. Of course this mystery stuff he pulls is just advertising bunk. But it gets over."

"He must be an interesting chap."

Lannin shrugged two chubby shoulders. "I don't know. We've tried to get him over to the Club. But he wouldn't come. He's great on the money end, a close bargainer. Doesn't even have a manager. They say he's made two hundred thousand dollars. When he fights Harry Strunk at the Polo Grounds the last of this month, he'll have fifty thousand more."

"Oh, so he's going to fight—whom did you say, Strunk? Are you going to bet on him?"

"Who—on Norcross? I don't know yet. This Strunk is a tough baby, a big Stanley Ketchel. He's won all his fights, too, since he came out of a Minnesota lumber-camp two years ago. The man who wins will meet the heavyweight champion within a year, and it's no cinch that there won't be a new title-holder after that fight."

"Isn't that thrilling, Chubby! Look here, I want to meet him. I'll bet I get him to come to the Club."

"There you go!" Lannin regarded her gloomily. "Doris, let me tell you something for the good of your—your—" He paused.

"Soul, Chubby?"

"I was going to say that. But, as a matter of fact, I don't think you have one. I know half a dozen chaps who will swear to that."

She eyed him in mock reproach. "I want you to take me over to Norcross' place this afternoon. The paper said he would box at four o'clock."

"Nothing doing." Lannin shook his head decidedly. "There's a limit to what you can do and get away with."

"But I'm crazy to see him box."

"Some other day, then." Lannin eyed her craftily. "You see, Doris, things are apt to be messy this afternoon. I happen to know Max Figbaum, one of the biggest gamblers in New York. They're trying to figure, the gamblers, how to bet on the Strunk fight, and so they hired Knockout Drennan to offer his services as a sparring partner to Norcross, knowing Paul was looking for a big fellow who can take punishment. Norcross accepted with thanks, suspecting nothing. The fact is Drennan is in great condition and this afternoon when he makes his first appearance, he'll be loaded for bear."

"And this Drennan is awfully good?"

"I'll say he is. He's likely to show Norcross up. Then again he may get plastered. Any way you take it, the layers will have something to go on in betting on the fight. You see, Drennan went twelve rounds with Strunk."

"Yes, but Norcross will be taken by surprise, won't he?"

"That's his lookout. If he's as good as some think, he ought to be handicapped that much."

HALF an hour later, Doris stopped her motor in front of a farm cottage whose outlines were partially concealed by fruit trees and flowering bushes.

Hesitating momentarily at the gate, Doris opened it, went up the walk to the porch with quick steps and rang the bell. The door was almost immediately opened by a short, thick-set man with a thatch of black hair, ruddy cheeks and a blue jowl.

"Is Mr. Norcross at home? I am Miss Willing."

"Are you a friend of his?" The man's voice contained a poorly veiled note of skepticism.

"I—I—have met him. I think, if you will be so good as to give him my name, he will see me. You're his trainer, aren't you?"

"Yeh, Tommy Devine's my name. You see it's this way: Norcross takes a nap every afternoon till quarter of four, when he dresses for his workout. So he's asleep now."

She glanced at her wrist-watch. "It's a quarter after three. If you don't very much mind, I'll come in and wait."

As the man moved a bit to one side with a dubious expression, she stepped into the musty little hallway and thence into the parlor. Devine surveyed her uneasily for a moment, and then with a shake of his head went out of the room. Doris was bending over a bookcase when a voice broke the silence.

"How do you do?"

She turned, flushing. He stood in the doorway attired in a silk bathrobe, golden brown, gathered in at the waist by a heavy cord, open slightly at the throat. Beneath appeared his legs in half hose and boxing shoes.

"I wondered if you'd remember me," she said.

"I don't forget so easily."

"I'm flattered." She advanced to meet him as he came into the room. "Mr. Norcross, at our hunt-club we have some men who bet, you know. A man who is quite familiar with boxing told me the gamblers were paying a boxer named Drennan, I think, who has offered his services for practice. But he comes to—to—show you up so that the gamblers will know all about you."

"Oh, yes." The gray eyes darkened, but immediately lightened in a smile. "So you came here to tell me this! That's fine of you." He turned to his trainer, who evidently had been lurking in the hallway. "You heard, Tommy?"

"Sure I heard." The man came into the parlor, scowling. "I've been looking for something like that to drop."

"You see how clever my trainer is!" Norcross grimaced at Doris. "Just the same, I am obliged to you. What shall we do, Tommy?"

"Do! Why, we'll pass him up with thanks. What do these birds think, that we'll put on a hundred-thousand-dollar mix-up with this pork-and-beaner for nothing? Forget it."

"Yes, I guess you're right."

Norcross paused, catching an expression that flashed across Doris Willing's eyes. He flushed and straightened.

"But perhaps—" He gestured at his trainer. "Tommy, we'll do nothing."

"Eh! What's the big idea? Are you crazy?"

"No, I'm not crazy, Tommy." He turned to the girl. "Would you like to stay and see me murdered?"

Doris flushed. "I'd like to stay and see you murder Drennan."

"All right. You can sit here if you want until you see me go out across the yard." He glanced out a front window. "Drennan is coming, Tommy. I'll take him on after the first workout with McGill—four rounds if he likes." He turned to the girl. "You don't know how much I appreciate what you've done. It's been fine of you to take all this trouble."

"Not at all. I've been thinking that I might come over some afternoon and take you to the Club for tea."

Norcross hesitated.

"Would I have to meet people?"

"Why, yes, a few. But you surely don't mind that."

"Well—thank you. I'm not working out tomorrow. Come at four." He turned swiftly and left the room.

WHEN Doris made her way through the orchard path to the ring in a small pasture lot, some two hundred spectators were gathered watching Norcross punch the bag. He was stripped to his sun-brown waist, and the girl was fascinated by the free, rippling play of the muscles and by the rhythmic dexterity with which he kept the bag in play. Occasionally in the midst of his perfunctory hitting he would deliver a right or left hook with all force, giving Doris a tremendous impression of sheer dynamic driving power.

Later, after he had shifted to the bulkier and heavier body punching bag and then had gone through two deft rounds with McGill, Doris worked her way around to Chubby Lannin and his party, who were standing on the opposite side of the ring. Chubby scowled and then grinned.

"You thought you fooled me. I was willing to bet you would be here. But I couldn't get anything up. The rest of this bunch knew you too well."

Doris, smiling generally at the group, turned to Lannin.

"Do you know, Chubby, I could easily be a boxing fan. It's thrilling."

She found it, indeed, thrilling in every phase from the time Drennan, a great lumbering brute of a man with flattened nose and permanent swellings over the cheekbones, entered the ring. She watched him shake hands with Norcross, who was as trim, beautifully proportioned as a statue by Phidias, a little smile playing about his lips, but a deadly gleam in his eyes.

In about a minute it was all over. Feinting with his left, Norcross drew a terrific right-handed cross counter from his opponent. It was a complete miss and Drennan literally fell into a bone-cracking left hook sent to the point of his chin. He stood for an instant like a man stricken, then crashed upon his face and lay there motionless, without a quiver.

Norcross without a glance at the prone figure signaled to his trainer and left the ring. There came a volley of handclapping. Doris Willing, as though waking from a dream, started to work her way through the crowd toward Norcross when her companion gripped her arm.

"Doris, what's the mischief!"

The tall figure of the pugilist appeared, bearing straight for Doris. He paused, confronting her, holding out his hand, from which the taping had not been removed.

"Thank you, Miss Willing." No one but she heard the half whispered words of gratitude, and immediately he swung away and made for his cottage at a swift trot.

"So you've got in your work already, have you!" Chubby Lannin observed. "Well, after this the odds will be on Norcross—even money, anyway. But I've had my tip. My money goes on Harry Strunk."

NORCROSS was not on the raft next morning. Doris was chagrined. She had practically ordered him to come and he had not obeyed. There was a hiatus in this most interesting and exciting of all interludes in her life. Later, when she went to the golf-club, one thing was settled in her mind. She would not keep her afternoon appointment with Norcross. She would give him a point or two about aloofness. She went immediately to a telephone booth. Norcross, she learned, was out on the road, the information being churlishly vouchsafed by Devine. Sighing with relief, Doris broke her engagement with the boxer and rang off.



"You are angry," he said. "But I love you. I can't say anything more."

Not two hours later she stopped her roadster in front of Norcross' quarters. He stood at the gate evidently awaiting her.

"I was hoping you would come." He was dressed in white flannels with dark blue tie and socks, a straw hat with blue band. "When Devine gave me your message I was quite knocked out."

"Were you?" Doris smiled provocatively. "I've been thinking," she said as he obeyed her gesture and stepped to the seat at her side, "that perhaps it would be better not to go to the Club. I'm selfish, you see."

"I like it a lot better that way." He spoke as though in relief.

Doris sent the car rolling at a leisurely pace down a hedged road, thence into a highway leading through a rolling, wooded country.

"Tell me something about yourself." Her eyes remained fixed upon the road ahead.

He laughed self-consciously.

"What is there to tell?"

"Why—everything."

She glanced at him swiftly. As his blazing eyes fell before hers, she stopped the car. She placed her hand upon his shoulder. She heard his sharp indrawing breath, felt the quiver of muscles

suddenly flexed. And then simply because she couldn't help it, she recklessly gave freedom to the exhilaration of her power over him.

"I want you to tell me now. I dislike mysteries."

Slowly his eyes were raised to hers.

"My name is not Norcross. It is Glendenning. I was born in Virginia. When I was fifteen, my father and mother and I went to England, where Father was sent to represent a chain of American factories. I went to school in England and then to Cambridge, where I won my blue in boxing. They said I was the best college boxer that England had ever produced."

"Go on, please."

"Father made a fortune in the war and retired. I wanted to come back to the States, but Father was thoroughly expatriated and Mother loved it in England. After I left college, I went into business with an English exporting company in Johannesburg. I liked boxing and while in South Africa I did a lot of it under an assumed name, meeting local and visiting boxers of every sort, just for the fun of it. I knocked them all out; I seemed to have a knack of hard and accurate hitting from any position. And I was clever defensively."

(Continued on page 106)

Not Exactly Good Looking

By
Margaret Culkin
Banning

Who is unequaled in her characterization of the country club people of a typical American city halfway between a metropolis and a town.

Illustrated by Will Foster

THAT made it the more remarkable. How she happened to get Rodney Gamble, when almost every other girl he knew, and many he did not know, would have married him out of hand, was the popular puzzle. But, as people so often asked, quite rhetorically, was she going to be able to keep him? And though the question bordered on disturbing things like loss of faith and infidelity and intrigue, it was introduced into very pleasant, decent circles with a certain tinge of satisfaction. The frequent comment at the time of Millicent's marriage was that her problem was just beginning, and somebody always added that it wasn't as if she were a beautiful girl.

There were no two ways about that. When one got close to Millicent, it was only too obvious how many things had slipped in the making and been carelessly rearranged. Features badly set, a big mouth, eyes that were too large for her face, and nondescript sandy hair straight as a string, made a bad jumble. She was a good height for a girl, but her shoulders squared off abruptly and spoiled that. Yet when she came into a room, the conversation always got off to a fresh start and a more amusing one; and when she was at a distance of thirty feet, people were sure to give her more than her quota of glances. Not just because she wore her clothes well, though she did have a way of making any hat look imported. It was more as if, in apology for having made rather a mess of the outside of her, her Creator or begetters had given her enough life for two people.

She and Rodney once talked over that matter of keeping him. They had been married a week, and were at Rodney's lodge on Hungry Jack Lake.

"A dear lady asked me the other day, Rod, if I thought I was going to be able to hold you."

"Bunk," said Rodney, who was a man of few words, generous wealth, a handsome body and a cheerful spirit. "You can keep me till I spoil!"

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"That's a delicate, fragrant thought," said Millicent, "at which I should remark that if ever you grow tired of me, you have only to say please and I'll set you free."

"Would you?" he asked lazily.

"Don't rely on me, Apollo."

"Good business," agreed Rodney. "All that bunk makes me sick."

"The point is that I'm no beauty. That's what keeps them awake nights."

"You don't have to be." He felt vaguely for words and glanced at her until something flamed between them. She was the only woman who had ever got deep enough into his mind to make him shy and at the same time make him want to be articulate.

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"How much do I mean to you, Freda?" Rodney asked out of the silence. "I want you to care tremendously," he said, watching the mystery of her shadowy face.

"Being with you is like the fun of being in the middle of a storm. And then getting a quick sunset."

She lifted her arms above her head and stretched them out as if trying to compass her happiness in the shared solitude, the lapping of the water, the stars through the pines and all the tenderness of memory and anticipation.

"People shouldn't be allowed to love so," she said. "It's too big for me, Rod!"

Millicent gave the prophets a rum for their money. When the young Gambles came back from their wedding trip and took their place among people and possessions, no one could deny that they were happy. They played each other up and never appeared at a party looking as if they'd just finished a fight, as a good many of their friends did. Rodney even got rather fat, and Millicent mocked him as a plump Apollo until he got down to a thousand calories a day. But the prophets bided their time, especially the ones who had maiden daughters. They said that a man didn't age the way a woman did. And when Millicent began to have children, she certainly played into their hands. For she had children in an insistent and profligate manner until she had four, and when she began to look somewhat haggard now and then, with the sheer excitement of belonging to five people instead of one, it was more or less the hour of fulfillment.

It is really untrue and unfair to lay it all at the door of one person and the single incident, for even if Freda Hull had not come along, Rodney may have been ready for a second emotional planting. His first crop had grown beautifully and been harvested into four gay young Gambles. But he was still only thirty-seven, and of the appearance which does not wane in charm but rather waxes with the dignity of the thirties and forties.

Freda was no fly-by-night. The attentions of the fly-by-nights had always rolled off Rodney like water off a duck's back. But Freda was different and a woman to be reckoned with. In many parts of the world she had already been reckoned with, and her face showed that, not in lines of fatigue, but in the luxury of knowledge and ease which marked it. She was one of those women who quite casually had not married, and for all anyone knew, had never been disappointed about that. It is significant that she never allowed any rumor about a lover who had died in the war to get about, as many women of her age were doing so conveniently. She never got sentimental over other people's children, but she was very friendly and generous to children she liked. She could afford to be generous, of course, with her very large private fortune. Also she could be independent, and was.

Millicent liked Freda. She appeared as an oasis in a rather tiresome desert of local society in which Millicent was still making



most of the jokes. At first Freda came to visit the Duncans, who were her cousins, and then she stopped at the Westbank Hotel for a while, and finally she bought that lovely house which Mrs. Peter Duffield had planned and built but had been too nervous to live in afterward. Freda, having no apparent nerves, took the matter of house-owning very calmly, made a few changes and then went off and left the place for six months while she did some things she had wanted to do in Paris. But she came back. "Did you know Freda Hull is in town?" Rodney asked his wife. "So I heard. I haven't seen her. Have you?" "I met her out at the Club this afternoon."

"How is she looking?"

"I don't know," said Rodney, and proceeded to prove that he did. "There's something about her that makes all the other girls look kind of anemic, isn't there? It isn't just clothes that I mean."

"She doesn't keep her brain in storage the way most of them do," remarked Millicent succinctly; "but then, of course, there's more to it than that, Rod. With all the money in the world and real beauty, she has a flying start."

"Don't you suppose she ever fell for any man?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. Most women do now and then, and she's had lots of free time."

"I mean, seriously. Wasn't there some bird that died on her or was tied up or something?"

"I don't know," said Millicent. "You'll have to ask her. But my guess is that she hasn't lost much consecutive sleep over anyone. That's the joke on men, Rod. Women are getting to be like that now and then—all out of drawing."

Millicent had grown very thin in the seven years since her marriage, and her hands, busy now with the salad which she always prepared herself at the table, were brown and competent. No salad which came from those hands was ever oily or sour or limp. Rodney watched her, but his mind stayed on his subject.

"The funny thing to me is how a woman can be happy leading that kind of life. Wandering about the globe, hotels and ships and all that. You'd think she'd miss a natural life."

"Well, she's got the Duffield house to be natural in. Besides, I don't see what's so unnatural about what she's doing, if she wants to do it!"

The waitress brought Rodney a portion of salad. He ate it absently and appreciatively and had a new idea.

"I should think you could do a lot for Freda, Millicent."

"Just what good works would you suggest?"

"Well," he said vaguely, "she likes you, I know. And I really don't think she's happy."



"I think poor Millicent's almost tragic," said Irene to her docile husband. "It seems dreadful to see her play up to that man in the hope of getting Rodney's attention."

That was the first signal. It was to the credit of both of them that it came first to Millicent, in that fumbling way, which was so much more significant to her at the time than it was to Rodney. She waited just a minute before she answered, and then caught up her own light tone again.

"We'll have her around a lot," she said, "and dance the Maypole and everything."

She kept her word, and soon the whole group of their friends and acquaintances, including the major and minor prophets, murmured. Millicent could have heard that low exchange of whispers, seen the glances comparing her with Freda, matching her up against beauty and giving her no odds, if she had listened. But she was not listening for whispers. Certainly she was not, as many people said, protecting herself. She did not lift a hand in interference.

One of the younger prophets who was intimate with Millicent took it up with her. For Millicent's own good.

"Rodney and Freda see a lot of each other, don't they?"

"I suppose," said Millicent.

"What do you think about Freda, anyway? Do you think she's a dangerous kind of woman? With a lot of appeal for men?" asked the interlocutor.

"How should I know? I'm not a man."

"Well, I know my husband never looks at another woman, but I'd certainly hate to have him look too long at Freda Hull. She's so terribly good-looking. Did you see her in that white and crystal dress the other night?"

"I was beside her at dinner, and she kept it on all the time."

"Wasn't she stunning?"

"Wasn't she," answered Millicent, using the simple declarative sentence.

"What I mean is, that I really think a woman like that ought to lay off men, other people's husbands, at least."

"She may like men."

"But a married man is different."

"I don't know what he's different from. I never noticed that Rodney changed very much after he was married. He did get heavier the first few months, but he (Continued on page 162)

The Lacey Sisters

By
Walter
De Leon



Illustrated
by
Addison
Burbank

Critically she stood off and regarded her daughter. "Listen, honey: would you like to go into my act with me?"

IN March, a few days before Virginia Lacey's sixteenth birthday, her mother took advantage of near-by bookings in her small-time vaudeville route to summon Virginia from the little village where she lived with her cousins.

Never in great demand, never a feature act, Georgia Lacey's biggest problem was the securing of enough engagements to permit her daughter and herself to exist decently from one season to the next.

Of almost equal importance to her was the problem of Virginia's future. To Georgia's worldly-wise, experience-hardened mind, the little town where she had grown up offered too few advantages, too meager opportunities to a girl as bright, as vivacious and spirited as Virginia.

"Let me look at you, honey," Georgia said the night of her arrival as she and Virginia were in her dressing-room. Critically she stood off and regarded her daughter from top to toe.

"Trim feet—like mine," Georgia thought. "Pretty ankles; legs—perfect. Waist and bust—another year will do them a world of good, but they aren't so bad even now. Shoulders—a set of exercises I know will help fill them in so she can wear low-cut gowns comfortably. She has the height to wear almost anything. Her face—"

Georgia's expression grew tender as she looked at gray eyes, startlingly clear behind long dark lashes; light chestnut hair rippling thickly back from a point low on the white forehead;

dark, cleanly arched brows and a mouth wide, generous, finely sensitive. In a year or two, Georgia guessed, when the ardent flame of young womanhood should vivify those features—

"Listen, honey: would you like to go into my act with me?"

"Oh-h! I—I'd love it!" Virginia gasped, eyes alight.

"Well, then, we'll spend the rest of this week rehearsing, and I'll put you right in. By the end of the season you'll be thoroughly audience-broken. Then we'll show the act in New York this summer and demand a raise. With two instead of one in it, they can't well refuse it."

"What will I do in the act?" Virginia asked.

"Oh, sing a duet or two with me, and a dance at the finish with me. You'll be able to do that much, with me helping. You'll look lovely—you'll be beautiful in make-up, honey. But best of all, from now on we'll be together all the time." She hugged Virginia close to her. "Every day we'll be together. No more separations, with you growing up a stranger I have to get acquainted with all over again every summer."

"It will be wonderful!" whispered the girl. "Me—working on the stage with you!"

The next morning Georgia was both amused and amazed at the manner in which Virginia learned the words and music of the song they were rehearsing—amused because Virginia would not even try to sing verse or chorus until, with ears and eyes intent, she had listened while Georgia sang it half a dozen times;

amazed because when Virginia did essay to sing the song alone, she carried it through without an error in melody or lyric.

Georgia's voice had always been her principal theatrical asset. Speaking and singing, her tones were high, freshly, musically modulated, possessed of a bell-like clarity. Virginia's voice was normally pitched much lower. It was heavier, deeper, charming because of an indefinable touch of velvet huskiness. A puzzled wrinkle appeared between Georgia's eyes, therefore, as she listened to Virginia. For the girl's voice suddenly took on the timbre and the bell-like quality of her own voice. "High!" Georgia exclaimed.

"Didn't you want it high?" Virginia asked apologetically. "Because I think I could sing alto too if you'd rather have me do that."

"Let me hear you," her mother requested, the wrinkle still between her eyes.

Seriously, Virgie hunched forward, lifted her shoulders nearly to her ears and pulled her chin in tightly. Immediately the deep contralto notes of a sacred solo began rolling out of one down-pulled corner of her mouth.

"For the love of Pete!" Georgia ejaculated. "What are you doing?"

"That's the way fat Mrs. Morrow sings alto in the choir," Virgie explained, a flush of embarrassment tinting her cheeks.

"She'd never get by in vaudeville," said Georgia. "Listen, Virgie, it would be great for the act if you could sing alto to my lead. Can't you get those low tones—without the comedy contortions?"

"I'll try, Momsie, but I can't promise. I've never tried imitating just—part of a person."

Georgia laughed. "Well, try imitating Mrs. Morrow before she grew her triple chin and her—her front porch."

A week later audiences made the acquaintance of the Lacey Sisters, as Georgia decided to bill the act. Twenty-one years older than her daughter, a trifle shorter, Georgia was more than rather pretty, with a figure she kept slenderly attractive by vir-

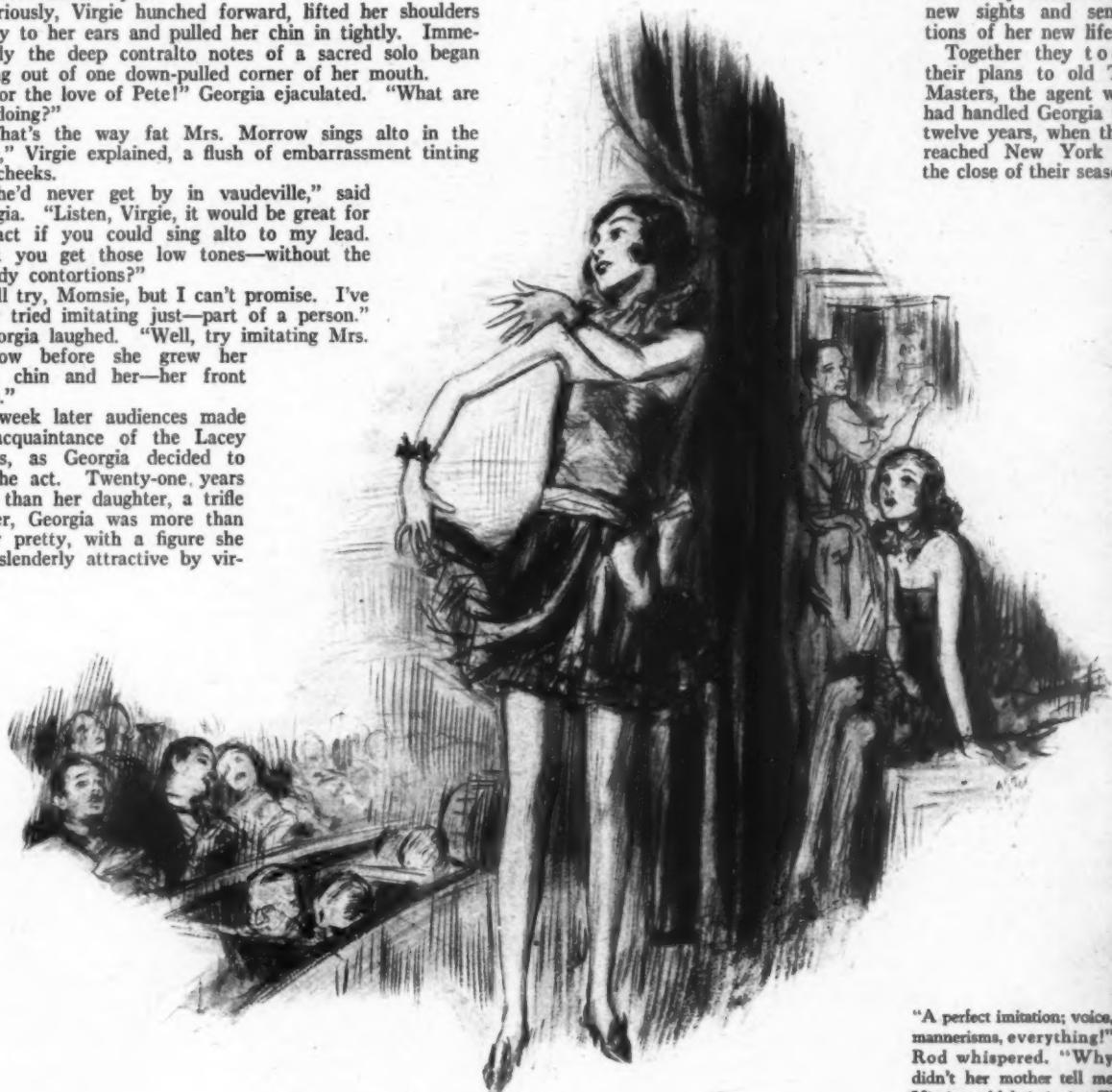
THE proof that it is a player, and not an outsider, who writes of the stage is in the delineation of the delightful nuances differentiating the point of view of people of the footlights from all others. Walter De Leon writes of the world which is all and always a stage to the players on it—though they talk, now and then, of forsaking it.

"Why, your voice is

molded them, ingeniously to enhance the loveliness of her daughter's figure and coloring.

As for Virginia, she lived from day to day constantly moving about in a delightful haze compounded of the new sights and sensations of her new life.

Together they took their plans to old Tip Masters, the agent who had handled Georgia for twelve years, when they reached New York at the close of their season.



"A perfect imitation; voice, mannerisms, everything!" Rod whispered. "Why didn't her mother tell me Virgie could do imitations?"

Rodney Masters, Tip's nephew, received them. Rod was a good-looking, clean-cut, hustling young chap who was already being labeled by the profession as a "born showman." Virgie had not seen him for several years. As a little girl, visiting the office with her mother, Rod had teased her not a little, filled her pockets with candy at every opportunity and had always sent her an elaborately gorgeous valentine every year.

"Oh my, oh my, oh my!" Rod teased, making no effort to conceal his pleasure as he greeted the younger of the Lacey Sisters. Frankly admiring, he eyed her. "You're pretty near ready for Ziegfeld, aren't you?" he queried.

"She is not," Georgia contradicted evenly. "—Ziegfeld or anybody else. We're building up a nice little sister act, as you should know. Just this afternoon I picked out a song for her to sing alone, and—"

"What's the name of it?" Rod interrupted, without taking his eyes from the slightly embarrassed Virginia. Georgia told him.

"Sally Tuller is singing that number at the Palace this week," he replied. "She puts it over wonderfully. Have you heard her?"

Virgie shook her head.

"Why don't you go—" Apparently a better idea supplanted his contemplated suggestion. "Er, what are you folks doing tonight?"

"Nothing," Georgia told him.

"Wrong," he smiled. "You and Virgie are going to the Palace with me." He caught the gleam of happy anticipation in the gray eyes. "Do me a favor, Virgie—wear that same dress. You look like a million dollars in it."

"We both thank you," Georgia kidded. "Now, how about getting us a showing to prove we're worth a bigger salary and a longer route than I've been used to?"

"Uncle Tip is on his vacation; I'm in charge," Rod said briefly. "I'll see." Once more he glanced at the girl who had grown up since last he had seen her. "I'll probably have some good news for you tonight."

DESPITE the fact that he contrived to see a great deal of Virginia during the ensuing weeks, he did not know of her mimic ability when he walked into the theater to witness the act at the showing he had arranged. A curious sensation of unreality swept over him when midway through the act Virgie began her solo number. For suddenly, subtly, queerly, Virgie became—not Virgie. Her voice hardened, roughened; facial muscles did odd things to her expression. Swinging into the refrain, she employed a gesture, a familiar gesture, yet not one of hers. It was—

"Sally Tuller!" Rod whispered, his lips parting in an appreciative grin. "A perfect imitation; voice, mannerisms and everything! Why didn't her mother tell me Virgie could do imitations?"

He repeated the question an hour later in the restaurant where he took the Lacey Sisters for dinner.

"Why didn't you tell me Virgie was an imitator?"

"Because," Georgia promptly replied, "I surmised that you'd suggest the little suggestion you're getting ready to suggest now."

Rod grinned. Turning to Virgie he asked: "Who else can you imitate?"

"Oh, anybody—I mean, nobody," she stammered.

"She means," Georgia explained, "she can imitate anybody,—she does it sort of unconsciously,—but that she's never perfected a stage imitation of anybody. And what's more," Georgia declared firmly, "she's not going to."

"Why not?" Rod was astonished. "That imitation of hers is great. If she'd announce it beforehand as an imitation, it would be a riot. With a little developing and practice, Virgie's imitating ability ought to be worth a whole crowd of dollars to her."

"Now don't be filling her up with a lot of foolish ideas," Georgia objected.

"What's foolish about it?" Rod retorted. "Look at all the stars who started in vaudeville as imitators. I wish you had the money most of them have made."

"That's all right," said Georgia, unmoved. "But for every imitator you could name, I can name twenty who started in vaudeville—and finished there, without ever making more than cakes and commissions."

"Right," Rod gracefully admitted. "But how many of them, like Virgie this afternoon—how many of them could make anyone recognize exactly who they were imitating without announcing

it first? It looks to me as if Virgie has what it takes to become a star. Did that ever occur to you?"

"No," Georgia replied, a red spot showing in each cheek, "it did not. I'll admit that Virgie has everything any girl needs as far as looks are concerned. But when it comes to starring ability, or even the ability to make the Big Time, where would she get it from? God knows she didn't inherit it from her father or me. Forget it, Rod. There are enough disappointments ahead of her without you adding any more."

"But listen, Mrs. Lacey," Rod cried, "you surely aren't training Virgie to be satisfied with a lifetime of split-weeks and three-four shows a day!"

"If you ever devoted your time exclusively to mind-reading," Georgia smiled wintrily, "you'd starve to death." Leaning forward in her chair, her chin settled into firm lines. "I'm certain of only one thing. And that is that I'm going to make Virgie's future as different from my past and present as platinum is different from potash!"

"Fine," Rod said after a moment, when Georgia had relaxed. "But I can't see the harm in letting her try out three or four imitations to use in the act. —You'd like to, wouldn't you, Virgie?"

"Listen, Rod," Georgia said stubbornly, before Virgie could answer, "you're a bright young fellow, and I like you. I remember only a few years ago when you were running office-boy errands for your uncle. Now you're in charge of his small-time department. I'm proud of you and I've a lot of confidence in you. But even you can't talk me into changing my song-and-dance act into something to feature imitations by Virgie. That's final!"

Rod's jaw dropped in amazement. Georgia's declaration meant but one thing to him. Accustomed to running up against the inexplicable jealousies of the profession, nevertheless he had not dreamed that Georgia was deliberately subordinating Virgie's part in the act for fear she might become a rival for its honors.

"I understand," he said meaningfully, looking squarely into Georgia's eyes.

"Maybe you do," she returned, unperturbed, pushing her chair away from the table, "but I doubt it."

Rod did not mention the subject again until the night before the Lacey Sisters left New York to take up the fairly consecutive route he had booked for them. Virgie had followed him to the door of the apartment for the good-by that would last for an even ten months.

"Listen, Virgie," Rod said quietly, cautiously, "I'm not quarreling with your mother's judgment. But I wish you'd keep working on your mimic gift; practicing, developing it. Some day—"

"Do you honestly think I could ever become a—a headliner?" whispered Virgie as Rod paused.

"I know it," Rod replied with rock-bedded conviction.

"Then I'll keep working, practicing," she promised. They shook hands on it.

"Good-by and good luck." Rod still held her hand. "Are—

are you going to write me once in a while, Virgie?"

Slowly she withdrew her hand. "What would you like me to write about?" she teased.

"The climate in Clinton, Iowa," he growled.

SOME three months later Virgie wrote in one of her letters: "It's a good thing I have a lot of pretty clothes. There isn't a week but what we appear at some private entertainment, or club affair or banquet—not our regular act, you know; just a song or two and then a string of imitations including some of people present, like toastmasters, and hostesses and butlers."

"I've met loads of awfully nice interesting people, society folks and big business men, and they all have been wonderful to me. If I took them seriously, I'd get all swelled up."

"Whenever possible, Mother arranges for me to meet ahead of time some of the folks I'll be asked to imitate. Generally that means an extra lunch engagement, or tea, or dinner at a country club. Pretty soft for me, I hear you saying. With everybody speaking so well of all the stuff I do at these private entertainments, you'd think Momsie would let me put a few imitations into the act, which isn't going any too well. But no. Parlor stuff, she calls it and . . ."

As the season progressed, Virgie discovered that the sister disguise they employed both on and off the stage was causing her mother a great deal of worry. The undisguisable fact was that Georgia was steadily gaining weight. Neither diets nor the amount of exercise she could take without weakening herself for her daily performances availed to prevent a tenacious accumula-



"Listen, Virgie—" Simultaneously the two men cautioned her. "You two," Virgie told them dramatically, "have nothing to worry about except your golf. That's how lucky you are."

tion of excess avoirdupois. Her mirror showed her that every acquired pound added a year to her appearance; but it was not until toward the end of their season, a month after Virgie's seventeenth birthday, that Georgia abruptly discontinued the masquerade of the Lacey Sisters in their off-stage private life. The occasion was a jewelers' convention banquet, in Philadelphia, at which they were to entertain.

Arriving from the theater, Virgie met Mr. Wade Older, a committee member. Instinctively she was attracted to him, perhaps because she found in him no promising material for ready imitation. He might have been thirty; above medium height, lean, his well-built shoulders were carried erectly, jauntily; his stomach was flat; the glow of habitual outdoor exercise ruddied his unlined face. Or he might have been forty, Virgie amended, noticing the touch of gray in his carefully brushed thick brown hair. She felt a reserve, an evidence of self-respect infrequent in younger men. There was a slightly bored expression in his shrewd dark eyes which, as they looked upon her, kindled pleasantly, interestedly. But thirty or forty, Wade Older was manifestly a gentleman.

"My sister," Virginia presented him to Georgia.

"Your sister?" he repeated in quiet, pleasant tones. "Ah, yes. Charmed." He extended his hand.

Georgia shot a searching look at him. Then: "Only professionally, Mr. Older," she explained. "As a matter of record we are respectively—and respectfully—mother and child."

"Really? Would you believe me if I said I never would have guessed it?" Older returned gallantly.

"No," Georgia said promptly, smiling. "But I'd thank you for it, just the same."

Virgie thought it rather nice when Older escorted them to their hotel that night. And she was not especially surprised at seeing him several other times during their week in Philadelphia. Being entertained by people she and her mother met outside the theater had become an old and usually enjoyable story to her.

Knowing that he, a bachelor, owned a profitable jewelry business in lower Manhattan, she was not at all surprised, nor displeased, when he asked permission of Georgia to call upon them when they should return to New York to spend the summer there.

The first day they were in New York, Older telephoned the Lacey Sisters asking a dinner and theater engagement. It raised Virgie's spirits once again to their customary high level after a drop occasioned by the postponement of the party Rod Masters had promised her on her return. Rod had been sent to Chicago on business which would keep him three weeks or a month.

For two weeks Older called nearly every day. He took Virgie and her mother for long drives in his car, on a picnic in the Westchester hills, to a baseball game, motion pictures and musical comedies. Flowers came to the apartment, and candy, with merely Older's card attached.

"He forgot to put your name on," Georgia laughed the first time it occurred.

"How do you know he meant them for me?" Virgie asked.

"Don't be silly," Georgia replied. "Nobody is sending me red roses—at my age."

The more Virgie saw of Older, the better she liked him, his sincerity, the considerate manner of his attentions, his steady good humor. She wondered, therefore, what might be the explanation of the curious mood that evidenced itself in her mother several times after an evening with Older. Georgia would suddenly become quiet, distract, her attention difficult to rouse and to keep interested. Once or twice Virgie had detected an expression of tight-lipped obstinacy on her face, an expression oddly at variance with the secret distress that glowed dully in her eyes. But invariably Virgie's attempts to cajole confidences from her mother were sidetracked.

One night toward the end of the second week Georgia pleaded a terrific headache as an excuse to be left at home. For the first time Virgie became the sole object of Older's attentions. Because he was so interested, so (Continued on page 124)

THE mystery of personal destiny always has fascinated and bewildered man. He invented his gods—and demons—in his early struggles to explain it. What benign star possessed power to award to one youth enterprise and leadership? What baleful star could condemn another to a lifetime of futility?

"The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves," declared Shakespeare, "that we are

underlings." Victor Hugo assigned the fault to "society," but could not isolate the elements which fixed, for each, his fate.

Modern science is succeeding at that task—and discovering, not in the stars, or in any monstrous machinations of "society," but in the little constant contacts of the daily life of the child, the all-powerful gods—and demons—which undermine or make the man.

Child Guidance

By Dr. Smiley Blanton

THEOLOGIANS tell us that man was born in sin. Whether or not we accept this, it certainly is true that the infant is full of impulses which must be modified and directed if he is to become a mentally healthy and successful adult.

The mythical normal person does not exist. All people are possessed of primitive tendencies that cause waste and failure. A careful study of people who have in nowise broken down reveals the unplumbed childishness and unreasonableness of all so-called normals—controlled, under most conditions, and overlaid by social customs and by civilization.

Many people say: "Oh, little things like anxiety states, morbid fears, negativism, inability to make friends, bumptiousness, temper tantrums, are conditions that all children have and get over." It is true that all children who have these difficulties do not present obvious problems in after-life, but it is also true that these conditions may leave their mark.

That children do not outgrow their difficulties is shown by a study of one hundred unselected high-school students, made by the Minneapolis Child Guidance Clinic last year. Fully one-half of them, although doing good school work, had emotional conflicts and warped attitudes, which certainly will interfere with their success in life.

A study of more than one thousand unselected college students, juniors and seniors, has shown that fully half have emotional difficulties that will prevent them from realizing their highest possibilities, while fully ten per cent have maladjustments serious enough to warp their lives and in some cases to cause mental breakdowns unless properly treated.

An intensive study of one hundred and four unselected college students, juniors and seniors, gave the following results:

Eighty-five suffered from self-consciousness, timidity, stage-fright, fear of reciting, or anxiety when meeting people. These attitudes were so well marked that the students themselves felt they constituted a severe handicap to their social adjustment.

Seventy-four had feelings of insecurity, inadequacy or inferiority so definite that they felt handicapped by them.

Seventy-two had friction and conflicts with either one or both parents so marked that it made them distressed and unhappy.

Fifty-five had problems relating to their love and sex life that needed adjustment.

Until a generation ago the child was considered a little man or woman, and he was supposed to adapt himself to adult standards; and when he did not do this, harsh punishments were used. The rod was the universal method of discipline. Certainly if whipping could produce good children, we should have a perfect race. No experiment has been more widely and persistently tried than that of attempting to train children by beating them.

Harsh punishment of children caused the pendulum to swing in the other direction, and instead of punishing the child he was given complete freedom. It was assumed that the child's natural impulses needed no training or guidance.



Dr. Smiley Blanton,
director of the Child Guidance
Clinic of Minneapolis.

The old method of harsh punishment and the new method of lack of training—misnamed freedom—were both inadequate because they failed to take into consideration the child's capacities, needs and potentialities. Many of us still suffer from this experimental period in child-training, for most of the theories were based on nothing other than prejudice or tradition—those who had worked too hard as children refusing to let their children work at all, or those who had worked too hard but thought highly of themselves for it, making their children follow in their footsteps. There was little effort or wish to arrive at any understanding of what the child himself actually was like.

Clear thinking about the whole thing and intelligent handling of the problems of children were much retarded by the prevailing belief that women, when they became mothers, were by that act somehow or other endowed with a special and mysterious knowledge of the child and the problems of psychology involved in its training. This supposed gift of nature was called the "maternal instinct."

No one, so far as I am aware, was inclined to credit father with a paternal instinct, although goodness knows he needed it badly enough.

The biggest step in child training occurred when women themselves began to realize that they had no special endowment by nature that could teach them how either to understand or train their children, and that this theory was in the same class with the idea that all women know, by nature, how to cook!

Our own experiences as children (if we will remember them with accuracy) are helpful but are not adequate because the child of today does not have the same conditions under which to live.

A simple formula for helping us to understand the fundamental problem of child training may be stated as follows: The young infant is cared for as no tyrant ever was cared for. His every wish is gratified. He needs but to cry and some one comes to serve him. As a result of this treatment the infant of eighteen months or two years is completely self-centered, thinking of nothing but his own desires and pleasures. When the child grows older, he must adjust his desires to the demands of the group—the group being the family, playmates, his teachers—all those with whom he comes in contact.

There is then this fundamental conflict between the desires of the child and the demands of the group. It is right that the child find some outlet for his own desires and cravings, but he must learn to do this in a way that is not offensive to other people. This adjustment of the child to the group is difficult—in fact, it may be said that the chief function of child guidance is to teach the child to find an outlet for his own desires in a way that is satisfactory to other people.

If the child is allowed to have all his desires satisfied, to do as he pleases, he has no respect for authority; he becomes self-centered. This tendency may become so strong that he may become a social rebel, breaking all group regulations until he



finds himself in serious difficulty. The person who is essentially criminal is one who has never been taught to consider the needs of others, and demands satisfaction of his own desires regardless of other people's rights.

On the other hand, if obedience is demanded too harshly of the child, if authority is thrust too roughly upon him, he may become timid, fearful, or lacking in aggressiveness, or he may go to the opposite extreme and become negative and stubborn.

Parents have to avoid making the child timid, fearful, insecure, afraid of himself and unsure of his own abilities, and they must also avoid making him negative or overaggressive. So it is essential that parents understand just what is the best method of exacting obedience, just how far the child should remain an individual, and just how far accept the standards and habits and customs of his elders.

The great work of child guidance, then, is to assist parents to train their children from the self-centered condition of childhood into the adult world where they can adjust happily to the group and work at their highest capacity.

Child guidance is really parent guidance. Most of the problems of childhood arise out of home conditions. Some of the obvious conditions in the home that give rise to difficulties are:

(1) Conflict and discord between the parents: Parents must

love, or at least admire and respect each other, if they are to create a wholesome atmosphere in the home for correct training. It has been our experience in our work in child guidance that many of the children who come from broken homes due to divorce have serious emotional difficulties.

(2) Inconsistency in Discipline: If one parent is stern and oversevere, the other parent is nearly always too easy and lenient; the result is that the child does not receive any consistent discipline and difficulties arise.

(3) The overanxious, worrying, moody parent: Such parents cause their children to feel insecure and create in them feelings of fear and timidity.

(4) Parents who try to live out in their children their own thwarted ambitions: Not infrequently parents with the best intentions in the world force their children into very unhappy mental states because they wish them to accomplish things which the parents themselves wished to accomplish but were not able to do.

Thus the attitudes, viewpoints and fears of the parents, their self-control, their poise, the pitch of their voices, the way in which they give commands, the way in which they enforce commands, the weakness or strength of their character—all these things are determining factors in the life of the child.

As the Twig was Bent

By William Mac Harg

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso

LIFE PRESENTED IN TERMS OF THE NEW UNDERSTANDING

I ASKED Ed Kelcey's sister Anne about him the other day. "His health is bad," she told me.

"Not getting worse?" It is several years since Ed could do any regular work. She knows that I know that.

"It's hard to tell; I think it stays about the same. He gets out and works in the garden on pleasant days. It's the neatest yard and garden you ever saw. He takes great pride in it."

Funny thing. When Ed was a boy, he hated gardening.

"He's simply crazy over the children," she went on. Her children. Ed lives with Anne. "And they adore him. We're very glad to have him with us. John often speaks about it." John is her husband. "John always talks his business over with him, and Ed's advice is very good and far-sighted."

She was defending Ed. They all do—all the Kelceys. As a family they stick together tight. But there was an odd expression in her eyes. Reflection. Doubt. Bewilderment. A question. Something back of that!

Ed is the member of the Kelceys who "dropped out," dropped

out of life. It is five or six years since he became unable to work and went to live with Anne, who is his elder sister. His friends now very seldom speak of him or think of him. I hadn't thought of him myself. One is so busy trying to succeed, and thinking of the people whom one sees, that one has no time to think about the few—few millions—who drop out. Until one sees in troubled eyes like Anne's the question: Why? One thing is plain: Anne, who loves Ed, knows that something happened to him but does not know what. Or when.

Ed was the brightest of the Kelcey children; that's certain—no doubt at all of that. He had the quickest, keenest mind and the best judgment, regarding judgment abstractly as the power to judge general affairs and consider motives which did not concern himself. All the younger Kelcey children looked up to him with great respect.

The last time I saw Ed was some years before he went to live with Anne. We met on the street and stopped to talk about old times. A sad face, deeply lined—at thirty-five. Tired eyes,

which had an uneasy, hunted look. I asked him if his health was good. He said it was. After we parted, I had a sense then that he was dropping out—as though life were a sieve through whose bottom fall the imperfect and the unfit. By millions.

Of course he had had a great number of discouragements. He was still, at thirty-five, trying to find the thing he could do well. But whatever it was, had happened back of that. So far as I know, he never had a disastrous love-affair. If he had, Dr. Freud of Vienna might say that it was that. But I have known many people who had disastrous love-affairs, and some of them were wrecked. But they were on the road to wreck before love happened to them. Wreck by love is not "normal." It is normal to fall in love with some one else. If Ed had a mature love-affair, I am willing to bet the girl was the one who never found it out. He never told her. He was as unusual as that.

He did peculiar things—one very peculiar—when he was in college. Ed was the only Kelcey child who went to college. He went because he was the smartest, the most "thoughtful." He was the one from whom they all expected most. He did not do well at all in his first term. The plain, flat fact about it is, he failed, most dismally. When the second term commenced, he wrote home that he had thoroughly waked up. His instructors, he said, commanded his improvement.

He was rooming in a house with many other boys, and he told them how well he was doing. Every morning when they all got up, he rushed off with them to the college buildings. It happened that he did not have a class with any of these boys. At noon he came back to the boarding-house and ate with them, then went again for afternoon classes, and came back when they were over.

It was three months before anyone found out that he had not even entered for the second term of college. He had not got the marks he wrote home. No instructor had commended him. He had seen no instructor. He had been lying, and pretending he was going to college, to the boys he lived with and his family at home. A most peculiar thing to do! It must have been much harder work than it would have been to get his lessons. He had to dodge everybody. Find places in which to spend his days; always a different place, so that he would not attract attention. In spite of all this arduous deceiving, the only explanation he could ever make was that he had done it because he was lazy.

He had, as a matter of fact, the name of being lazy. I can remember, when he was ten years old, they called him lazy then—his teachers did. They said he had a fine mind, and might accomplish almost anything he wished, but he did not apply himself. Apply himself? He applied himself in some things. He got very poor marks in geography. They said he was not interested. He could not tell you the products of New Jersey. But he knew all about Dr. Kane's Arctic expedition, and he was an infant authority on Livingstone and Stanley in Africa. He could tell you how to get from almost any one place to almost any other on the surface of the earth—or on the schoolroom globe. He was not marked on the records for this information.

I remember him as a shy, quiet, charming little boy. He was what is called "naturally a gentleman." He was very considerate of little girls. In spite of having sisters, I am sure he was afraid of them. He was obedient. He was rather dreamy. He did not take a prominent part in games, but he was usually one of the first the leaders "chose;" he could be depended on—then—to perform a secondary part efficiently and acceptably. Apparently he cannot now be depended on even to do that.

He was, his mother said, a healthy little boy; he was, she thinks, more sensitive than some of the others. She was a good mother; all her children loved her; Ed loved her as much as any of them did; it may be more.

Ed was very much afraid of his father. All the Kelcey children were afraid of him. So were all the children of the neighborhood. So was I. He weighed three hundred pounds—a huge man, humorous in a way, given to silent laughter and an attitude of superiority. The first time I ever saw him he said to me: "When did your parents die?" I told him, with surprise, they were not dead. "How comes it, then," he went on, "that no one has ever taught you not to step on my garden-bed?" I had, in fact, stepped on a corner of his garden-bed without knowing it. His way of speaking scared me; I was startled and confused by such a sequence to such a question. He liked to confuse people.

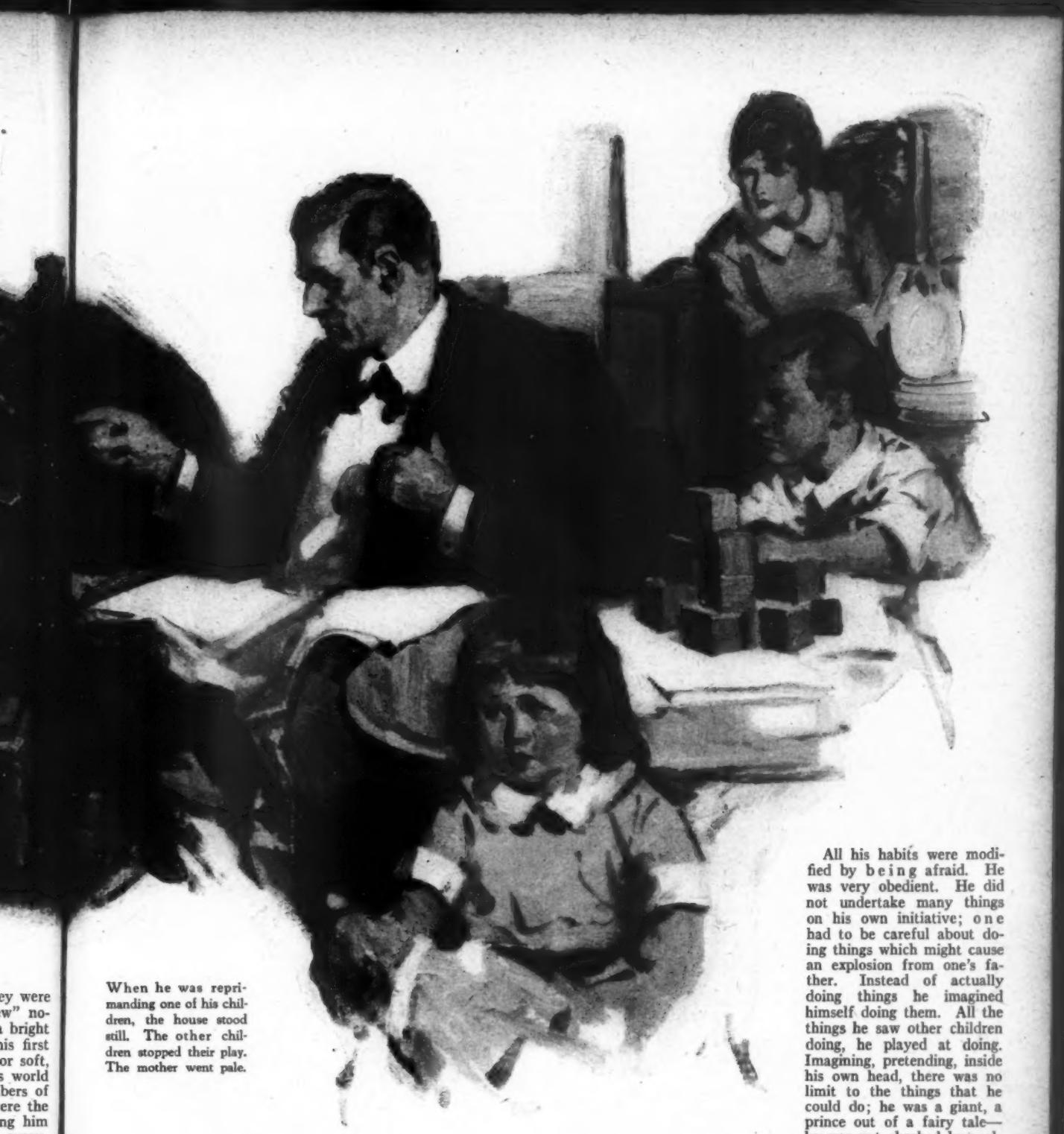
He had a tongue—"venomous as all the worms of the Nile"—and used it; he never struck a child. When he was reprimanding one of his children, the house stood still. The other children stopped their play. The mother went about her work pale and silent, in sympathy with the child.



His mother said Ed was like all the Kelcey babies. They were like everybody's babies. They slept a great deal, "knew" nobody, cried when they were hungry, turned their eyes to a bright light. Ed must have done those things too, receiving his first impressions of the world he had come into—sounds loud or soft, light, warmth and cold, gentle or ungentle handling. His world was small—mother, a bed, baths, clothing, voices of members of his family. As regards himself, these first impressions were the only knowledge that, so far, he had; they must, in giving him his baby attitude toward life, have been very important; everything he learned later would have to be modified to suit them. He was unafraid. It is not likely that a child has any inherent fears at birth.

I have no doubt at all that one of the first things Ed learned about the world was terror of his father. Ed's oldest brother Bert was then in grammar school; his father was bringing him up the way he ought to go—by tongue. Bert ran away from home soon after he got through grammar school; he is a big man now somewhere in the South—the only one of the Kelcey boys who has amounted to much of anything. Consider how his father must have looked to Ed while he was berating Bert. Ed was some twenty-odd inches long; he could not aid himself. His father, as stated, weighed three hundred pounds; a giant, and terrible.

Bert was afraid of his father; no doubt of that. He was a thicker-headed child than Ed, less sensitive; besides, he was the



When he was reprimanding one of his children, the house stood still. The other children stopped their play. The mother went pale.

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oldest child. He was six, maybe seven or eight, before his father really "went" at him. It worried the mother when the father "went" at Bert; she showed it. Children take their attitude toward things from the manner of those around them. Ed took his from Bert and from his mother. Terror and anxiety, they must have been—of his father.

I do not know exactly how early Ed "got" this. Nobody knows. Everybody has forgotten what they felt when they were a year old; only a few can remember back to when they were two. That is a detail. It is sure Ed "got" it. When I first knew him, at ten years old, he was a shy, silent, uncertain little boy. "Repressed." "Misunderstood." And dreamy. He was immensely afraid of his father; and he adored his mother. He had turned to her; she was his refuge from the terror of his father.

without difficulty between that part of their life which is real and that which is merely play. But Ed was losing that distinction.

His father threw more responsibility on Ed than on the other children; Ed was the oldest son now—Bert had run away. Besides, Ed was the smartest of them. When his father left the house, Ed gave himself up to pleasant dreaming; exactly as long before his father was expected home as Ed thought it would take to do the things his father had ordered done, Ed got busy. His mother sympathized with Ed; she couldn't help it. She knew he had more given him to do than the other children, and consequently got more often into trouble; she seldom gave him anything to do herself.

Ed adored his mother. He did things for her in a different spirit from those he did for anyone else; he watched to see what

All his habits were modified by being afraid. He was very obedient. He did not undertake many things on his own initiative; one had to be careful about doing things which might cause an explosion from one's father. Instead of actually doing things he imagined himself doing them. All the things he saw other children doing, he played at doing. Imagining, pretending, inside his own head, there was no limit to the things that he could do; he was a giant, a prince out of a fairy tale—he was not checked by reality. Children distinguish

he could do without her asking. A smile from her when she found it had been done was reward enough for him.

What was it that was happening to him—had happened? Dr. Freud of Vienna would say he had a "complex;" he was "controlled" by a "repressed fear." Freud always makes everything as hard to understand as possible. Thom of Boston, George Dorsey, many others—mostly Americans, all doctors, of course, of something—would say he had formed "wrong habits." The habits he had formed, these say, were Ed; he could never get away from what was a part of himself unless other, better habits could be substituted for them. Thom thinks the child's attitude toward life is determined by the parents. Wrong treatment of the child, wrong attitude toward life. "In the treatment of a problem child invariably the mother has to be regarded as a patient." Or the father. Or a brother or sister. "Often it is not the child who needs treatment, but some other member of the family."

Adler of Vienna would say Ed's life had been wrongly "styled." All lives, Adler thinks, are "styled" very early, before the age of five. They are styled by the child's relations with the members of its family, by its parents—styled permanently. Thereafter, Adler says, the person seeks "right" or "wrong" "goals" through all his life; "right" ones bring happiness and success; "wrong" ones bring misery and failure. Fate at forty is determined at the age of five.

STANGE idea! The president of the railroad is not elected by the directors; he was elected forty years before by his parents—to be president of "something." The "bum" on the street is not a bum because of his natural depravity and weakness; he was made a bum before he wore knickerbockers, by parents who taught him to seek "wrong goals."

Ed's father taught him fear. He might have taught him something else—quite as destructive. Vanity perhaps. Or, for his own amusement, teased him into jealousy. One thing, I'm sure, had been taught him along with fear: dependence. It goes with fear and the consequent need to seek a refuge.

What was the meaning of the queer thing my friend Ed did in college? Pretending he was going to classes, sending home glowing reports about recitations which he never even attended? I think I know. Ed was a bundle of habits, based on fear, formed for not getting into trouble, formed for not getting hurt. His habits succeeded all right when he was dealing with his father; they had been formed for that. They did not succeed in college. When he saw that, he was overwhelmed by fear.

Why was his fear so overwhelming? Consider that these habits were the only way of doing things that he knew. He did not even know that other people had some other way. When he was six or seven years old and began to go to school, he should have changed his habits, learned new ways. Other children when they began to go to school and found that the ways that they had learned at home did not work among a group of children, changed them, learned new habits. Ed had not changed his. Fear of his father made them too important to him; it meant more to him to "get along" safely with his father than to get on with other children. Ed was trying to meet the problems of college by means of habits which he had learned when he was three, or four, or five. No wonder fear told him: "What's the use? You'll never get through college."

But why did he pretend? He did not do it all at once; he never said to himself: "I'll pretend to these people that I'm still going to college." When it was time to enter for the second term, he shrank from it and put it off; he said to himself, no doubt: "I'll do it tomorrow." Tomorrow came, and again he put it off. When the term opened and the other boys set out for classes, he was afraid to tell them that he had not entered, and went along with them. Then letters came from home, asking if he was doing better. He had to answer; he dared not confess—he put off confessing and replied that he was doing much better.

When he stopped to think, he knew that what he was doing was ridiculous, knew it was illogical. But he refused to stop and think. Fear had enmeshed him in this network of pretending from which there was no exit but confession or discovery. Fear kept him in it. Because he was more intelligent than those with whom he dealt, he was able for three months to keep anyone from finding out the things he was pretending to them—and to himself.

AFTER Ed failed in college, his father got him a job. He kept it for a while, then lost or left it. He got another, and lost that one too. I knew Ed Kelcey well; I don't believe that failure at college and at a few jobs gave him a "sense of his in-

feriority." Not then. When he measured himself against men in business, he found that in intelligence he was their equal or superior. In intelligence—not in results. He was trying to meet life with a set of habits which he had learned when he was three or four. When he saw that they did not bring results, fear seized him. It was "mental conflict." Before he did anything, he had to fight down fear. When he was tired out, fighting against fear, fear told him: "What's the use? It can't be done." Or: "It is not worth doing."

HE was beginning to be afraid of everything that makes up life. His methods did not work against it. About this time nearly everyone he knew was wooing; men and girls, all getting married. Ed did not woo—not definitely. He knew several girls. He treated them the way he treated his mother. He was deferential, considerate, obliging; he was not a "sissy;" they liked him; but he never "captured" one of them. He didn't try. I think he found girls "hurt" too much. If one of them laughed at him it was as though his mother had laughed at him. He was still using his four-year-old habits. He wanted all women to treat him the way his mother treated him. They would not. And so he was afraid of them. They hurt.

But that applied chiefly to the girls his family knew. He found after a while another girl who did treat him with "consideration." He was different from the kind of men she knew. Her father was a railroad brakeman, not much at home; and she clerked in a store; his sisters looked down on her for that reason—not for her morals; they knew nothing about those. She, in a way a little coarse, was a quite startling beauty; dark eyes, black hair, a brightly colored skin, red-cheeked. She had an undisguised coquettish interest in men.

Why should Ed take up with that kind of girl?—he could not keep from sharing his family's attitude toward her. Partly, I think, he took up with her because she was a girl he would not think of marrying. He was afraid of marrying.

He went with her about a year. His family did not know where he spent his evenings. He was not "in love" with her; she was not with him. Young blood in both of them was seeking an outlet for emotions. Nobody got "ruined" in that bit of business, not even Ed. Certainly not the girl; she learned a lot she had not known about men, from a man who was her superior in education. Got a few new ideas about life. When she was ready, she abandoned it for something which she thought was more worth while.

ED lived at home. He got on better than most boys with his parents. He was always sweet-tempered, obliging, pleasant around the house; during family explosions of high words, Ed kept silent. He did not go with men or girls the family knew. When he went out, no one knew where he was going; when he came back, he did not say where he had been. His sisters remonstrated with him; didn't he like the girls they knew? The truth was, of course, that he was "seeking bad companions;" most bad companions, like himself, were dodging life.

He held one after another several jobs; he did not like them, or they did not like him. The theory was that he was searching for what he was best fitted for; the fact was that he might have been good at any of them but was not. It was plain that he was not succeeding. What is success? There is a definition: Success is the formation of mental pictures—pictures in one's mind—which agree with the realities of the world in which we are living. Pictures which resemble life as it is: good conduct, happiness and success. Pictures which do not resemble it: bad behavior, failure and misery. Ed did not see life the way it really is. Life was distorted for him—distorted by habits of a childish fear whose beginning he had now forgotten.

Long ago he had stopped having a common understanding with those he had gone to school with when they all were little. They had been getting married, finding new interests. They talked to one another of their children, households, servants. They had been finding places in the world; they were "getting on." He had no common topics of conversation with them. Inside himself, he told himself that the objects in life which they were pursuing were "no good." Children; no good. Homes; no good. Imagine living one's whole life with one single woman; how boring! Imagine devoting one's whole time and interest to business; how tiresome! Generally, he sought companionship with those who were younger than himself; they did not yet talk of children and households; they were inclined to look up to him.

As for old friends of his own age, he began to dodge them. Granting, as he told himself, that (Continued on page 140)

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The Impossible Mr. Egger

By Talbert Josselyn

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers



Thunder went across the Hopkins face. "I aint spoke to you," said Henry Egger. "Sure not," agreed Mr. Himmelbach.

ON an evening Henry Egger, late of Iowa and now of Southern California, alighted from a historic horse-drawn bus before the mighty portals of Hotel Del Grande; and Mr. Egger and suitcase and golf bag and high-crowned derby hat and a light overcoat, bought for twenty-one dollars and guaranteed to look as though it had cost three times as much, were ushered within the doors of that famous hostelry.

Cordially was Mr. Egger greeted, even after removal of the light overcoat and revelation of an alpaca jacket; the most eccentric of any hotel's guests are always hopefully suspected of being the wealthiest.

An hour thereafter, coming out of the quarter-mile-long dining-room, bounteously replenished but still looking in vain for a toothpick, Mr. Egger came to a sudden halt as he caught sight of the golf cups. Two they were, splendidly large, standing in a glass trophy case. And standing in front of the case, peering into it, was a red-faced, heavy-set man with a hard upper lip. It was Albert J. Hopkins, himself.

Thus did Henry Egger and Albert J. first meet. They had never met before. How could they have? For all of six months had Henry Egger been an old-time Southern California resident, and of his waking hours, those between six A. M. and darkness had been spent along the fairways of a municipal course. Ten miles removed from the municipal beehive, across a world of

glorious sunshine and subdivision, Albert J. Hopkins trudged in feudal overlord manner across the greensward of a links that he had founded in the Year One. At the Ancient and Only, Mr. Hopkins trudged alone, in silence grim. At the Beehive, Henry Egger took on all comers, and the Egger voice was like a continuous prairie gale. When the Lord made opposites, the results were Albert Hopkins and Henry Egger.

And now the dice of destiny had contrived to have them stand side by side breathing raptly on the glass of great Del Grande's trophy case, and Henry Egger, being moved to speech, now spoke.

"Say, those sure are fine cups, aint they?"

"M'humph!" came an answering snort from Albert Hopkins.

"I wonder now if they are for a tournament or something," pursued Mr. Egger.

"Mahumph-humph!" grunted the trophy-staring Hopkins.

"Oh, boy," continued the Egger broadcaster, head now canted genially in the Hopkins direction, "boy, but wouldn't you like to win one of those!"

Albert J. Hopkins, owner of half the earth, left off peering into the case. He wheeled. He turned upon Henry Egger with a look of such sudden, flaming savagery that the Egger smile faded, the Egger feet took two retrograde steps, and the Egger eyes were forced to blink rapidly. Under cover of this blinking, Albert J. Hopkins strode blazingly away.

"Huh!" said Mr. Egger when speech had returned. And further added, "I guess the old bird's supper aint settin' just right."

Which was as good a hazard as any. For how was the player of municipal courses to know that he had hit upon the very Achilles tendon of Albert J. Hopkins' existence? Albert J. had never won a cup.

From the dawn of golf, Western time, had Albert J. played—from the beginning, with its table-flat greens of oiled sand and bunkers that stretched across the grassless course like earthworks, down through the marching years to the present with its rifle-range distances and roller-coaster putting chances; and never in all this while had he gained a cup even the size of an eye cup. Years back, failing in winning, he had allowed the impression to get abroad that he never played for cups, but just for the exercise; and being the Albert Hopkins who had a mortgage on most of creation, no one had thought it expedient to guess otherwise. So when people saw him standing looking at cups they hazarded that the old boy was probably figuring just how many dimes or half dollars the things would hold, full-crammed, or figuring that the cup committee had gotten cheated as to price tags, and let it go at that.

Until Henry Egger chanced upon him, and Henry, being Henry, forgot about him the next instant in his own absorption on the cups. A tournament. . . . The Egger gaiters wheeled smartly about in search of information. "Say, about this here tournament for those silver cups, now."

"It's to be a novel sort of tournament," said the young assistant of the sports bureau. "It's kind of slack season of the year, and the hotel thought. . . . Well, all the names of the players entering are put in a box and drawn blind, two by two. Each pair drawn this way are partners, and they play eighteen holes—playing foursome so they wont be strung out over the course all day—and the partners that turn in the best combined score, handicaps deducted, win the cups—one each. What? Yes, genuine silver cups, and your handicap is. . . . You say you generally play around in from ninety-five to a hundred and something. . . . Well, I think a handicap of say about twenty-five. . . . And the name is Egger? Yes, two g's, of course. . . . Odd name, as you say, but one easily remembered. . . . The pairings and the times of play will be posted sometime early in the morning. . . . And the fee is two dollars. I thank you."

The assistant, thus having added one more entrant to the Del Grande Hotel invitation tournament, sat back pleasedly at his desk, and Henry Egger, seeing that it was as late as a quarter past nine, retired to bed. To Mr. Egger there was no reason for changing sane and lifelong habits even though he was now a man of money. The sale of his Long Beach lots to an avidly purchasing oil company only the week before had enabled him to shake the dust of municipal courses from his gaiters, and to set out on a tour of the Golden State, even to registering at Del Grande, but it hadn't altered his opinion as to when bedtime was bedtime.

Nor altered, either, his opinion as to getting-up time. He was up at five, and by seven-thirty had reached the conclusion that his and the young sports assistant's ideas as to early pairings and postings differed in marked degree. A now-opened dining room claimed him as first of all Del Grande's breakfasters, and after whacking into a real tall-corn meal he tucked bag of clubs under arm and headed for where they said the hotel course lay.

He could practice until somebody woke up and started doing something. But when part way to the tee, on glancing through a gap in a hedge, he saw a number of men playing horseshoes—chauffeurs, over by the garages. He stopped. Horseshoes. He hadn't played horseshoes since. . . . He tugged out a silver watch. Eight o'clock. The tournament probably wouldn't be starting for a few minutes. . . .

"Here," said Henry Egger, feet in motion, "let me show you how to throw them things."

Henry Egger had been brought up on horseshoes. Golf was but a recent arrival. For the moment it could wait.

An untimed interval later, and richer in pocket by forty-five cents gained in the course of what had become a hard fought series, the demonstrator of horseshoes gave a convulsive glance at the silver watch. He caught up his canvas golf bag.

"Godfrey, I got to be going. Most ten o'clock, and they said the thing started at nine."

Swiftly did the Congress gaiters take him; briskly did the trouser-encased knees go up and down; with heave and pull a pair of suspenders—genuine leather suspenders—made their play over white-shirted shoulders; over a white shirt that had a stiff bosom, or would have had a stiff bosom if it hadn't become slightly wrinkled. Golf bag rattling under one arm, alpaca jacket flapping under the other, derbyed head canted a little to one side, Henry Egger put for the course at what was the equivalent of a run. As Mr. Egger had remarked, on first viewing golfers at work, or play, now why, just because it was golf, did people have to go and dress like damned fools?

Thus, coming suddenly from behind flanking hedges, did Henry Egger burst upon open greensward and Del Grande's first tee.

It is said that three lorgnettes fell clattering from the front row of chairs on the club porch, and that little Lionel Erp, the hotel's perfect host, had to be carried to his room and did not rise until the second day. But this is only say-so. Even if true, Henry Egger didn't know anything about it. As he came volplaning into view, he heard a name called, and that name was his.



Albert J. Hopkins had to hit something and the nearest thing happened to be the ball. "Atta boy, pardner! Look at it go!"



Albert J. Hopkins and a man wearing a derby hat were dancing on the greensward, and as they danced, they shouted.

"Mr. Henry Egger, please! Mr. Henry Egger, paired with Mr. Albert J. Hopkins. Mr. Henry Egger on the tee!"

"Here," said a voice.

"Mr.—" The mouth of the committeeman remained open, but further speech did not come. And as he looked, so did the three others on the tee. Especially did one look, a heavy-set, red-faced man with a hard upper lip. Nor did the lip grow softer as the heavy-set man stared.

"There—there must be some mistake," said the person who had been calling.

"Oh, no, there aint," reassured Mr. Egger. "I'm just a trifle late. Got detained a minute showin' the boys how to pitch horseshoes. Which is Mr. — er, Hunkins is the name, aint it?" He looked from one of the group to another.

The heavy-set man flamed four words.

"Hopkins is the name!"

Henry Egger shifted alpaca jacket to the other arm and warmly grasped partner Hopkins' hand. "Pleased to meet you." Then recognition came to him and he beamed. "Why, sure. Met you before. Last night, when we were looking at the cups together. Say, I'll bet you were picking out the place for one of 'em to go on the mantel alongside your others. Now aint I right?"

Without waiting to learn whether he was or not, Mr. Egger released the Hopkins hand and sought the hands of the other two players.

"Egger is my name—Henry Egger. Glad to meet you both. I don't believe I quite got the names."

Mr. Egger got them.

"Sanderson," mumbled one, his eyes on the derby hat.

"Himmelbach," said the other, gaze wavering between a brassy tie-clasp and a pair of red sleeve-supporters.

"Sure glad to meet you," beamed Mr. Egger. "Looks like we're in for a fine game. Partner and I give you the honor. Go ahead and shoot first, and give 'em a long ride."

Messrs. Sanderson and Himmelbach looked at Mr. Egger, looked at each other. Then, since there seemed nothing else to do, and since nobody else appeared to be advancing other ideas on the subject, they put into motion the Egger suggestion.

That they had better than rudimentary knowledge of the game was evident from their stance, but that something, somewhere, had come in to upset this was equally evident from results. The Sanderson drive went dribbling down the fairway; the Himmelbach effort took a sudden turn for the worse and dived off into the rough.

The attentive partner of Albert J. Hopkins shook a commiserating head.

"Say, now, that's tough luck. I know how it is. Takes a hole or sometimes two just to get started. All right, pardner, all you got to do is to hit it."

Albert J. Hopkins did just that. And how he hit it! He had to hit something, and the nearest thing at that moment happened to be the ball. Not in several generations had the Hopkins emotions been so on the surface, had they been so evident for all who might care to see. Somebody sooner or later was going to sweat blood for this, and it wasn't going to be Albert J. Hopkins. Year after year, at this season, had he been a guest of Del Grande. Now, Del Grande, the tournament, the thing in the derby hat and sleeve supporters—when Albert J. Hopkins got through with them. . . . Until then Until then he proceeded to take it out on the ball. And how he took it!

A roar went up from the thing in the derby hat. "Atta boy, pardner! Look at it go!" Then the hat-wearer turned to wave a vigorous and negative hand at the tournament starter. "Nope, I said no caddy for me. They just lose balls and bang around a man's clubs. I'll hang my coat over on one of these posts and take one of these score cards and a good sharp pencil. There. Now we're all set."

Catching up a handful of sand, Mr. Egger teed up, rose, and snapped sleeve-supporters into place. Snapped supporters into place, gave tie-clasp a new bite into tie, settled derby a little firmer over ears, planted Congress gaiters a little wider apart, and drove. Swishing he drove, and the instant the swing was ended he reached for the bag, swung it up over-shoulder like a piece of cordwood, and fell into route step alongside partner Albert J. Hopkins.

"Say," he radiated, "this is sure going (Continued on page 136)

In the Thought and

A marvel of the year is the turn-about from our preoccupation with the present to a scrutiny of our past, and our ancient past—indeed, with the very beginnings, or with "The Conquest of Civilization," as Professor Breasted, of the University of Chicago, terms it in his lately published volume of that title, in which he dramatically and graphically pictures the state of human society before the dawn of the day of named and identified kings whom we are accustomed to call "historical." No science can show more sensational results than that which has recreated "pre-historic" man from the flints and pottery fragments, the "kitchen middens" and graves and barrows of ten thousand years ago. Dr. Breasted, whose portrait appears below, takes us, then, to what was the "history" of the Greek and Roman world.

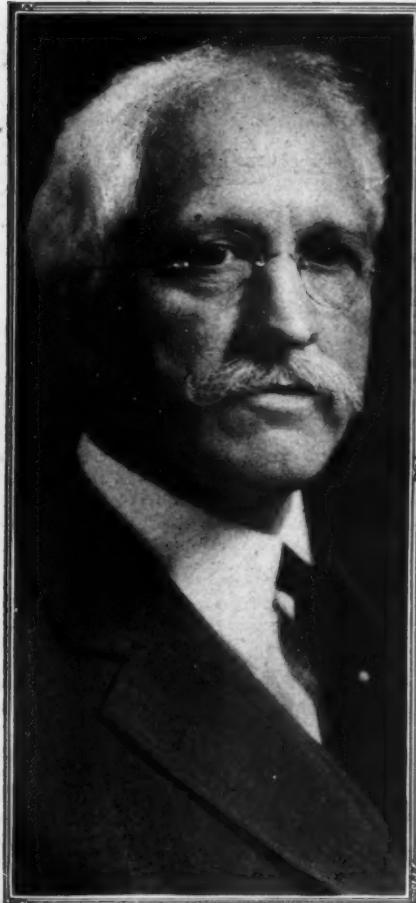


Photo by Underwood and Underwood

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Photo © by Underwood and Underwood

In the competitions of sport, there is an indulgent scale—such as "women's par" in golf—by which feminine competitors are spared the stern comparison with men's best achievement. In the battle of business, however, there is now little of that. Mrs. Irma Dill Eggleston needs no favor from such a scale to score her accomplishment. In the government bond corner of one of the large New York firms, she has made a record for men to equal—billions of bonds traded in, yearly.



What other market in this our America has boomed, of late years, like the market for thought? The Bookman not long ago made the following comment, in connection with the monthly score whereby it evaluates the relative popularities of the current books: "In eight years since this veracious chronicle was begun, no single book has gained such popularity among library readers as Will Durant's 'Story of Philosophy.' Under our method of scoring, no work, either of fiction or general literature, has ever run up such a total." Upon another page of this October issue The Red Book Magazine offers one of the most distinguished literary productions of our day, in which this brilliant writer and thinker, (whose portrait you will find reproduced below) has told, in a few thousand words, which become now the property of permanent literature, "The Story of Happiness."

Photo ©

Comment of Today

Known to every reader of this magazine for the common-sense editorials, which have for some years been one of its notable features, Bruce Barton, whose portrait is reproduced below, has become world-famous with the appearance of his books "The Man Nobody Knows" and "The Book Nobody Knows." Mr. Barton's genius deals with the doubts and perplexities in the minds of the ordinary man and woman in America. These proved so nearly identical with the questions in the hearts of people elsewhere that many translations of both books have been required—and Mr. Barton has been challenged, or invited, to write another. . . . "What can a man believe?" a reader recently asked him, and wanted an answer as honest as Bruce Barton's other writing. This answer has now been given in a book titled after the question—"What Can a Man Believe?"



Of course no one now asks whether women have a "place" in business. The intelligent questions are, what is the "place" occupied by women, what effect have they upon business, and what effect has business upon them. Mrs. Sarah Barclay De Forest is a business woman twice chosen by other women in business as president of the New York League of Business and Professional Women. At the convention, she sat at the table for women in unusual lines of business. She is a varnish manufacturer.



Leaders of women, in the day of suffrage agitation, were likely to be headline names in the daily papers, for political activity then nearly always made for fame. Since women won the vote, however, there has been a distinct change. The victory of suffrage largely ended the sensational epoch; woman continued to act, politically, by party clubs and groups, but the old leaders lost glamour with the winning of their cause. Present conditions emphasize the importance of such organizations as the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, led by Miss Lena Madesin Phillips, whose portrait appears below. Miss Phillips is a practicing lawyer in New York City, and a member of the American Bar Association. She is a daughter of a Kentucky judge, and is a pianist and composer.



Photo © by Underwood and Underwood

Camera portrait by G. Mallard Kessler, B. P.

Evelyn Campbell

Tells a story of today which is lived by many a youth behind the walls of forgetfulness. One of the most powerful and dramatic stories of this intense day.



RESCUE

Illustrated by George Wright

EVERY evening Cora put on her make-up and her slim little black satin dress and went to the Neptune, where she met and danced with so many men that in time the adventure of her first freedom had become as stale as the jazz tunes that sounded night after night in her ears. She was paid a percentage on every partner who claimed her, and in this way and that, she managed to live after a fashion. Her life was written on her face in hard, bright lines through which youth struggled vainly. She was very pretty, moving about the polished yellow floor, her slim graceful feet in high-heeled pumps guiding the clumsy steps of her partner, the music lifting her as if it were played for her alone—but all this was nothing more to her than the night's work.

There were a thousand girls like Cora. They blossomed at night under the calciums, in sly, half-lighted booths, sometimes beneath a lonely street-lamp. They were little wanderers who spoke to one another in a language of their own. Now and then one of them would say, "When I lived in Louisville—" or "Down in Memphis—" They were all from somewhere—across a long trek better forgotten. They had drifted to Los Angeles, to the Neptune; they would drift from there to oblivion—strange, sullen little sparrows huddled on a branch chattering over a crumb.

The house where Cora lived was a stealthy house, always very dark except behind curtained windows. All night long there was moving about; the faint hall light was never put out, and the front door never locked. The landlady, Mrs. Pruett, was herself virtuous as a cabbage, but she did not concern herself too closely about the virtue of others. When she took in the rent, she would sigh as if the sight of money gave her no pleasure, though her fingers closed greedily over the bill. She was a small woman dressed in black, sniffing into a crumpled handkerchief, her mind always away from her lodging-house as a laundress forgets soiled linen while she washes it.

The roomers knew a little about Mrs. Pruett's trouble. She had a son in the Veterans' Hospital, and she was worrying about him. She had the idea that if she could take care of him herself, it would be better. She wanted a little home in the country where she could cook and wash and wait on him hand and foot and never think of anything else; but that took money, and Mrs. Pruett's dream depended upon saving money from her lodgings, and was very far from coming true.

"And the poor nut gassed in the war!" Cora explained to her friend May. "Why can't she let him alone where he is? What good is a man when he's ditched? I ask you."

"Maybe she loves him," May guessed. "He's her son, you know."

"Why didn't he think about that, then?" Cora said crossly. The hard wisdom of her kind taught her the rest. "You've got one chance to make good in your life—when you're a kid—before you get any marks on you. After that it's too late. You can't go back and start over. There's too many pushing for the front row. If you fall down, you stay down—"

"Tha's right," May agreed, getting out her lipstick. "You sure drown if you can't swim—an' the helping hand you read about usually has a club in it."

The girls who went to the Neptune to dance and meet "fellas" did not like Cora very well. She gave more attention to the buckles on her pumps than to anybody's sad story, and pushed her way to the mirror in the dressing-room as if her face were the only one worth looking at. She had learned to fight for what she wanted, and sometimes she got it and sometimes she did not. If she had any regrets for what she was or for what she had lost, she kept them to herself. Until the night she saw Luther Spence in the dance-hall, nobody knew where Cora had come from or who she had been.

"Lord, Cora, to think of seeing you here!" It was really Luther Spence, the same mean, narrow face with its secret, waiting smile, to be dreaded as it had been years ago. She thought fleetingly of the child she had been then—afraid of Luther Spence! She answered impudently:

"Everybody has bad luck sometimes, and tonight's my night."

He reproached: "Now, Cora, don't talk that way. I can't help being surprised—" His roving look told her that he knew everything—the sort of place the Neptune was, who came there and why; he pretended to be hurt when she tried to get away from him. "Why, Cora, aint you got a word to say to an old friend? And a relation, too. Don't you want to hear about your ma and the kids?"

"I guess Ma and the kids will keep on living without me," she answered. "But you let me alone, Lute Spence."

He followed her a few steps. "I don't see why you act like this. Here we are a thousand miles from home. Why can't we



He followed her a few steps. "I don't see why you act like this. Why can't we have a good time?"

have a good time? I always liked you—an' I got money. I've always got money. How about these other guys? Cheap skates-pikers. Aint my money as good as theirs?"

The eye of the floor manager was upon her, but she said: "No, it aint. You let me alone an' forget you saw me—" That was a mistake, for he broke in quickly: "I wont do that!"

She went to hide in the dressing-room. Girls came and went there, powdering their pale faces, rouging their thin lips, staring at their own images with young, desperate eyes. It was a rainy night; the pickings at the Neptune would not be plentiful.

"There's a fella out there lookin' for Cora. Where's Cora?"

Cora was smoking a cigarette. "Tell him to chase himself." Doll faces staring at her with hard, doll eyes. "You'll get

canned if you don't look out. That guy asked for you special."

The drab-souled, bright-cheeked sparrows from Iowa and Illinois fluttered away and left her. May, full of warning, came into the room. "That bozo is bent on seeing you. Aw, Cora, come on. He says he'll buy supper and a taxi—"

"That's out, May. . . . You see, that fella—he's from my home town. He knew my folks."

"Why didn't you say so before? I'll tell him you beat it. . . .

Luther Spence was a part of what Cora remembered when her feet were tired or when she wakened too early. Her mother had married his brother, which made him a sort of relation. He was always at the house, and her childhood was full of

shuddering memories of him. Numbers of children—one every year—and her mother angrily defending this increase, declaring that Hal Spence was the only man she ever loved. For Cora's own father she had nothing but vituperation because he had left her a widow with his child to support. To the injustice of this was added the injustice of Hal Spence sitting in an armchair all day long, nursing a rheumatic knee which he said kept him from working regularly. His wife and the numberless children picked up a living somehow by their own efforts, and Hal was very bitter about it. He blamed the Government for the condition of his house; some obscure machination was the cause of one man's having money while another had none. He grumbled and cursed from morning until night, and Cora had listened trembling, while she cared for the youngest baby. She used to rack her brain over this vague injustice as she was puzzled by her mother's incomprehensible love, and finally came to a numb acceptance of what she could not understand.

When the war came, it merely meant to her that she was to see more of Luther Spence, who came to live at their house and

Gratitude illumined Jimmy's smile. "If you did the right thing by another man's kids, you're all right, buddy. . . . Gee, I wish I could shake hands with you!"

nominally support his brother's family. The two would sit together and talk about this and chuckle over the good joke they were playing on the Government, which had had the best of it up till now. Luther was especially full of enthusiasm. He did not mind, he said, the few dollars it took to feed the children. He saw a hundred opportunities for making money with everybody else running around in circles, parading and band-playing and leaving the plums to be fished out by smarter men.

"Let them go fight that wants to," he exulted. "I've got no quarrel with anybody over there. I've got enough to tend to at home with my sick brother and his kids."

With such excuses Luther managed his exemption, but soon after he came, Cora left home. She could hardly remember how she did it—in that time of bewilderment, of fear like leaning over a black abyss, of shame and tears and then, presently, of dazzling freedom which brought her ingloriously to the Neptune and would send her from there when her feet were too tired to dance.

Who would have thought of meeting Luther Spence again? It was a part of that phantom of injustice that he should appear, prosperous, triumphant, to see what life had done to her. It was not shame that had made her run away. Something within her, pale, frightened and humble, covered its face and sent her through the streets to her cold room alone. . . .

Mrs. Pruett knocked at the door, and was sorry, but would have to have the rent. She dabbed furtively at her eyes with her handkerchief, for this time she was crying real tears. The Purity League had it in for her, and her house had been reported. Too much going in and out of a night, they said, but they couldn't prove anything. The worst was, it would make her miss her visit to her boy that day.

Cora said that she couldn't pay. She knew how to brazen it out with landladies, and she gave Mrs. Pruett's tears scant attention. But the woman did not go. She opened a package and showed a little chamois leather tobacco-pouch put together with painful red silk stitches.

"Bert looks for me to bring him something every week. He's a grown man, but you'd think he was a child. Men get like that when they're sick or hurt—just like little boys."

Cora sat on the foot of her bed hugging her knees. There was a ragged tear in her silk nightgown, and the lace was frayed and yellow. Brown smudges of mascara ran along her cheeks where the rouge clung in faint blotches. "It aint fair.



Why don't they make some laws that would even things up?" Mrs. Pruett stared, for no one had ever heard Cora speak like that. "Look at your son," she went on passionately, "all shot to pieces, with nothing on earth but the bed he lays on, an' you keeping rooms for street-walkers so you can make the living he ought to be making for you." She compared this picture with one of Luther Spence, his pockets full of money—Luther, who was too smart to go to war. She got up abruptly and began to dress.

The landlady shook her head mournfully. "It aint for us to say what's right or fair. Lord knows, I felt awful about it when he had to go, but he took a lot of pleasure out of it then. My—oh, my, it seems so long ago! You can't get excited over it now—you forget about the bands playing and the flags waving. . . . I've sort of got used to having him in the hospital—you forgot it was ever different."

"Yes—you forget."

"Young folks lost their heads. All they could see was the



skyrocket going up, full of sparks and glory. . . . Then the stick come down."

Cora was wriggling into her tight satin dress. She wished the woman would go. She had to think about getting the rent money. But Mrs. Pruett persisted, dawdling at the door.

"Sometimes I think that's all that keeps those poor souls alive after what they went through—thinking about the glory. You ought to see them, Cora, layin' there in rows with their faces turned to the sun. Wherever there's sun, you see 'em looking at it, young fellows who stopped living just as life begun to mean something—"

Cora was dressed to her tight little hat, and she followed Mrs. Pruett from the room into the dark close hall and down the stairs to the front door. The whole house smelled of dampness and midnight, as though it never entirely waked. The two women were like moles about to break from a dark and sickly earth crust into a day they distrusted.

Mrs. Pruett fumbled at the tobacco-pouch, wrapped in tissue-paper, which made whispering sounds. "I wish you'd take this to him," she said. "He'll be so disappointed. You can't think how they wait for their folks to come, and the ones that haven't any folks—they just wait for anybody."

Cora pushed the package away. "Me? Me go there?" She was glad the hall was too dark for Mrs. Pruett to see that her face twitched. She accused herself fiercely of being a fool. Or maybe she was just hungry or wanted a cigarette. Was she going to cry because a silly old woman said a person could be so lonesome that they were glad to see—anybody? She took a dance-step or two and shrugged her hips in their close sheath. Why should she care because men went to war and got themselves shot to pieces, while other men—like Luther Spence—stayed home and made money to spend on dance-hall girls?

Mrs. Pruett went sniffling away with her chamois bag and Cora opened the front door.

Spring was there. Luigi Benotti stood on the sunny stoop outside with broad smiles rivaling the blue sky for kindness, and a huge market basket overflowing with bloom.

"Flow-a—flow-a! Nize swee' peal! Nize rosa—"

Every flower under the sun. Delphiniums and marigolds—gladioli and carnations. Violets in tight little dark bunches.

"You wanna thees? —Thees?"

She shook her head. Luigi, who read faces well, hitched the strap higher on his shoulder and yielded sunnily. There was a minute shower of pink atoms around his feet. Peach blossoms, springing from soft brown stems, are the loveliest things on earth, but they perish more quickly than other lovely things. Luigi resigned himself to loss and drew an armful from the weight of stronger flowers.

"I geeva you thees." With a winning smile he bestowed a ransom of beauty. "Peach-a blos'—for you!"

He was on his way, a mountain of delicate color, wakening the dull street with his coaxing cries. Cora, with her arms full of peach-branches, would have tossed them into the gutter, but they seemed to cling to her with little hands. . . .

The rain was gone without a trace except an added brightness to the leaves and grass. The sky was polished like a blue plate, and the sun smiled. People on the trolley-car looked kindly at Cora carrying her pink branches. With the city hardly behind them, there was already a faint tang of the ocean in the air and a freshening of the spirit came with it.

Cora did not weigh her motives for coming away from town with a handful of flowers. There was a secret shamed curiosity in her heart. Mrs. Pruitt had said that some of those sick ones were glad to see—anybody. She was a little sorry that she had not brought the chamois bag, but it was too late to think about that now.

There was a main street where she left the car, and a long walk under bending trees to the hospital. The big yellow barracks and faint gray houses, set in lawns where even the grass seemed old, were full of old men. They walked here and there, slow and decrepit, with faded vision turned backward to an unforgettable glory.

"They are just old men," Cora thought with relief. "It isn't hard for them to be shut up here. They are just waiting to die." And she went on through their unseeing ranks to the big new building all modern and shining.

People were passing in and out, and white curtains fluttered at the windows. Everything was new and bright, as if a grateful country had ordered lavishly and in a generous mood the rewards of skill and inventions developed in a new age. There were no withered old men with ancient wounds in this shining place. On the threshold Cora stood still and trembled; she wished fiercely that she had not come, for pity—stranger to her heart—grew too quickly to be borne.

HERE she saw faces as young as her own. They were everywhere—on white pillows, above long outlines of still, covered forms. They were in wheel-chairs; they tottered now and then, supported by the arm of a nurse. She wanted to throw her flowers down and run, but she saw that here and there some one was looking at her. Others lay with expectant eyes turned toward the sunny windows, to the doors that stood open, to the faces of the visitors who moved among the beds, to these outlets toward life from which they were forever excluded.

"I've got to get out of here. I can't breathe here. I've got to get away!"

But the armful of peach branches held her there. . . . If she could find an empty vase somewhere, to put them in, she could run away—back to the Neptune, where she belonged.

The ward was a busy place. There was a freemasonry among the charming well-dressed ladies who had come in their own cars bringing gifts to cheer their way. They brought books and last month's magazines and cigarettes and many, many flowers. As Cora walked through the long aisle, they glanced at her sidewise; there was a feeling that she did not belong among them. Her heels were run down and the black satin dress was not so smart in the light of day. She felt this silent questioning and angrily defended her right to be there. "Aint I lost as much as any of them? Didn't the war take everything I had? Didn't the war send Luther Spence to live in our house? Didn't it take me? Me! Myself. These poor boobs, thankful for a cigarette or a newspaper—all they gave was their legs and their lungs." Sobs trembled in her heart, but she made her eyes smile. They would throw her out if they knew what she was thinking, so she had to pretend that she was looking for some one she knew. But there was no empty vase for her drooping flowers. By every bed

there was some one kind and cheerful bending over the thin white face on the pillow.

THEN at the very end of the long room she found Jimmy. Some one had tucked him into his bed and left him with his face turned away from the busy ward to the shining window. The cheerful visitors had not discovered him, and he was alone. She saw the outlines of a long body under the blanket—a body like all the others, inert and curveless as a fallen stalk, and she could see that the right sleeve was empty and pinned high up on the shoulder. In her timid pilgrimage she had passed so many with hurts far greater than this, but in this motionless body there was something of her own isolation and loneliness. There was hopelessness without despair; there was no bitterness or longing or questioning; it was like beholding the magic vision of a soul trembling on the verge of the earth body, about to take flight yet held in waiting for some signal that had not come.

The fading peach-blooms dropped along the floor. . . . Here at last was a place for them. She tried to speak, in the jargon she knew, a gay, harsh challenge: "Here, kid, maybe this'll make you remember the old orchard at home—" But the words wouldn't come. She leaned over him and laid the branches beneath the empty sleeve.

His face turned slowly to hers. It was a terribly young face, and barren as a winter field, terrible in a contrast between the hollowed seared cheeks and the wide, clear eyes whose knowledge had stopped suddenly while they were still a boy's eyes. They looked into Cora's eyes as if the spirit behind them had come back a long, long way. There was in them the question of youth to youth, and after a moment hers fell because she could not bear to look where she looked.

And then the ordeal of that scrutiny being over, the tragedy was erased with a smile, wide and friendly, that brought them both back from some secret lonely wandering.

"Gee," said the boy, "this makes me think of home. My granddad had an orchard with peach trees in it."

Jimmy came from a little Ozark town where there was not even a railroad and news filtered in like stray drops of rain. Jimmy had worked in a grocery store and had driven a wagon with a white horse. When the war began to be talked about, it was like something happening on the other side of the world.

"There's lonesome places like that in Missouri," he explained to Cora. "Folks are born, grow up and die without going outside. But the war changed all that."

"I come from Chicago," she told him. "It's lonesome too, sometimes, in a big city. You get lost from the people you know."

He told how the war came creeping into his hidden country, casually at first but growing closer, becoming familiar like an exploring hand. There was band practice every night and Jimmy played a wailing cornet. The women of the town all hated it and put their aprons over their heads when he played, but the girls and boys loved the practice nights and stood about in the courthouse yard, whispering together. It was a good band, he said. The boys who played in it had hopes of making it a regimental band if America got into the war.

They were just a bunch of kids who had grown up together. Their fathers kept stores or farmed, or the like, and their mothers all knew one another, and belonged to churches. Everybody in town could trace back to an ancestor who had fought in a war—but maybe that was because they lived in one place all their lives and remembered better than people who moved around. There was drilling, too, but they looked on that as sort of fun. Nobody really believed there would be a war. Their town was in the middle of the United States; before they were needed there would be enough men.

CORA listened without saying much, but his talk made her think of the Spences, and how they used to sit together over the meal her mother earned and cooked, and talk in sneering whispers of the men who enlisted as "cannon fodder." She looked wonderingly at Jimmy. There was no bitterness in his wide eyes. He talked on eagerly of that long time past as if he loved to live over every day.

The war came to his little Ozark town with a sweep and rush of wings as though in its flight it had nearly missed that simple spot. It seized upon Jimmy and his mates and bore them along—rude, young, uncouth figures, gasping newborns in the blinding light of life. Jimmy was one of the first to be swept across the sea by those dark wings, and before he had learned to whistle "Over There," the fun was over for him. He called it fun, smiling at Cora with his young eyes. (Continued on page 130)

Written and Illustrated
by Will James

The fascination of the cowboy is in his thousand intangible differences in thought and manner—unimaginable to the onlooker. The story of a cowboy calls for a cowboy writer; and that Will James is, and artist as well.

Want of Company



IT all had been gradually shaping itself for months, but it didn't really come to a head, and "Dude" Douglas didn't feel no hint of it, much, till one night when as usual he was riding guard around the bedded herd. There's many things comes to a cowboy's mind at such times; the quiet of the night, the dark shadow of the big herd, and the steady swing of the pony's gait are all, it seems like, in cahoots to bring out what might be buried the deepest in a man's think-tank. And it was as that cowboy was riding along and sort of keeping his eye on the edge of the herd that particular night that the dark shadows of cattle and horns begin to sort of evaporate, and as what came to his mind took shape, there came visions like of a timbered hillside, then a creek with quakers and cottonwoods along it, and by them cottonwoods a rambling log house and corrals—his own log house and his own corrals.

Yep, Dude wanted a home; and when the first thoughts of that came to a head and hit him full force, he didn't, for some reason, want to think of what really caused the hankering for all that meant, to jump up so sudden and so clear. He rode on around the herd, and at first laid it to the fact that it'd be awful nice to have a place to call his own, a good little bunch of cat-

tle and horses bearing his own iron, and all the comforts such belongings would bring. He was tired of drifting.

But there was more to it than that; and to tell the truth, Dude was trying to dodge what really was at the bottom of the sudden hankering. If he'd back-tracked a little, he'd found that the hankering had took root about the time he'd went to visit an old friend of his who'd settled down and built a home amongst the tall cottonwoods of Cow Creek. Dude had rode in from a long ways to see him, and when after his tired horse had been turned loose to a manger full of blue-joint, and with his friend he walked into the house—that was when Dude had sort of felt something turn over at the back of his head.

He'd been met by his friend's smiling wife and little yellow-faced youngster, and with the sight of them, the sound of their voices, and all, with the atmosphere that was around 'em in the neat-kept home, Dude had felt awful lonesome all at once. The peace and happiness he seen there had struck him as so great and fine that he'd figgered it all to be only for a few of the luckiest—and then, without Dude knowing it, was when the craving for such really took root and begin to sprout.

And many months later when that sprout came to bloom and

caused that cowboy to vision a home in the shadow of the bedded herd, it found him sort of riding light. He could get the place easy enough, but it wouldn't be what a feller would call a home unless it contained all of the same that his friend had, and there was the stump. Dude didn't know no ladies; the few he'd met was mighty scattering, and he'd been so took up with bronc's and ropes and critters that he'd plumb forgot about 'em. That's how come, when Dude was struck with the homing instinct, that he sort of dodged the lady in the case. Ladies are mighty scarce on cow outfits, and worse than that, they're totally absent. And in Dude's rambles, the few he'd met had only been at some shindig held at mighty scattering places during the winters, and his meetings with them went with very few words; it was mostly "how-d'y-e-do" and "good-by."

It wasn't that Dude didn't like the ladies nor that the ladies didn't like him, for the liking tallied away up and pretty well from both sides; it was just that that cowboy never stayed in one country long enough to ever get acquainted with the fair sex, and even though the most of them he'd met had wished to see him a second time, spring would most always break up before then, and Dude'd most likely be on some new range five hundred miles or more away.

Dude's life, from the time he was a bit of a kid on his dad's range, had been all for a horse and a rope; nothing else had mattered excepting being a bronc-rider "from away back," and roper to match. He'd took to that as natural as a duck takes to water, and inherited the twist of the wrist that made him an artist at a game that needs a lot of talent and something else; he had the nerve to go with it; and the size of him, which went well up above the average, was no hindrance. He made a mighty fine figure on a horse, and as the ladies would say "on the ground too," and the build of him made it seem like whatever he wore had just come out of the tailor shop.

"You could hang gunny sacks and canvas on that feller," it was remarked more than once, "and it'd look like creased serge."

It was from that that his nickname "Dude" had come.

From the Red Deer River up in Canada all the way down to the Rio Grande on the Mexican border was Dude's territory; he'd been through all of it on horseback, and the thrill he'd get out of just seeing what it looked like on the other side of the hill had kept him on the move till his trail wound around and crisscrossed all through the big territory. If his horse got leg-weary or he come to some cow- or horse-outfit to his liking, he went to work for a few months or till his horse was rested. That way he'd rode for most of the biggest outfits of the cow country; and as a drifting cowboy, never no time did he get the easy end of the string; but Dude liked the rough end—no horse was too "goosy" for him, and no steer ever hit the end of the rope so hard that he didn't wish he'd hit it harder. If a rope popped or both horse and critter went down in a mix-up, it was all the more fun and agreeing to that cowboy's heartbeats.

Dude was well along in his twenties before a change gradually came over him; that change came in him losing some of his wild recklessness in his riding and roping. There came a time when that cowboy worked for one outfit for as long as six months straight (three months more than was usual for him), and then for the first time he begin to notice cows—that the critters was raised for beef and not only to rope; and the ponies he was riding—they was supposed to be used to handle the critters and not to be bucked out all the time.

Yep, Dude was getting serious. He'd turned his head from bucking ponies to guessing how much a steer weighed, and the rope on his saddle wasn't kept as well stretched as it used to. That cowboy's recklessness was making a last stand when he happened to drop in at his friend's place on Cow Creek, and along about then was when the last of it died proper. That friend had been a close second to Dude as a wild hand—the two had been mighty good pardners on that account, and neither one had any more to brag about than a good saddle apiece and a job. Now Dude's friend had a nice little spread and all that went to make a real home, while Dude still had only his saddle and his job.

If both horse and critter went down in the mix-up, it was all the more fun.





Dude began to get busy dragging logs. That work was done with the help of his saddle-horse.

Six good summer months had went by since Dude had visited his old friend on Cow Creek. In that time Dude had been with one outfit steady, and with his recklessness gone, his ability as a cow-man came to the top and was recognized so that when fall come he was "straw boss," with a hint from the superintendent that he would have something better for him soon. His wages had more than doubled, and Dude stayed on.

But about that time there'd come a hankering to Dude which put the promised position as cow foreman on dimmer trails, but he was glad of the bigger-paying job, because with it he'd be able to realize his hankering sooner, and he'd sure be needing the money to carry that through. In the meantime he was careful to save what he made—like for instance he wanted a new saddle, as the one he had had lasted him a couple of years and it was time for a new one, but he made the old one do him some more. His pay checks of that winter and the summer before hadn't been dug in much, and the numbers in his bank-book was beginning to loom up.

TWO summers went by, and Dude was still with the same outfit, drawing cow-foreman wages; then one fall Dude told the superintendent if his job was still open after the winter was over that he'd be back to take it. The superintendent said it would, and Dude, changing his saddle from the back of the company horse to the back of his own horse, rode out through the big gate of the home ranch and headed across the wide open country.

It was a month later when a check was cashed in at the bank which made the cashier look up that cowboy's account. There was very little left of that account after the check was cashed—maybe enough to buy a new pair of boots, but that was all.

But Dude wasn't worried about that; if anything he was happier than he'd ever known hisself to be for a long time. He'd just paid down on a place, not such a very big place, but a mighty good foothold for what more he'd add on later. It was the starting and foundation for all he'd hankered for, and set in a location that tallied up well with what his mind had pictured.

The place sloped from high timbered hills where fine logs could be skidded down easy; clear streams run down off them

same hills to gather at the foot into a good-size creek; there was aspens and cottonwoods along the streams, and the land on both sides of that creek was rolling and covered with grass. Dude's foothold took in about two thousand acres of that land, but there was more adjoining which he would buy later; then as the place was "stocked up" there was State and private owned land which he could lease. All put together, there'd been no other place that could please Dude's drifting cowboy heart as well.

There was a comfortable log house already on the land, and it helped him considerable in his start, but after sizing it up careful, he soon begin looking around for another and better location for a house of his own building; this one wouldn't do, he thought, not for a home.

Then, to help things along, an old trapper came and stayed with Dude that winter. From that old-timer he got a lot of help and pointers in cutting timber and setting it up for house logs—without that help Dude would of most likely found hisself up against it, because there was lots of things he didn't know about cutting timber and building houses, and his ambition to have and to hold might of dwindled down some.

As it was, everything went smooth as could be expected, and there was only one thing which made him dodge a little once in a while; that was the remarks the old trapper would pass.

"I don't see what a lone wolf like you wants with such a big house as this one you're building," he would say, or, "You're sure finicky about the way these logs fit together—a feller would sure think you've got a bird for this cage, a long-haired pardner, eh, what?"

Dude would take it out on the logs when that kind of talk came up, and the chips would sure fly.

Through the winter and whenever the weather behaved, Dude kept a-peeling and fitting logs. Christmas came along without his knowing it, and that day he was busy peeling more logs while the trapper went to follow his trap-line.

IT was along about the time the ground-hog comes out to look at his shadow that Dude backed away from his winter's work and called it well done. Outside of a little hardware and

carpenter's fittings on doors and windows, the house was all finished, and it looked mighty fine.

"Yep," says the old trapper, "but it seems to me like you ought to've at least located the bird first."

Dude left, and began to get busy at dragging the logs he hadn't used towards where the new stable would be. That work was done with the help of his saddle-horse, and that good big horse, even though he hadn't liked the job at first, had got settled down to it the same as the cowboy that was riding him had settled down to home building, something sure different to cowpunching.

The March winds was blowing across the benches when the stable was up, and the ground was thawing so that the corrals could soon be built. Dude picked out the place for that and left the job to the trapper, for he had to get back to the outfit. He rode away and felt mighty pleased as he topped a ridge and looked back.

"I don't know what it's all going to amount to, but it's sure a fine start, anyway."

The old trapper was a great help to Dude that summer, and the finishing touches was put on in fine shape; and when Dude rode in that fall to say "Howdy!" to the old-timer, he got the surprise of his life at seeing his country full of beef cattle.

"Well," explained the trapper, who also savvied the cow, "I thought you just as well get something for this good grass, and I don't think you'll snicker at the price I got to let 'em graze here. And if you don't object," he went on, "I'd like to stay on here again this winter and do some more trapping."

"Sure, stay on all you want and see if that makes me sore," Dude grinned at him, "but being you're here, there's sure no use of me sticking around while I can draw good wages."

SO, as it was, Dude went back to the outfit that winter; but when spring broke up, he told the superintendent that he was quitting, and quitting for good this time.

"I've got my own place now," he says, "and I'm going to start stocking it up this summer."

"Well, I sure hate to lose you," says the superintendent, "but I sure wish you luck; and don't forget, you can always draw top wages here whenever you want."

Dude was turning to leave when the superintendent called him back. "Wait a minute," he says. "I want to give you a letter to a friend of mine at Miles who I know will help you stock your place up to any amount. You wont need the letter so much because I've already talked my head off to him about you, but it'll introduce you anyway, and that's all you'll need."

It was late in the night when Dude reached town, but early the next morning he was up and having a hard time to hold himself down till the land-office opened, and when it finally did, he applied for leases galore.

He no more than got out of the land-office when he headed for the whereabouts of the man he was packing a letter of introduction to. There, he was met at the door by a young lady that made Dude wonder to himself if he'd forgot to take his spurs off, and a glance at her smile made him wish he'd took time to invest in a town outfit and all. But Dude didn't pack that nickname of his for nothing—he passed over the ruffle a heap better than he could of ever known. Anyway he was sort of glad, but not too glad, when a grizzle-haired, straight-upstanding old man she called her father came up to meet him.

Dave handed him the letter, and the old man's face more than lit up as he bellered out Dude's name and put out a hand for that cowboy to shake, and Dude noticed from the corner of his eye as he was escorted away that somehow the young lady didn't seem far behind her father in the welcome he was receiving.

It was an hour later when Dude stepped out of the house and started back for the main part of town. His trail was mighty clear. He could get all the money he wanted at a reasonable interest, and that way he could begin stocking up right away.

He went to a hotel, took a room for a week and began to disguise himself to look like any town man.

Rigged up that way he went to hunt up different folks who he was told owned land adjoining his place. It wasn't for lease but it could be bought, and that's what Dude wanted to do. The evenings was about the only time when he couldn't do much, and it was while Dude was trying to kill time that he found himself amongst a crowd of giggling couples; he seen 'em turn up a stairway where bright lights was shining, and music came to his ears. Yep, it was a dance-hall and, well, Dude didn't mind.

Dude took the first partner he was introduced to, and they went around the hall twice before he dared look at her. It'd

been a long time since he'd been on a dancing floor, but he got along all right and he took on new partners as fast as he was introduced to them.

Then as the evening wore on he found himself dancing with one girl the second time. Before the evening was over he'd danced with her two more times.

Dude was there the next night. He danced with the same girl of the night before again and often; she introduced him to many other girls, and Dude was getting popular, so popular before the evening was over that he was being missed the minute he sneaked away for a few puffs at a brown cigarette, and sometimes scolded.

A party was on the next night, and the day after that being Sunday, a bunch was going to go on a trip to the mountains.

The cowboy had a lot of fun that day, fun along with experience, and he learned more about ladies during that trip than he'd ever learned in his life. He even got so he thought he really known a lot about 'em, and with that he got to watching his step; if he fed a potato chip to one, while setting in the touring car on the way back, he fed another potato chip to some other, and so on.

It got so that when he'd come back to his hotel of evenings there'd been several phone calls and there'd also be several messages.

But even with all that attention and entertainment Dude was beginning to get restless. Two weeks had went by and he hadn't as yet received no word from the main land-office about his application on the leases, though he'd dickered for and bought more private-owned land.

Finally, a few days later, the hotel clerk handed him a long yellow envelope. Dude looked at the letterhead and grinned, and he grinned some more when on reading what it held he found that he could get near two-thirds of the land he'd applied for.

He dug in his vest pocket and pulled out a well worn book—it was his tally book, and mixed in among the brands and earmarks of cattle and horses was the names of many ladies; he'd made dates with most of them, and for some time to come, and now somehow or other he'd have to let 'em know he couldn't be there.

He went in the phone booth and there he proceeded to call them up one after another, and tell them that he was going out of town and that he couldn't be at this party or that shindig. He'd called up two, and it was taking a lot of time along with having to be firm and explain a whole lot, and even at that it wasn't working so good. So, after Dude hung up on the second one, he thought of a better way—he came out of the phone booth and went to the writing-desk. Writing was hard and sort of painful, but he could tell what he had to say without being interrupted that way, and when he was through he was through. The first letter was the hardest, but after that it went easier because he only copied that first one till the last name was accounted for.

THAT summer was a mighty busy one for Dude. He was covering the country buying cattle. Old Bill would take to riding whenever Dude would leave the ranch and that old-timer never let nothing get away nor anything stray in. When summer come, it was old Bill who got a hay crew together and tended to the gathering of the feed in case of a hard winter, and when Dude would ride in with a new-bought bunch of cattle, he always rode in with a smile at the way that old boy had handled things while he was gone.

When fall came and begin to color up the land, Dude had around six hundred head of cattle bearing his iron, also a nice string of saddle-horses.

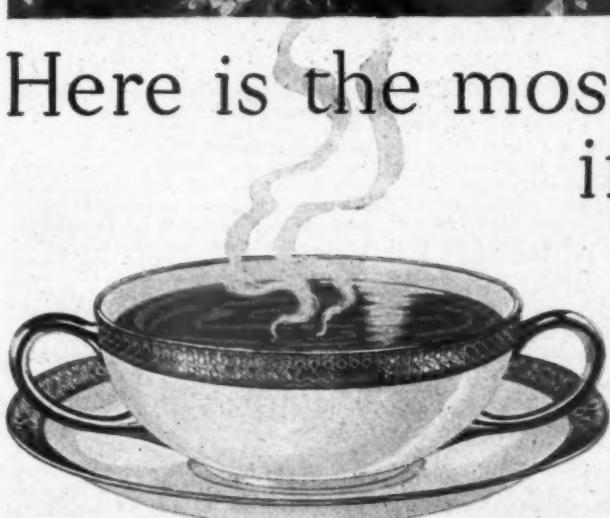
For the want of company Dude took over and fixed himself up a room in the same house with the old trapper that winter.

The weather was averaging, and the stock, with all the feed and shelter there was around, got on fine.

Bill and Dude got awful well acquainted that winter, and before spring come there sort of formed a partnership between the two that couldn't of been fazed with dynamite. That old-timer got to know Dude better than Dude knew himself. Like a couple of times through the winter he'd caught the cowboy looking at his little tally-book, and he seen that it was names in there, and not brands and earmarks, that was the cause of him turning the pages. He also seen him put that book away while only a blank look showed on his face, like as if after all there was only brands and earmarks in there, and not the right kind.



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WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

All that was plain reading to Bill and as the long wintry month of January came to an end, he began to notice that the settled and contented feeling that'd been Dude's the first of the winter was getting sort of undermined by a restlessness that gradually grew as the winter wore on.

"Maybe," Dude said to the wind one day as he rode along, "the interest is more in the getting, and not so much in the having."

He'd been in the same country for three years or so now, and that sure wasn't according to the way he used to be. But with the coming of spring the flame to roam went down to a smudge, and Dude was glad. He was glad that the sight of the new little white faced calves playing through the herd, his herd, kept him setting still on his horse and watching 'em. It would be hard to leave all this. There'd been over two hundred of the little fellers, and that put his herd up to around eight hundred.

July came along; and Old Bill, who'd been making steady trips to the hills and working at a "diggin'," collecting more ore-samples, told Dude that he'd ride line on his cattle if he wanted to go to town and take in the rodeo and doings that would be pulled off the fourth of that month.

Dude went in and attended the rodeo some. He also took his little tally-book along, but most of the names had been erased off to make room for the brands and carmarks of his herd and new calves. Any-way there was a few left, and Dude rang 'em up, just for fun. He found that most of 'em wasn't single ladies no more, but the few that was still single sort of made up for the others, and then he met a few more that he'd never seen before.

THE winter that came was a hard one; it was colder and there was more snow than there'd been for many a year, and Bill was glad. There'd be plenty of work for Dude to do, and the fight Dude would have to put up to pull his cattle through would tally up well with his spirits.

He worked even more than necessary, and all would went well, maybe, only when February come, there came a strip of weather with it that brought Dude's fighting to an end, and his restlessness came to the top once more.

"What the samhill is the matter with you, anyway?" Bill asked one evening as he found Dude in one of his star-gazing spells.

Dude straightened up in his chair and grinned at the old-timer.

"Daggone if I know, Bill," he finally says. "I guess it's the rambling fever that's getting a hold on me again. Always had it and can't keep it down, and then again I feel sort of tied down with this place here on my hands—I sure never thought it'd be this way."

"No, you're all wrong," Bill comes back at him. "It aint the roaming fever and you're not tied down; it's just that this place aint complete yet—that's it, not complete."

The old-timer watched Dude for a while sort of expecting a question as to what he'd meant, but it didn't look like there'd be any coming, and he walked away leaving him plenty of chance to figger it all out by himself.

When Dude got the place and built the new house, he hadn't even wanted to feel that he was preparing for anything in particular, and now it begin to look like he sure enough hadn't. The house had been up for two years and there wasn't even a piece of furniture in it, and the little of the roof he could see from the window of where he was staying had sort of seemed like it was laughing at him. It hadn't worked out just right and Dude had got restless; he'd wanted to roam the same as before and with just a horse and saddle as his own.

"You know, Bill," Dude says, "come to think about it, there's a lot of country I aint seen yet, and there's one particular scope of it down along the border that I've always wanted to see. I've heard tell there's lots of wild cattle and horses down there—"

"And if you wasn't tied to this place," Bill went on for him, "you could be there, aint that it?"

"Yep, you've got it right," Dude grinned.

"Well, why don't you sell this place then and go to it?"

"The trouble is, I'm not so hankering to sell this place. I wish I could somehow keep it and ramble too."

"You can't do that," says Bill. "But I'll tell you what I'll do: if you're so raring to go, I'll buy it from you if you want to sell it, and pay you what money you put in it. I'm not going to be cheated out of my home by your crazy rambling notions."

Dude looked at Bill kind of surprised, then laid a hand on his shoulder and grinned. "All right, Old-timer," he says. "I'll think it over."

D UDE thought it over for two days, and in that time he found it was one thing to think about doing a thing and altogether another when it come to really doing it. He cussed his rambling spirits for a spell but that didn't do no good, and at the end of the second day Dude told Bill he was ready to turn the place over to him.

"All right," Bill spluttered. "Fine and dandy. But I'm telling you right now that once the place is mine, it'll be mine, and never yours any more. You're too daggone unreliable."

That was agreed on, and the next day, saddle-pockets filled to the brim with deeds and mortgages and all kinds of papers, Dude was on his top horse and headed for town. Bill was riding alongside of him and neither was saying a word.

It wasn't till the two had rode to within a few miles of town that the old-timer said anything which sounded much like words. The cause of his speaking then was the sight of a lone horse.

"Looks like he's crippled the way he's standing," says Bill. "And what's that object alongside of him, I wonder."

The object alongside the horse was a girl who was stooped down and seemed like rubbing the horse's ankle. She didn't see or hear the riders till the sound of jingling spurs came to her ears, and as she stood up and faced 'em Bill recognized his old friend Ned Humphry's pretty daughter.

Dude recognized her too. Yep, he remembered her well, and when she looked first at Bill, then at him, he seen that she sure hadn't forgot and didn't hesitate none when she spoke his name.

Her horse had stepped on a nail on the road somewhere and went lame, too lame for anybody to even want to ride him back. Dude got down off his horse and felt of her horse's hot ankle, but as he listened to the sound of her voice while she explained things he somehow didn't hear a word she said, and for a spell he forgot all he knew about horses and what to do when they stepped on a nail. He watched every move of her mouth as she spoke, and when she turned and faced him and asked him what could be done the peek he got into the clear depth of her eyes didn't help him any, not as far as producing a sensible answer was concerned.

"I'll ride on in town," says Bill, coming to Dude's rescue, "and tell your father to send his car out for you. I'll send out some turpentine, too, so that when the nail is pulled out, Dude can doctor the horse up; then he can lead him on in for you."

With many thanks from the young lady, Old Bill rode away. There was a smile on his face as he put his horse into a lope and he might have been heard to mutter:

"I know Dude aint the kind of a man to look at many-a girl the way I seen him look at that one just now."

And Dude wasn't; according to the way he felt he'd never even seen a girl before, but he was sure making up for lost time, and as Bill rode away and the girl talked, Dude never broke in on the sound no time. His only trouble had been to keep the talk going so he could listen and watch her, and to do that he had to chip in with his own voice, which to him sounded like a rasp against a buzzsaw.

With the coming of the car, which came considerable too soon, life stared Dude in the face again, and it leit him star-gazing and seeing nothing much. He was thinking, thinking hard.

"It's a hell of a note," he says finally. He spoke as if he'd been alone.

"It is really too bad," says the girl.

Dude looked at the girl surprised; then he seen she was looking at the horse's foot and where he'd also been star-gazing.

"Oh, yes," he says. "Excuse me—the horse, yes, it is too bad."

But Dude hadn't been thinking about the horse, not at all. The car came and Dude after doctoring the horse up in good shape, helped the girl to her seat, smiled and waved a hand as the car started away, then stood in his tracks, hat off, and watched the dust of it till it disappeared over the sky-line.

Somehow and sudden, the ailing that Dude had been wanting to call roaming fever, had died, and more than that, it was plumb forgotten. The country he was riding in, while headed for town had seemed to take on new colors and he sort of wondered how it was he'd never before noticed what a good country it really was. Then his mind went back to his place and his spirits sunk away down at the thought of it—it wasn't his no more. Though the deal wasn't put through yet he'd agreed to it, and to him that was just the same as if papers had been signed and the money received. He couldn't reneg.

Well, he'd just have to get another place, that's all; and Dude laughed. "And by golly," he says to his pony's cocked ears, "that one will be complete." That is, he was pretty sure it'd be complete, and when he seen the girl that night as he brought her horse to her, he felt surer and surer that it would.

When Dude reached the hotel where he was to meet Bill, he found that that old-timer hadn't registered there at all, but there was a note from him—it said that he had to take the first train out to visit some relative who'd suddenly took sick and that he'd be back in a couple of days. There was a P.S. at the bottom which said that he wanted to close the deal soon as he could and for Dude to be sure and be there when he got back.

"Daggone the luck!" Dude says as he went to his room.

AS far as the wait was concerned Dude didn't mind that none at all. He was made mighty welcome at the Humphry home and his time was well took up with the young lady there. Dude found no use for his tally-book for that stay in town; there was only one name and he didn't have to mark that one down to remember it, nor the phone number either.

There was only one thing aggravating him, and that was the loss of his place—he'd have a hard time finding another one like it. The two days went by when Bill was supposed to show up, and it wore on to a week with still no sign of that old-timer.

Dude was happy but restless; he wanted to get the deal over with so he could begin on another place, because by that time him and the young lady who he'd been keeping steady company with was already beginning to hint at some plans.



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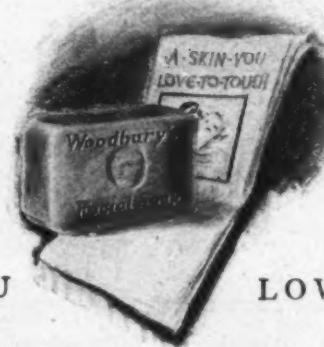
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Then one day a letter was slipped under the door. Dude, seeing it was from Bill, read the P. S. first. It was advice for Dude to forget his roaming fever and to try to settle down to staying on the place. Then Dude glanced through the other part of the letter and near had a fit at what he read: "On account of sickness in the family," it said (Dude didn't know Bill had any family), "I won't be able to buy your place, not for a while at least. In the meantime forget about selling the place."

Five minutes later Dude was up at the young lady's home and knocking at the door and it wasn't long after that when both him and her was seen coming out of that same door. Both wanted room and air; there was something mighty important for them to talk about, and as the two walked away arm in arm there was two grizzled heads watched them out of sight. One was none

other than old Bill's grinning features. He'd bid out as Humphry's guest and from there had took in Dude's progress. The other was Ned Humphry.

IT was three months later when old Bill, natural like as you please, overtook a wagon loaded down with picked furniture and hollered up at the whistling driver who was setting on the seat manipulating the lines of his four-horse team.

"Hello, Dude!" he hollered. "Where are you headed for with all the load?"

"Well, by golly, it's sure a surprise to see you," says Dude, reaching down and grabbing the old-timer's hand. Then he squinted at him a second and asked: "I didn't expect you'd be wanting the place any more—do you?"

"No, no," says old Bill, "I never did want your daggone place. All I wanted to do was

to save it for you, cause I figgered you'd want it awful bad sometime." The old-timer kept quiet for a spell and then went on: "But now, Dude, I wonder if you'd mind, if I holed up in the old house on your place as usual; you see I kind of like it out there, and besides I'd like to sort of putter around the diggin's I've got in those hills and set my trap-line there again next winter."

Old Bill never waited for an answer; a look at Dude's face was more than enough. He went on:

"What the samhill have you got in that wagon? It sure don't look like a drifting cowboy's belongings to me."

"And it sure aint," says Dude. "This is furniture; it's going in that new house." He laid a hand on his friend's shoulder. "That new house is going to be a home soon now, Bill—and complete."

THIS LOVE PROPOSITION

(Continued from page 49)

the two gentlemen—not that he was very old, at that, but he spoke with the voice of an authority which the other did not question.

He got up in the darkness of the beginning play and limped up the aisle to the exit.

SLIGHTLY disappointed, the two girls returned to Rosabel's apartment. Nothing had happened.

"Perhaps," suggested Helen, "I overdid my spoiled flapper a little."

"No," Rosabel assured her, "I've seen real ones who were quite as vulgar as you were."

"But you're sorry I disillusioned your girlhood hero," Helen interpreted. "Well, in this day and age, ideals are only excess baggage and are better dead, I suppose."

Rosabel had laid aside the long coat which covered her gray dress, and had even begun to unfasten the lace from her throat when the switchboard operator from the hall downstairs announced that: "Mr. Luther B. Schnellenberger is calling."

Helen was the one who answered the telephone, and she turned, puzzled, to Rosabel. "Schnellenberger? You can't know anyone by the name of Schnellenberger even in your maddest moments. You don't, do you?" she implored.

"No . . . Say I'm not at home."

Helen duly transmitted that inhospitable message. There was considerable talk from the other end of the wire.

"He says please to be at home because he is your Lithuanian uncle on your mother's side once removed who has come all the way from Lithuania to visit you, and besides he saw you come in a minute ago."

Rosabel considered. "I didn't know that

Mother had a Lithuanian uncle or that he had been removed. But if it's a relative, I suppose I'll have to see him. Promise to stand by, no matter what happens, and I'll give you that little black French hat of mine you've wanted so much."

The door-buzzer made itself articulate.

"You answer it," Rosabel suggested.

Helen opened the door.

"My darling niece!" exclaimed the old gentleman who stood in the hall leaning on his cane. Crossing the threshold, he embraced Helen fervently and kissed her on both cheeks—"according to the quaint Lithuanian custom," he explained.

"But I'm not Ros—" Helen began.

Rosabel interrupted: "Introduce me to your uncle, Rosabel."

Helen looked at her hostess in blank amazement for a moment, and then she stumbled through the social formula. "Aunt Minerva, may I present my uncle, Mr. Schnellenberger."

The old gentleman, leaning a little on his stout cane, stepped even farther toward the center of the room as he acknowledged the introduction, and the space he had vacated near the door was shyly taken by a younger man who sidled in from somewhere out in the dusk of the hall.

"This is my son, Bindloss," the first visitor offered, "Bindloss Schnellenberger. Unfortunately he does not speak any English."

A startled look crossed the face of the son, a look much as if some one had inserted the point of a pin into his upper thigh. He started to open his mouth.

"Or any other language," the elder Schnellenberger added with considerable force.

The partially opened mouth closed with what might have been interpreted as resentment.

"He is dumb?" Helen asked incredulously.

"Frightfully. But," added the old gentleman with placating alacrity, "he dances."

"Which," he continued, "brings us to the real object of our call. We have come to ask you to have tea with us."

Helen looked doubtfully at her pseudoun.

"I think it will be quite all right," that eminently proper lady conceded. "Although we do not really know your uncle, he is so obviously exactly what he represents himself to be that I think we may safely accept his invitation. And I," she concluded with almost girlish enthusiasm, "am simply dying for my dish of tea."

IT was a comparatively simple matter to marshal the quartet downstairs to the street. There, in front of the apartment building, was an open-face vehicle of the style once known as a double victoria. It

was cut very décolleté except for a forward poop-deck or a sort of lookout upon which two men in livery perched. And in front of it were two horses, connected to one of the men by narrow strips of leather, running from their mouths to his hands. It became apparent later that this arrangement was a crude steering device of a sort almost universally abandoned since the invention of the "worm and sector" gear.

"Isn't it quaint, Aunt Minerva?" demanded the younger lady.

"It is," conceded the other, attempting to get in without exposing her ankles. "But," she added as she settled back in the seat and tucked her skirts carefully around her, "I think I detect a slight aroma of pumpkin still clinging to it."

When the younger lady sat down opposite her, she did not have so much luck concealing her ankles. It is doubtful if she even tried.

At any rate Aunt Minerva reproved her with that favorite phrase: "When I was a girl, a young lady never exposed her knees."

The offender sighed. "Pantalettes must have been a nuisance. But what a grand game strip poker must have been in those days."

Fortunately an old-fashioned though still highly reputed café was only half a dozen blocks away. So they got there without much delay or without, in fact, having to ask for police protection. The curious crowd which followed their progress was respectfully fearful of the heels of the horses.

THERE was a table rather remote from the center dancing space, from which the music trickled in unobtrusively, and near a window so that the dusk-light mingled shyly with the candle glow. Altogether a charming, leisurely sort of a location.

"What a gloomy old hole!" commented the temporary Rosabel. "And why do you suppose that orchestra isn't playing at somebody's funeral?"

"Hush!" cautioned Aunt Minerva. "This is a very lovely and famous rendezvous. When I was a girl we always came here on our way to Sunday evening vespers to get a raspberry shrub."

"It must have been a cozy place to gather for a quiet chat after Abraham Lincoln was assassinated."

Aunt Minerva answered that in all seriousness. "I don't remember about that. I was only a little girl at the time. You see the tragedy occurred at eight-twenty, and I was not allowed to stay up after eight o'clock."

"I'm sure," interposed Rosabel's aged uncle, "that if your father had known that it was going to happen, he would have been

"LAW AND DISORDER"

By
OWEN JOHNSON

A story of a little coast town of today—on the fringe of the fleet "twelve miles out." You'll read it and want to pass it on to your friends. It is scheduled for an early number.

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glad to have given his permission for you to stay up twenty minutes longer."

"Probably," Aunt Minerva conceded. "My father was a kindly man, but just."

"Kindly," the old gentleman acknowledged, and then with bristling ferocity, "but not just. No one could say that who was with him as I was in the assault on San Antonio during the invasion of Mexico. I remember—"

"Pardon me, Uncle," the flapper member of the party interrupted, "but before you get buried under too many years' reminiscences, do you mind if I take Bindle out on the floor and see does he know the difference between a schottische and the Black Bottom?"

"I don't believe," doubted the father, "that Bindloss is very proficient in the schottische. He seems rather to favor low kinds of dancing, copied, apparently, from the movements of animals."

"Him and me both." She got up and took the not very reluctant young man by the hand and led him in the direction of the music.

"I'm afraid," apologized the old gentleman left alone now with the lovely lady, "that I do not know the new steps; and besides that, as you may have noticed, I limp."

The lady shook her head gravely. "No, I had not noticed; but if you do, I suspect it is in order that others may walk straighter. However, I do not care to dance for the moment. Now that the young people are not listening, I wish to ask you a question: Was it you who sent the theater-seats to Rosabel?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Why not?"

"I meant, why send them anonymously like that instead of bringing them yourself? Why did you want to watch her before making yourself known to her?"

The old gentleman was not noticeably uneasy under the cross-questioning. "You pin me down rather closely," he replied, "but I think I can explain. I wanted to find out if Rosabel was the kind of a girl I imagined she was, if she was gentle, tolerant and kind as well as clever. My reason for wanting to know that is not because of naming or not naming her in my will—all that I have is hers anyway—but for the perhaps silly reason that I am somewhat proud and sensitive, and not all people like me. I have several physical handicaps that my friends have to make allowance for. If, after looking at her, I had thought that she was not the sort of person who would overlook such things, would not be able to pretend, even, that they were not there, I should have gone on my way without making myself known to her. Is that explanation satisfactory?"

Aunt Minerva mused over her teacup. "Quite," she concluded. "And you decided that Rosabel was much as you had imagined her?"

"Not in externals. But I flatter myself that I have seen at least beneath the outside layer."

EXPERT TESTIMONY

One of the finest and most dramatic short stories of the day, will appear in an early number. The author is—

FANNY HEASLIP LEA

THE two young people returned from their dance, chatting.

"Marvelous news," the girl announced. "Bindloss has recovered the power of speech. Not that it is any particular advantage, except perhaps to old Bindle himself. Before he spoke, I thought that maybe he might be clever." She settled herself and lit a cigarette.

"In my day," Aunt Minerva reproved, "young ladies did not smoke in public."

"I know," her niece conceded. "It really must have been lots more fun then, when it was a sin something like breaking the steenth commandment."

"Why, Rosabel?"

"Doesn't it say in the Bible thou shalt not commit—smoking in public?" She subsided for the moment. "I hope, old dears, that our return has not interrupted the steady flow of reminiscences. I rather had an idea that when we came back, Uncle Schlossheimer would be telling you what he said to George Washington, and what George Washington said to him that cold night when he rode his bicycle down to Valley Forge to see if George needed any assistance in being the red-pepper papa of his country."

WHEN the music started again, Bindloss with hesitant courtesy invited Aunt Minerva to dance. The latter smiled enigmatically and accepted without demur. This left Uncle Schnellenberger and his presumable niece regarding each other like a couple of strange catfish which have strolled into the same aquarium through an egregious blunder on the part of the doorman.

"Do men as old as you are," she finally asked with a candor that almost robbed the question of impudence, "ever fall in love?"

The old gentleman's eyes smiled. "Sometimes they stay in love," he admitted.

"With some one they have known years before?"

"Or with some one they have thought about a good deal even without actually knowing her."

"I must tell Aunt Minerva that. She is a sort of a horse and buggy on this love proposition herself. Lots of men have been quite demented about her from time to time, but she never bats an eye. I suspect that she rather fell for a man when she was a little girl during the war—the Civil or Revolutionary, I forget which—and he was killed or something. Anyway, he has never been heard from since. But she keeps his letters, the only ones she has ever saved. I hope I don't bore you."

"Quite the contrary—although I don't know that we have the right to discuss your Aunt Minerva's love-affairs."

"Oh, that's all right. Everybody does. It's almost as popular a subject in our set as prohibition and why."

Bindloss and Aunt Minerva were returning from the dance floor.

"But why," demanded the young man, "should you not want me to tell that you can dance a little better than Ann Pennington and Marilyn Miller combined?"

"Because," replied Aunt Minerva, woman-fashion. "Besides, I don't."

"And furthermore," she added after a moment's reflection, "I begin to suspect that today is the last of my dancing days."

ON the way home they achieved the only real horse-and-buggy runaway that has been staged on Broadway for at least twenty years.

There was a fire-alarm somewhere that took the apparatus from three station houses in a hell-bent parade down the principal thoroughfare of the world. Something, the sound of the sirens, the faint quickening of excitement that ran like a wave through the strolling sidewalk crowd, perhaps the jam of restless taxies herded into the

side-streets to give the engines a clear highway, flecked a whiplash of revolt to the smoldering memories of the horses. Perhaps, even, they were old fire-department horses doing their traditional stunt.

At any rate they reared, kicked and started off toward the electric lights.

The driver, none too skillful, sawed on the reins, bearing down all his weight from a half-standing position. One of the reins broke.

Released from all control, the team bolted and ran with a clatter of spark-throwing hoofs.

The unfamiliar sound of clanging horse-shoes on the pavement startled the pedestrians into an alarmed scurry for safety. That, and that only, prevented their being mowed down like standing grain before a scythed chariot. Even at the Broadway intersection they heard it in time and scattered toward the already densely packed sidewalks, leaving a lane wide enough for the runaways to pass through.

But just at that point a police officer, busy with keeping back all cross-town traffic, projected himself into the situation with almost fatal results to all concerned. He blew a whistle sharply and held up his hand in front of the team. Probably he had never before encountered anything any wilder than a harassed taxi-driver, or he wouldn't have done it.

This confused the horses for a moment and they slackened speed, uncertain which way to dodge. Then a hook and ladder company went by screaming directly in front of them.

"Now's your chance. Jump!" The gray-haired man shouted the order.

"But—" the other man began.

"Jump!"

IT really was a good opportunity. It was an ominous slowing down, like the lull before a terrific blast of wind, but the few seconds of confusion really had reduced the pace almost to a walk.

"Go first!" the older man indicated more by gesture than by word. "And catch the women."

The young man dismounted in a manner reminiscent of a cannoneer vaulting from a caisson and then ran alongside the carriage-step.

The false Rosabel was nearest that side of the carriage. He hauled her off and stood her on her feet, then was back at the step in a second.

But Aunt Minerva made no preparations to alight. The carriage was moving faster every second.

"Jump!" the man opposite to her ordered brusquely.

She shook her head and pointed to his leg—the one that made him limp. "You can't jump. I'll stay."

It was too late for them to do anything else now. The driver and his assistant on the high front seat had tumbled to safety when the opportunity had presented itself, and the team, deflected to a course parallel with that of the hook and ladder, headed madly up Broadway. The lull was over and the storm was on.

The young man running alongside the carriage-step was hurled away from the lurching vehicle, and the horses took up a galloping pace which equaled that of the motor-driven apparatus.

The ancient, hard-tired carriage seemed likely to fly apart under the pressure of sudden speed. Certainly it rattled and bounced in a manner long forgotten by a humanity that has become accustomed to balloon tires and shock-absorbers.

The old gentleman in the front seat, riding backward, looked across at his vis-à-vis with a funny smile that was not really an expression of despair at all.

He shouted: "I hoped you wouldn't be

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{ WE LEAVE THE CHOICE TO YOU }

If you tried to do a week's wash with only water, think of all the hard work and rubbing you'd have to do to get the dirt out!



When you use soap in any form (chips, bar, flakes or powder) with the water you save some of the work because soap helps loosen dirt.

WATER + SOAP + HARD WORK



But when you use Fels-Naptha Soap which contains plenty of *naptha, you get extra help that does the hard work for you.

WATER + FELS-NAPTHA + LITTLE WORK



FELS-NAPTHA

Fels-Naptha is excellent soap combined with plenty of naptha. The naptha loosens the dirt—the soap washes it away. They work together to bring the *extra help* that makes Fels-Naptha give you white, bright, clean clothes with lots less work. Use Fels-Naptha for washing machine or hand work. Sold by all grocers.

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BEGIN the day with Williams. Keep your face FIT! 87 years of research, three generations of intensive specialized study have gone into every tube of Williams. It will give a shave that's easy, smooth and sweet.

More—a daily treatment of Williams lather leaves your face FIT. Williams Shaving Cream is ultra pure; absolutely without trace of coloring matter; its major ingredients triple distilled. It thoroughly cleanses the pores, tones up the delicate skin structure, helps toward a buoyant, youthful fitness.

The drug clerk doesn't know how it's made, but he knows what it does. "Oh yes . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

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Next time say "a tube of

Williams
Shaving Cream
please!"

Afterwards, a dash of *Aqua Velva*. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

such a damn' fool, but I might have known you would!" There was also an unfathomable admiration in his eyes.

Of course she could not hear what he said, but she smiled back, not so much the grave sweet smile of an old lady about to die as the reckless, confident grin of a woman who stands undaunted in the face of danger alongside a man she trusts. "Life on Broadway," she murmured inaudibly, "is traditionally short and fast. We should live about three blocks longer. So, carry on, old-timer!"

"Just for that," he returned, "I suppose I'll have to save our fool lives."

To the casual onlooker it would seem that he had made a rash promise. It did not look as if anyone in mortal guise could prevent the entire outfit from ending up in a mangling crash. There are so many hazards on Broadway.

But the gray-haired gentleman, upon whom the elderly lady smiled so trustingly, still had a trick or two up his sleeve.

Up his sleeve, too, was surprising strength. Probably he had developed that as an aid to his underpowered leg. He yanked himself up to the driver's seat and crouched there on all fours, much like a sprinter at the command: "On your marks!" For several seconds he held that position, judging distances and timing the beat of the horses' hoofs. Then he vaulted, in a manner that must have been learned in some man's army, from the seat to the back of the near horse. (Field-artillery drivers always ride the left-hand mount.) Practiced hands picked up the broken reins and bore a gently increasing pressure on the mouths of the frightened animals. Almost insensibly he pulled them to the right, and when the fire apparatus went straight on across Times Square and up Broadway, the carriage found itself slowing down in the quieter purloins of Seventh Avenue, which, at Forty-sixth Street, makes a V with the great highway.

It really seemed absurdly simple. The pair of tired, shaking, foam-flecked horses suddenly decided to call it a day—the most exciting one of their lives—and came down to a panting walk.

Before they had gone a block that way, a taxi overtook them, a taxi containing the younger man of the party and the girl. Recognizing them, the emergency driver drew up at the curb.

BINDLOSS alighted first. "I saw you do that trick, and old Captain Viard would have been proud of his pupil. But for Pete's sake, fix your Van Dyke. It's under your left ear."

"Thanks." The perspiring old gentleman made the suggested adjustment. "You take the two ladies back home in the taxi, and I'll walk this team over to the stable where they belong."

For a moment, when this plan was first unfolded to the ladies aforementioned, there came a hurt look into the eyes of the older.

What did she expect, the owner of the still slightly askew Van Dyke asked himself.

"Perhaps I can get some one who understands horses to take care of them," he suggested.

"No, don't think of it," she had countered. "But before I go, I wish to thank you for the brave deed which saved my life."

"It was nothing."

"Then I'm glad you were not terribly inconvenienced. Good-by."

"Well, damn all women!" the man with the Van Dyke told the horses. "She never even said to come over later." He gazed ruefully after the departing taxi.

"I don't care whether he likes me well enough to tell me who he is or not," the

elderly lady in the taxicab told herself. And then she began to cry silently into her lace handkerchief.

The other two passengers didn't notice. Which indicates about the status quo of all the relationships.

They dropped Aunt Minerva at her apartment, and the other two went on to some sort of an engagement that had grown up spontaneously between them.

Aunt Minerva entered her lonely apartment and let her mid-Victorian personality fall from her shoulders. Unhampered she could cry better.

THERE was a sound-proof booth in the drug-store around the corner from the apartment building where Rosabel lived. Some one called her from there that same evening at the expense of a nickel which might have been saved by using the house phone right in the building.

"This is your Lithuanian uncle, Rosabel."

"Perhaps. But I am not your Rosabel." "You will, of course, forgive me for contradicting."

"Meaning what?" "That, so far as I am concerned, you are the only Rosabel there is."

"What makes you think that?" "The same curious instinct that made me think it the first time I read your name by the light of a flare nine or ten years ago."

Rosabel held silence a moment, the frightened silence of a rabbit which hears a hunting dog in full cry somewhere over the hill.

Then she laughed lightly. Women do—to deceive men, and to drown out the thunder of their own heart-beats.

"My dear man, what a terrible thing it would be, even if I am your Rosabel, if you should turn out to be some one else's Alexander MacFarlan."

"You remember my name?" "Of course."

"Then perhaps I am your Alexander MacFarlan."

"How could I tell so soon?" "So soon? It has been nine years."

"I've never seen you as you really look." "Nor I you. That doesn't seem to matter. I'd really rather it was this way. If I knew for sure that you are as lovely as I know you are, I should never dare to tell you what I am going to say."

The silence which ensued stretched to the breaking-point. The woman simply had to put an end to it.

"What are you going to say?" she asked faintly.

"That I still love you." "Another silence."

"Isn't there any question to go with that statement?"

"No. I believe in spontaneity myself." "Well—then for Pete's sake come up here and let me look at you."

"Do you think you dare?" "Yes."

"Shall I take off the whiskers and the white eyebrows?" "Please."

"But the limp is real." "I know. That doesn't matter."

"Then I'll start up. But if I never arrive, it will be because I died of excitement on the way. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Rosabel had a moment of panic. She thought of running out the back way. And she wished that Helen were there. Then she was glad that she was not.

And then the time for evasion was past. There was a tap on the door.

Rosabel stood, lovely, vibrant, staring at the portal.

She didn't know what he looked like. But it didn't make any difference.

"Come in," she almost whispered.

"NERVOUS, MISERABLE...I had to give up every outdoor sport"



ABOVE. MRS. CYRIL E. ALLEN, of Philadelphia

RIGHT

"THREE YEARS AGO I was told that, to avoid a nervous breakdown, I vitally needed a rest. My whole system was run down from overwork. On returning from my vacation boils started to break out upon my face and neck—the result of the condition of my blood. Ointments and poultices seemed only to alleviate—not overcome—the disorder.

"Numerous friends advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it regularly at meal times. Soon the boils simply faded away and I have had none since. I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep 'fit'."

LEIGHTON M. REID, Detroit, Mich.



LEFT

"I WAS under the anxious responsibility of starting my own business and nursing it along the road to success. Of course my hours were long, and I overworked. Soon my system was run down. At the same time I began to suffer from constipation. My digestion, too, was impaired. One day someone recommended that I try Yeast. . . . I did try it. Today, after taking Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for two months, I find myself, to be brief, 'enjoying the best of health'."

LEO S. KILLEEN, St. Paul, Minn.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Riding, swimming, tennis—I was forced to give up each of my beloved sports. And my dancing, too . . .

"The doctor's words sounded hopeless! 'Auto-intoxication' had become chronic! I feared I would be afflicted my whole life long.

"I led a miserable existence. Something had to be done. I tried medicines. To no avail. I was terribly weak—oppressed by an overwhelming desire to sleep continuously.

"Then one day my mother handed me several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast, saying, 'You have tried everything else.' It was with a mere flicker of hope that I began eating it—three cakes a day.

"Today I can snap my fingers at the word 'chronic.' For in 5 months my auto-intoxication had disappeared. I've never felt better in my life. I'm riding again, and fit for any strenuous sport. And I am thinking of starting my dancing again, too."

—Mrs. Cyril E. Allen.

WHEN the body is depressed by intestinal poisons, Fleischmann's Yeast gets surely at the source of the trouble.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food as fresh as any vegetable from the garden. It cleanses the digestive tract of accumulated wastes, strengthens the intestinal muscles. With elimination regular, the assimilation of food becomes normal, the blood is purified—the tone of the whole system is raised. Indigestion, skin disorders yield to the action of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start today on this easy, natural road to health. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. M-45, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

This modern, natural way to health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to eat one cake with a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.





Headaches cost men money

WATCH a man trying to work when he has a headache —

He fusses over trifles — he snaps at his secretary. Routine tasks he manages to struggle through somehow — but anything of importance he pushes aside till the morrow.

Don't let headaches slow you up. It's expensive and it's unnecessary.

To really correct a headache you must get at the condition that causes it. The simple, natural way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

Congestion in the stomach or intestines is a common cause of headaches. Congestion produces excessive blood pressure. The result is dizziness and headaches. Sal Hepatica relieves a headache because it promptly removes this congestion.

Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the famous European spas. Not only does Sal Hepatica relieve headaches but it is the approved treatment for many other ills as well.

For Sal Hepatica sweeps away the poisons set up by foods retained too long within the intestines. These poisons may result in indigestion or poor complexion, in hyper-acidity or rheumatism; they are at the root of kidney and liver and other organic disorders.

Keep free of headaches — keep free of the poisons of waste. Take Sal Hepatica promptly when you need it.

Send for the free booklet which explains more fully how Sal Hepatica relieves headaches and other ills.

For booklet please address

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. J-107, 71 West St.,
New York City

Sal Hepatica



KNOCKOUT

(Continued from page 69)

"And your parents knew nothing about it?" Doris' voice was tense.

"Certainly not. I used the name of Norcross and posed as a fighter from the States. I didn't neglect my business, either. Three years ago Father died suddenly. I went to London and found that he had been speculating for a long time and that Mother had just fifteen thousand dollars to her name. She loved the life she was living in England — a country place on the River Wye, a lovely spot."

"Yes." Doris waited for him to go on.

"I went over everything and found it was costing about twelve thousand a year in American money to live as she had been living. I told her to go ahead and use her capital, that I had a big paying position in the United States. Then I came over here and began fighting — it was the only chance I saw. I hit it off from the start. After my next fight I'll have nearly three hundred thousand dollars."

"And your mother doesn't know, really?"

"I should say not. She is living happily with her ponies and dogs and flowers and her friends among the country people; she thinks I'm a young captain of industry over here." He smiled.

"Every fall I do a disappearing act here," he added. "I go over to Mother and spend six weeks with her."

"And no one has ever recognized you?"

"No. But I dodge people of my own class all I can."

Returning at length to the farm, there was no clear memory on the part of either of mere words. Yet the ride had seemed brief indeed. He stood by the car looking up at her.

"Will you come tomorrow after I have boxed? Say five o'clock?"

She shook her head, smiling formally. Too great hurry in this affair, she knew, would bring a swifter ending than, just now, she cared to contemplate.

"Not tomorrow. Some day I'll come."

BUT she came next day at the hour designated, unable to remain away.

And the day after that she came; and the next, with all the elation of an experience which had not begun to pall. And there were mornings on the float — just a beautiful girl and a beautiful boy.

Toward sunset one afternoon Doris stopped the car upon the brow of a hill, giving upon an alluring view of the Sound. He glanced at her.

"Tommy Devine says if I don't stop going off with you I am going to lose my fight with Strunk."

Doris flushed.

"I don't want to be that sort of an influence. Perhaps I had better stop coming. Is that what you want to say? I didn't realize I was hurting you."

"Hurting me! It's life to me. I can conquer the world with you at my side."

Doris' breath came deeply. She half rose as though inclined, through sheer nervousness, to leap from the car, but his arm went about her. She was close to him, in his arms.

A quiver passed through her. The sensation of being powerless in his arms, her body welded against his, was by far the most tremendous in her life, when, like the thrust of an icy spear, came a stab in her heart. It turned her all cold, as the aloofness of her class, of her position and all the acquired tendencies of her nature, suddenly became dominant. He felt it, saw it. He released her.

"You are angry," he said. "But I love you. I love you. I can't say anything more. Just that."

The dénouement had come and she had

brought it upon herself; she was too honest by nature to deny it.

"When you dived from the raft that first morning," she said at length, her voice low, "you said you were a fighter. Are you anything different now?"

There was a pause.

"I'm sorry," he said then. "I understand. But—but—suppose I retired soon?" There was a pathetic catch in his voice. "I have a good business offer."

"You are a fighter," she said dully, "whether you retire or not. And everyone would know, must know sometime."

He turned away from her and she started the car, heading it toward the farm.

Doris spent the week-end at Southampton, a sort of compromise visit in lieu of a much longer stay. When she thought of Norcross, it was with the sense of relief of one who has escaped a real danger. But to her dismay, returning home on Monday, she faced a strongly recurrent desire to see him again — a curious, gnawing longing to savor the grave smile in his level gray eyes, the soft gleam of his waving brown hair. And his strong arms — holding her! Before the day was ended, she became thoroughly frightened.

SLEEP that night was not restful and in the early morning Doris arose and prepared herself for her morning plunge in an ecstasy of nervous eagerness. But Norcross did not come to the float.

Idling over her breakfast without appetite, she faced the truth and admitted it. She had not escaped. She loved Paul Norcross. She loved this handsome young stalwart, loved his delicate lights and shades of character; his sheer physical prowess on the one hand, his gentleness, his instinctive gentility on the other. She lifted her shining eyes to her father, grumbling over his newspaper, an old aristocrat in every pose, intolerant and in the larger aspects of life narrow. But the light in her eyes deepened.

"Poor Father," she thought. And cared no more than that; but of Norcross: did he still care? It would kill her if he didn't.

Driving at full speed she had gone half-way to Norcross' quarters when another car approached in a narrow part of the roadway. She was edging to one side to give it room when she recognized the driver, Devine.

"Hello. I've been looking for you. I was going to your house."

"You were!" She backed her roadster alongside Devine's car.

"Yes, I was. I was going to ask you to lay off Norcross. Here he's got the most important fight of his life on his hands, a time when he ought to be on his toes, working up to the best he's got — and what's he doing? Sitting around, grousing, making faces at nothing, letting his sparring partners make a monkey out of him. And him a champ if there ever was one!"

"You mean?" Doris peered at him eagerly — "you mean he seems to be — be?" Her voice failed her.

"You know what he seems to be." Devine's voice rose angrily. "He's got you on his mind when he ought to be thinking of Harry Strunk —"

Doris smiled radiantly.

"Say," — Devine stared at her, — "you act as though I was giving you good news! Norcross aint fit and Strunk is going to hand him the trimming of his life."

"Oh!" Doris' face lost its light. "What can I do?"

"Do? You can leave him alone."

"But—but I haven't seen him; not in nearly a week, at least."

Devine grimaced. "What difference does that make? He wants to see you and is

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COOL, crisp October days—an ideal time for picture making. Many of the most beautiful pictures seen in Kodak albums are those snapped at this time of year. Soft, golden October lighting affords wonderful picture possibilities. Whenever you step out-of-doors for a leisure hour, take your Kodak along, fully loaded. Don't let this gorgeous month go by unrepresented in your picture records. Kodaks \$5 up . . . at your dealer's.

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A Pipe Smoker in Australia Speaks Up

It cannot help but give us a thrill to have someone on the other side of the world write to us in the same pipe-smoker's language that we hear at home.

Hear what the gentleman in South Australia says:

Mount Barker Road
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November 18, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
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Everyone I come in conversation with that is a smoker, I always introduce your Edgeworth and if possible offer them a pipeful.

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Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

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We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidores holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth-Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles]

busted up because he hasn't. And when he does see you he's busted up," Devine gestured. "So what's the answer? Ask me. Then, the other night a swell guy and some old Jane got hold of him and he wouldn't tell me nothing about what happened. But he was all in after they went. Every night they telephone—or you do—I don't know which, because Norcross shuts us all out of the room."

"I haven't telephoned him, Mr. Devine."

"Well, anyway, listen, Missy. The main trouble is you. That's my dope. You keep away and I can handle the rest."

"And suppose I don't?" Doris' eyes were gleaming.

"If you don't, then this bird Strunk is going to beat Paul's head off. He'll be a busted flush and his heart will be broken. You can't be mixed up in a love affair and win prize-fights."

Half sick, she stared at the man.

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Look here—" Devine leaned out of the car. "Yesterday morning I rigged up a plant on him. I told him you had telephoned when he was out, all giggly and excited, saying you had got engaged to a guy in New York and—"

"Mr. Devine!"

"And I told him you wanted him to be the first bird to know it—you're hep to the way the dames always put it when they break the bad news to the runner-up. Well, it worked—Norcross was mean as a meat-ax in the afternoon. Knocked out two of his sparring partners and—"

"See here—" Doris' voice quivered with anger.

"Now wait a minute," Devine raised his hand impressively. "I know how it is with you. You're one of the top-hole crowd, getting a little excitement playing with a prize-fighter, who's all right enough; but a prize-fighter. Get me?"

"What's the idea, eh? You can't marry him. I'm wise to that. Fun for you, yes. But you've had enough, aint you? What's it going to get you to string along and ruin a man's life when he's at his prime? This Norcross is a curious fish; don't take things easily. You've got a chance to act big and save a man. You're not going to gyp him just because you've got a yen for a jounce out of the ordinary, are you? Come on. Come clean now like a big-hearted woman."

He eyed her keenly. "Even if you love him, you'll only hurt him now. And, anyway, if you do love him, I mean serious, why, you should ought to have your head examined."

For a full minute Doris sat immobile, her eyes hard and bright, fixed upon the road. At length she raised her hand in a little gesture.

"Very well, Mr. Devine. I'll—I'll—" A sob broke her voice. "I'll do as you say."

Devine stared at her. "So that's it!"

"That's it, Mr. Devine. But you are right absolutely." Slowly she turned the car and directed her course homeward.

THE days that intervened before the widely heralded contest between Norcross and Strunk were almost devoid of concrete impression for Doris Willing. It seemed to her as though the day of the battle would never come; she was living for it with complete singleness of mind.

Her father eventually departed for Newport; but Doris remained at home. She would, at all events, wait until after the fight before considering any plans whatever. Chubby Lannin, who had decided to place his money upon Strunk, had secured his usual ringside seats and Doris had badgered an invitation out of him upon the threat of going alone unless he took her. . . .

The semi-final bout between two welter-weights was ending. Darkness had fallen and all the thrilling mystery of the vast

nocturnal scene was spread before them as Doris and Lannin came through the portal and made their way to their ringside seats. The scene involved a curious transformation from sharp details to things vaguely discerned.

The ring stood out in greenish brilliance beneath a huge cluster of lights, while elsewhere throughout this throng of quite seventy thousand men and women, the eye encountered a multitude of impressions—grouping of pallid faces and white-shirted forms tricked out in splashes of electric illumination.

A gong was clanging insistently. A man with a loud, whining voice was trying to announce something. From the arena came the music of a band.

From the direction of one of the portals, rose a sound of cheering. A group of men were coming down the aisle, in the lead a tall, stalwart young man in a bathrobe, his blond head bobbing above the crowd.

Henry Strunk!

EVERYONE was standing. Doris stood up, her hand upon Lannin's arm. Strunk was in his corner, surrounded by his seconds. The ring was filling with photographers. Strunk was as much bigger than Norcross as Drennan had been; light of feature, his eyes blue, hair white as flax. His was a grim face, the mouth straight and cruel, the cheek-bones broad.

"Chubby,"—Doris' finger pressed into her escort's arm,—"what do you think? He's a dreadful looking thing!"

"My money's on him; Norcross hasn't been working good of late. Got that tip from a friend of Devine's."

Doris was about to reply when there came another eruption of applause. Norcross was coming.

She could have touched him as he passed. But he saw no one. He had on the silken bathrobe he had worn at the farm. Behind him was Devine, his face hard, inscrutable as an idol's. Behind him came Turk McGill.

Climbing through the ropes, Norcross went straight to Strunk's corner and smiling, stretched out his hand. Strunk took it, looking up at his opponent with a hard, expressionless face.

"Norcross doesn't look so good," Lannin muttered in the girl's ear. "Looks pale, a little drawn. See how he keeps moving his feet."

"Oh, shut up, Chubby! Don't be a croaker," Doris' voice was strained.

The two men were in the center of the ring now, their gloves adjusted, conferring with the referee, a whippy little man in a white shirt and flannel trousers.

"Will they ever begin, Chubby?" Doris, impatient of all these formal delays, her nerves strung to breaking, closed her eyes.

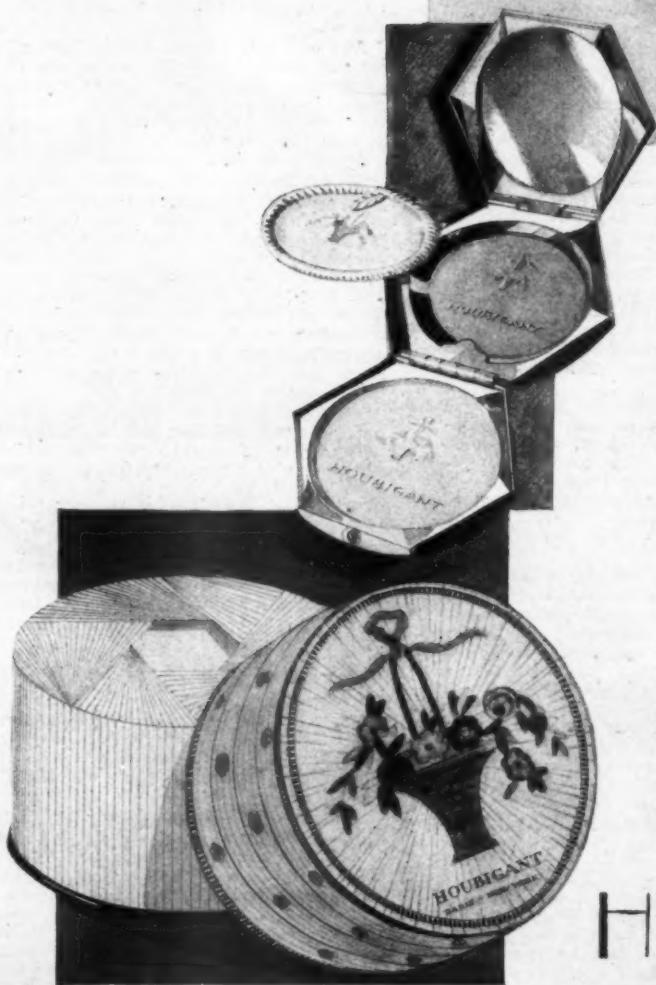
"Norcross is nervous, all right."

She opened her eyes. The photographers and seconds were clambering out of the ring. The fighters had returned to their corners and were rubbing their feet in resin piled outside the ropes.

A bell clanged. The men sprang to the center of the ring—they had performed the required rite of handshaking in the preliminary conference—eying each other warily, sparring to feel each other out. Suddenly Norcross' arm flashed out in his famous straight left jab, the glove snapping true to its mark, landing upon Strunk's cheek under the left eye.

Norcross should have followed it up, for the blow had been a beauty, coming just as Strunk had started a rush. He had been thrown back, shaken. But Norcross did not grasp his advantage. Strunk swung and missed, leaving an opening that any ringside observer could see. But Norcross, drawing away, let the opportunity for a counter go by. Encouraged, Strunk rushed

your
Face and
your
Fortune



Before frock, figure or manner, a woman is judged by her face . . . "a pretty girl," "a distinguished-looking woman," "smart," or "beautiful" is said, according to the impression given by a face—and its all-important make-up.

And one really can't afford (for fortune's sake) to use powder of a lesser quality than the finest—Houbigant Face Powder. For 150 perfumed years, Houbigant has created the finest powders in all the world, and none is quite so delightfully fragrant, velvety-soft, and lastingly adherent. The exquisite odeurs are *Subtilité*, *Quelques Fleurs*, *Le Parfum Ideal*, *Mon Boudoir*, and *Le Temps des Lilas*. Its true tones are naturelle, rachel, rosée, ocre rosée, ocre, and blanche—\$1.50.

The same powder, but in compact form, with rouge, is in the new double compact designed by a Parisian jeweler. The compact is six-sided—unusually good-looking—thin, and light in weight—\$2.50.

We would like to send you five sachets perfumed with the five odeurs mentioned above, and the interesting booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper." There is no charge; just write for them. Houbigant, Inc., Dept. 253, 539 West 45th Street, New York.

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Hair getting a bit thin?

Yet it needn't!

Just try this simple treatment—
see how quickly it works:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

The Pinaud treatment is so quickly effective because it directly attacks the causes of thinning, falling hair.

Dandruff—poor scalp circulation—these, specialists say, cause most hair loss, most baldness.

The Pinaud treatment destroys dandruff—makes the scalp fairly tingle with active circulation.

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine *today* at any drug or department store. Always look for Ed. Pinaud's signature in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S

*Eau de
Quinine*



in with two heavy body blows, both landing.

Muttering rose among the spectators. What was the matter with Norcross? Noted for his quick precision, his tigerlike ferocity, he was conducting himself like a novice. As though realizing his showing, he suddenly rushed Strunk with powerful left and right hooks—powerful, yes, but slow, especially the footwork. Strunk was permitted to slip sharply away.

From a spectator came a loud, shrill ululation. Quick as thought Strunk's right was coming in, hooking upward. Norcross saw the blow in time to begin to roll his head with it, but not in time to avoid it. He went to the floor as though he had been struck by a lightning-bolt.

The crowd, which had been cheering for Norcross, was in frenzy at what appeared to be a knockout. Some one behind Doris was gripping her shoulder. But she didn't know it. She stood immobile, dazed, her eyes fastened upon the prostrate figure lying under the pitiless lights grouped over the ring, the white-shirted referee bending over him with inexorable face, his arm moving up and down in the count. Strunk standing near his corner, watching, catlike, tense.

As the referee's arm went down for the fifth time, Norcross moved. At the sixth he glanced up at the man above him. Slowly he rose to his knee, shaking his head as though to clear it. At the ninth, he rose to his feet while the roar of the crowd became screaming crescendo.

Strunk rushed in, bent upon settling his man, swinging with right and left, Norcross covering up—intent only upon recovering from the blow he had received. Perhaps Strunk's eagerness alone saved his victim. For his furious blows were winding around his opponent's neck. Strunk's chief second yelled something. Strunk heard it. Pulling up short, he measured his man and let drive with his right. Again it was high. But its force was terrific. Norcross staggered and then blindly ran into a clinch, while the referee darted in between, prying the men apart. The next instant the bell rang, ending the round.

Lannin sat back, his mouth hanging open. "I told you Norcross wasn't right. He's been fighting like a wooden man. He won't last another round. Those two wallops he got have fixed him. Look at Devine poking smelling-salts under his nose. He's gone."

"He isn't gone!" Doris fairly glared at her escort.

"Isn't he!" jeered the man. "Let me tell you he needs more than smelling-salts."

"He—" Doris rose, staring at Lannin. "He needs—" She raised her face to the great vault of stars overhead, stars curiously pale in the flood of light going up to meet them. "He needs—"

"Hi! Doris! What the devil! You—"

BUT he was too late to seize her as she darted into the aisle and between the newspaper men seated under the edge of the ring. The preliminary whistle, warning that the bell was about to ring for the second round, had blown and the seconds were climbing through the ropes.

"Paul Norcross." Her voice was low, but pure and clear as the note of a bell and with a bell's pervasive carrying quality, amid the uproar and confusion. "Paul."

"Hey!" Devine, now on the outside of the ropes, about to climb down to the main floor, was glaring at her. "You get—"

"Paul Norcross!"

The boxer started, his head jerking quickly upward.

"Paul! Here I am!"

Locating the voice, he half rose, glancing down, color flooding his pale cheeks. He leaned near her.

"Paul, I'm not engaged. There's nobody—"

Clang went the gong.

"He didn't tell the truth, Paul. There's nobody else—"

With a panther bound, Strunk sought to trap Norcross in his corner but he sidestepped; as the crowd shrilled its excitement, Norcross rushed at Strunk, his arms working like pistons. Then a clinch. Strunk was bleeding from a cut under the eye, and now in their grappling Norcross' fists were moving up and down. Nothing uncertain about Norcross now.

"Sit down, Miss." A newspaper man pulled Doris gently upon the arm, moving over to make room for her. "You can't stand. They're yelling at you. What did you say to Norcross? It's made a lot of difference. Could I have your name?"

Doris, her eyes fastened upon the figures in the ring, shook her head and moved from the newspaper section back to her own seat. Lannin, leaning forward, was too engrossed to notice her. For the fighters had broken.

NORCROSS came in like a madman with a left to the body, bringing up his right as it landed. The body punch struck solidly but the right came up glancing, catching Strunk under the lobe of the ear, ripping it upward. They were in a clinch again and Strunk's blood covered both men. The referee broke them; and Strunk coolly feinting with his right, shifted his feet and stepped in with a left hook, which caught Norcross upon the chin, cutting it open. Doris wanted to scream. She couldn't.

And now as though the cutting and tearing and bleeding had robbed the men of all notion of science and caution, bringing them down to the fundamental fighting instinct, they stood toe to toe launching in with rights and lefts.

Suddenly Norcross was down.

He was up without waiting for the count. Another blow. He went down again. The referee began to count, but Norcross struggled to his feet, standing unsteadily as Strunk advanced, intent upon nothing but landing the finishing blow—so intent that he came in wide open, his right hand poised low for the final punch.

Suddenly, as he was set to deliver it, the reeling figure in front of him straightened and turned. There came a white flash, upward and inward.

Strunk's hands went down. He stood for an instant, stiffened; then his head fell forward; he plunged to the floor, while the uproar of a mighty host went surging across the Harlem.

"Come on. My money's gone. But it was worth it. Come on. They'll be taking your picture in a minute. You sure pulled a real one this time." Lannin's voice sounded dully in Doris' ears. She lifted her face, smiling. Seizing his arm, she let Lannin tow her into the swirling crowds bound for the exit . . .

The first rays of sunlight, creeping over the easterly hills, aroused her. The maid was bringing coffee and the morning paper. Doris seized the sheet and was about to open it to the sporting pages when her eyes were attracted by a name in one of the middle columns on the front page—Norcross' name.

After the introductory paragraph, which recited the salient details of the fight, the second paragraph proclaimed:

"Norcross announced after the fight his retirement from the ring. He entered pugilism, he said, for the money there was in the game and that now he has all he desires. He has no ambition to challenge for the championship of the world and will

As told to
PRINCESS PAT
by
10,000 Men

*"Women Use
 Too Much Rouge"*



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal*.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world*. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

*Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat
 Almond Base Face Powder*

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to

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Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

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The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.



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Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

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This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

shortly enter business either in London or New York."

The morning was practically cloudless—merely a few shreds of the fleeciest sort. The Sound lay a serene blue, shimmering in the level rays of sunlight.

Doris Willing, in bathing-suit and robe, left the house, made her way down the rear lawn and so to the point of land.

Here amid the trees she paused momentarily as though fearing to look upon the waters and find them desolate.

But they weren't desolate. He was there upon the float—Norcross—so she still thought of him—standing poised, his face directed steadfastly to the shore, invested fully in the morning gold—beautiful, so he seemed to her, as a sun god.

Her voice raised in a ringing hail, she plunged into the rippling waters . . .

They stood facing each other, their eyes curious, strained, as though wondering at the things new and strange they were seeing.

Then she came close to him, while the wind freshened upon the waters and clouds set sail across the blue.

THE LOVELY DUCKLINGS

(Continued from page 41)

*For youth goes over, the joys that fly,
The tears that follow fast;
And the dirtiest things we do must lie
Forgotten at the last;
Even love goes past.*

Nice things for a young girl to be reading and marking! Beside that ghastly line about "the dirtiest things we do," in Louise's hand, was written: "How true!!!" with three exclamation points and three under scorings!

What was one to do with such a child? Mrs. Todd dimly recalled such a period in her own girlhood. Her mother, she was sure, would have smacked her face for her.

For lack of Louise's cheek, she smacked the book in the face, smacked it so hard that it fell to the floor. As she was stooping with some creakiness to pick it up, one of its pages taunted her with further audacity:

*Your mouth shall mock the old and wise.
She smacked that mouth, and another page leered at her:*

*It is shameful night, and God is asleep!
(Have you not felt the quick fires that creep
Through hungry flesh. . . .*

The rest of it was intolerable. It was an intolerable picture of what Louise was doubtless feeling, what the sea called her to.

Mrs. Todd had not meant to let her daughter know that she had been in her room, but it was time to put an end to such viciousness. If a girl could hide under her father's roof, under her mother's eye, and read such stuff, what safety was there except in force? There must be henceforth a strict censorship of Louise's reading. Her thoughts must be censored. She must be kept at home, away from the young villains and adventuresses she was running with.

Old ways were best. Physical punishment was the only answer to such crimes.

First she would burn the book. As she moved toward the door, holding it from her as if it were full of germs, as of course it was, her angry eyes glanced at another page. It seemed to cry out to her.

*Help the blind one, the glad one, who
stumbles and strays,
Stretching wavering hands up, up—*

She stopped short. To help her child! That was her one real yearning. The thing back of her wrath, her fear, her nagging,

was a longing to help. But how could she help when her own rescuing hands were slapped away?

It was no lack of courage that held Mrs. Todd fast to the safe and solid ground of middle age. She would gladly die for her children, but to die in vain for one of them, would only rob the others of what help she could give.

She held the book a little more tenderly. It seemed to contain a bit of everything—beauty, pity, sensuality, loveliness, hatefulness. She glanced at it again, and her eyes wandered among the great lines of the great sonnets.

*Safe though all safety's lost; safe where
men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.*

A mystic sorrow enveloped her. We are only safe when we are dead—when these poor limbs die. It was a devastating thought.

She considered her own poor limbs—the four of them that had been slim and shapely and graceful and fleet and were now fat and ponderous, more apt to rheumatism and reluctance than to anything else. Yet she would hate to lose the poor things. It was a dreadful thing to be dead. Her children could die, would die—perhaps at this moment one of them was crushed in the wreck of a smashed car. Louise might be dead. There was hardly a moment of day or night that Mrs. Todd was free of fear. The telephone bell—the doorknob—the sound of quick feet on the front steps, always set her heart aflutter. What if Louise should be brought back from the ocean drowned? What if she should not be brought back? Sometimes sneaking rip-tides swept the strongest swimmers out to sea. Sometimes they were never found.

Keenly persuaded that Louise was mortal, and pitiable, her mother repented the harsh judgments she had passed on the child.

After all, Jephthah's daughter had chiefly bewailed the fact that she died a virgin, with her life unlived. Poor Louise might be drifting out to sea now while her own mother condemned her.

Mrs. Todd was ashamed of herself, sorry that she had come into the room at all. What was she but a peeping Tom, spying on the nakedness of her daughter's soul? She had only learned things that she wished not to know.

Her eye was caught by the open door of a clothes closet. On the top shelf there was a clutter of things, mainly hats.

She remembered that she herself as a girl had kept certain love-letters in such a place, love-letters from the man who became her husband in spite of—or because of—her parents' cruel prejudice against him and their refusal to let him call. Fortunately a friend of hers had been willing to help the romance along, and her lover's letters had been sent to the friend's address. Yes, she had had her secrets in her day, and they were her sweetest memories. She had not been such a milk-sop as her children supposed. They had not invented the defiance of stern parents or the devices of clandestine love.

It did not occur to Mrs. Todd that she

was inconsistent in abhorring in her daughter just what she had practiced toward her own mother. People's own experiences always seem unique and are justified automatically by that feeling. In a sudden recrudescence of curiosity, she went straight into the closet, and reaching up, fumbled in the dark for what the shelf might be hiding. She brought down an avalanche of hats. Louise's hats were mostly little felt skull-caps such as circus clowns stack up and throw.

When she had disengaged herself from the tumbled millinery, Mrs. Todd continued her attack of leap and pounce, leap and scrape, and finally dislodged a large sharp-cornered volume that caught her in the forehead with a blow that almost stunned her. It gouged her forehead and raked her spectacles off.

When she had recovered from the shock and restored the glasses, she was still more stunned by her treasure trove. It was one of those blood-curdling books by that Havelock Ellis, who found in everyday human nature as much astonishment as a diligent botanist can disclose in a study of any old back yard.

The functions he dealt with are universal to every complete man, woman and child, are essential to the continuance of the race, and are the basis of all morality and romance; the experiences he charted inevitable to practically everybody who ever lived.

THE title of this volume made her sit down hard in a chair. She peeked into the book and caught glimpses of matters that she had never seen in print before. She knew about them from having lived, but a curse was on the printing of them, and on their scientific realism.

In all her life she had probably never been more stunned than by the sight of such things on a printed page, and by the realization that they had been seen and studied by the daughter, the preservation of whose ignorance had been her most sacred ideal.

Aghast as she was, she still could be tortured by wondering how Louise had come to possess this infamous thing. There was no name to indicate the ownership, and she was afraid of her intuition that some boy had stolen it and lent it to Louise. She thought of Charley Scudder and was sure at once that he was the fiend. Like others of her sort, she was utterly unable to believe that anybody could read about a sin without hastening to commit it.

Of course, she realized that the children had never imitated the persons who won a brief shame of fame in the newspaper headlines for murders, burglaries, embezzlements, political corruptions, bribery, and kidnaping. None of her children had even had a divorce, but that might have been because none of them had yet been married. The other sins, though, the sins that are known as Sin—she was sure that reading about them was but the preface to their commission.

If Charley Scudder had dared to put this book in the hands of Louise, and if she had been willing to accept it, there was simply no question of her utter ruin.

In the next issue Mr. Hughes tells the story of Helen—"lofty ideals, independence, earns her own living. . . . Well, she's ridin' for a fall," said Louise, describing her. "When it comes! Ye gods!"



Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
candy man,
Buy Wrigley's Double Mint,
fast as you can!
But as fast as you get it, the
good people come
To get this delicious REAL
PEPPERMINT gum!
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Do you like a real, lasting,
built in, full strength
flavor REAL Peppermint?

Then get Wrigley's
Double Mint at your dealers.

It is a new and better Peppermint flavor.

"... 'After every meal!'"



Practicing dentists reveal a beauty secret

They say you must guard The Danger Line to preserve the vital fascination of good health

Guard The Danger Line

where teeth meet gums

EVERY year, millions of women awaken to the vital importance of proper care of their teeth and gums. For there is a mass of evidence which says: "If your teeth decay; if your gums weaken and become diseased, gradually your health will go. Those priceless assets, beauty and charm, will become but hollow shells, apt to crumble at any minute."

But what is proper care? How can the average person, busy with the affairs of every-day life, give her teeth and gums effective protection?

That the question might be answered by highest authorities, E. R. Squibb & Sons asked a world-famous research institution to make an investigation that would include the entire dental profession. 50,000 practicing dentists were asked certain questions relating to mouth hygiene. Here is a summary of their replies:

95% of the answers agree that acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation.

95% of the answers state that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—known as The Danger Line.

85% state that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

The result of this investigation is truly overwhelming evidence of the soundness of the Squibb warning to guard The Danger Line.



Millions of people have found that Squibb's Dental Cream gives adequate protection because it is made with more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Every time you use it, tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice in sufficient quantity to neutralize the acids and give protection for a long time after use.

Nor is this all. Squibb's Dental Cream is a truly scientific dentifrice—safe—effective. It cleans beautifully. It is pleasant to use, delicately flavored. Because it contains no harsh abrasives, antiseptics or astringents, it is absolutely safe in the mouths of all—even in the tender mouth of a small child.

Brush your teeth regularly with Squibb's Dental Cream. See your dentist regularly. Then you will know that your teeth, your gums, your health and charm, are safeguarded. At all druggists, only 40c for a large tube.

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

What could then be left of her daughter's soul worth saving? She had felt that Louise was dead when she declared her independence. But now she was both dead and damned.

There was only one thing to do—punish Charles Scudder. But how? Killing would be none too good for him. But that meant headlines, the publication of the family disgrace. Punishing Charley Scudder was a man's work. She would turn it over to her husband.

"Edith! Oh, Mamma!"

There he was, as if in response to her summons. She would put the book in his hands, and—then the instinct that all female animals have for protecting their young from their fathers, stirred in her heart.

It would never do to let him know how far her daughter had fallen. Part of the blame would fall on the mother. After all, it was her business to protect her children. The male parent had enough to do to go abroad and find food for the young. The cave was in charge of the stay-at-home partner.

HE was coming up the stairs, shouting for her. Her thoughts were in such a tangle that his noise angered her. She went to the door and snapped:

"Here I am! What do you want?"

He laughed sheepishly:

"I was just lookin' for you. What's the matter of you?"

"Nothing. What should be?"

"You look pertly peaked. Sick?"

"No! Yes!"

"Seen the doctor? Better let me call him."

"It's not that kind of sickness. I'm heart-sick."

"Louise home?"

"No."

"Where's she at?"

"Gone to the beach for a moonlight swim with a gang of hoodlums."

"And you let her?"

"A lot I have to say about her goings and comings. I told her she couldn't, so she went anyway."

"Something's got to be done about these children."

"What, for instance?"

"I don't know, but something. The whole country's up in arms."

"A lot of good that does."

"What's that book? Some novel she's reading?"

Before she could hide the book, he had taken it from her, and glanced at the cover. He gasped and looked inside. He turned pale.

"My God! She hasn't been reading this!"

"I found it hid in her closet."

He took another look and turned to the head of the stairs.

"Where you going?"

"To the furnace to burn this up."

"But we got no furnace in California—only the gas heater."

"Then I'll put it in the garbage can."

"What if the garbage man got hold of it?"

"That's so."

"There's the incinerator," said Mrs. Todd, and they went together to the kitchen yard where they started a fire in the concrete chimney and watched the venomous pages shrivel and blacken. In their deep distress and terror they never dreamed that they were honoring what they destroyed, or that the list of books burned includes so many of the noblest works of human wisdom and honesty, that the flames are the final tribute.

SEEING neither the ridiculousness nor the futility of their act, the Todds looked next for some way to burn out of their daughter's soul the poison it had acquired from the hateful contact with life.

While they waited for the book to be charred beyond recovery, the cook called out to them that dinner was ready, and they went in. They sighed to see that they must dine alone as they had done before they had added to the world the five children already dispersed about the world in search of their various amusements.

In the intervals of the cook's absences from the dining-room Mrs. Todd described how Louise had flouted her commands and gone to the beach in sheer despite. Her husband rose to the situation as nobly as another George III, learning of that other Declaration of Independence. Like him, Frederick Todd felt that his paternal benevolence was outraged by ungrateful rebels and was equally determined to drag the misguided subjects back to their duty.

"We've got to start in a good house-cleaning right here and now," he stormed. "These children of ours are running to destruction so fast, we got to bring 'em up with a short turn or they're goners. We'll start with Louise. Get your hat on, Mamma, for we're goin' out to fetch her home."

"How on earth will you ever find her? There's thousands of people on the beach."

"Oh, I'll find her somehow."

And so they set forth to seek their needle in the public haystack. Their hearts were afire with that wrathful pity which blazes in all good people who feel themselves the keepers of other souls and under orders to compel them to salvation. The Todds had no doubt of the holiness of their mission, but doubts enough of its success.

They pushed forward in haste, saying little but quivering with terror lest they be too late to save their child—to save her from what? They dared not think.

Their anger at her disobedience, her willful seeking of danger was embittered by the realization that they themselves were failures as parents. They had betrayed the trust imposed upon them. They were degenerate specimens, far removed from the splendid family monarchs of the good old days when parents were parents, when mothers were revered and fathers were feared. Then it had been enough for the parent to say, "Don't," or "Do!" "Go, come, stay, abstain! Marry this one! Reject that one!" And even so it was done. In these degenerate days, however, parents were afraid of their children, afraid to give commands lest they be ignored, afraid to give advice lest it be ridiculed.

The Todds grew more and more uneasy as they sped toward the encounter with their prodigal daughter. Suppose they found her in the arms of some evil youth, and she refused to leave him and come home. They could not compel her. They could not seize her and drag her away; for a crowd would gather and they had no police power.

Suppose they found her innocently amusing herself with a crowd of singing and feasting boys and girls about a camp-fire; how could they order her home then? How would they justify their suspicions? They would look like disloyal fools and their daughter would be ashamed of them. A pretty finish to their crusade!

Chapter Three

THE old-fashioned car that carried the old-fashioned couple took its place in the jostle of automobiles bound seaward. A desperate impatience to get to the beach filled the multitude, looking for a place to stop, but a more desperate impatience maddened the Todds, frantic to arrive before their daughter was gone beyond recall.

It took them an hour to approach the cliffs that fronted the ocean, and they were infuriated by the behavior of the car-

populace about them, kissing, hugging, laughing, hooting their diabolical horns.

The thousands of couples behind the thousands of gleaming lamps must have borne the look, from the clouds, of a nuptial flight of firefly swarms. They poured in an unbroken stream down all the steep roads from the cliffs to the sea's edge, as if mankind were flocking back to the primal home for mating purposes.

Leagues of concrete road were constantly worn down by the unending pressure of rubber tires. Hundreds of cars had been turned out of the highway and rested with their heads toward the ocean and their back curtains drawn in a burlesque of privacy, leaving the passers-by to imagine what they would.

Nearly all the cars were dark, but a few of the drivers, seeking deeper shelter behind a glare, had left the headlights on, and these sent out into the gloom long shafts of fire. Where they struck the water they cast upon it dazzling circles wherein the breakers boiled and smoked and frothed as if cream were being scalded.

The Todds were stupefied by this migration. It not only meant difficulty in finding their one little girl, but it meant that they contended against an overwhelming public mood, a national fashion. They were asking their child to come out of her own times and go back to a mythical golden age in which the old were wise and held in awe, and the young had all the virtues, of which obedience was accounted chief of all.

For miles on miles the beach was dotted with camp-fires, spots of red on a dim blue world. In the crimson environs of each flame, ambiguous ghosts were gathered, most of them in bathing suits. The light died on their costumes but it gleamed on their bare skins, dripping from recent visits to the waves. The effect was one of luminous, emphasized, multitudinous nakedness.

There was a something infernal, too, in the way the figures were partially lost in their own shadows while their flameward surfaces glowed as if they were themselves live embers.

The Todds ran their car up and down through the double lines of love and repulsion. While the husband steered the way through the confusion, the wife studied the distorted clusters about the fires. They had gone a long way before Mrs. Todd called sharply:

"Stop! I think that's them."

She stepped from the car, fell back as a rowdy motor whooped by, then darted across just in time to graze the collision bar of another. She stumbled, half fell down a sliding embankment.

By the time her husband had found a place to park his car, he could find no trace of his wife. There was nothing he could do but wait and peer and wonder.

Mrs. Todd made a blundering way through the sand to the group she sought. But she recognized none of her daughter's friends in this knot. She was glad of that.

"Hot Toddy's" sister Helen—cool, self-contained and independent, but riding for a fall—is the central figure in next month's story of the Todds.

"I'd like to tell her what I know," said Louise, "but she'd simply give me a smack and tell me to go back to my doll rags."



Does Your Smile Say "YELLOW MASK?"

WHAT does "the only man in the world" see—teeth that flash a brilliant white or teeth that are stained an unbecoming yellow?

That yellowish tint is the mischief of a "liquid cement" in your saliva. Glues to your teeth—then hardens. Becomes a mask which tobacco, coffee and foods stain yellow.

Fortunately that unsightly hue can now be removed. Dental science has discovered how to formulate a tooth paste composed of "Tri-Calcium Phosphate."

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The next camp-fire looked promising. She went toward it and all but stepped on a couple too deeply engrossed in their communion to know that she fell back from them and walked around them in a new fear of this frightful realm.

The beach might have been a battlefield, from the look of it. At the fires, crowds of various sorts stood en-armed, or squatted on the sand, singing, telling stories, eating hot dogs, drinking from flasks or canteens.

In the intervals between the fires, the dark was deeper and evidently seemed to its tenants deeper than it was.

Mrs. Todd floundered on and on, growing more and more hopeless when suddenly she heard a voice that sounded familiar and lines that she remembered to have seen that very afternoon.

"And if these poor limbs die, safest of all."

Mrs. Todd stopped short and stared, unheeded by the boy and girl sitting on the sand before her and deafened by the rumble and smash of the surf.

Voiceless, the girl was like any of a hundred that Mrs. Todd had passed, but when she had spoken she was identified as Louise. As she sighed the line of Rupert Brooke's, she embraced her arms with each other, and ran her hands down from her knees to her upturned toes.

The youth, reclining at her side on one elbow, put out his hand and followed the path of hers. Her mother almost cried out at the profanation, but Louise lifted the intruder away with no more shock than if he had set her hat on her head wrong side to.

Then the man spoke:

"Those 'poor limbs' strike me as just a little bit of all right. Mighty rich limbs, says I, and before they die, you'd better use 'em."

"Good idea!" she laughed as he thrust his arm out to drag her to him. She rolled over on the sand giggling. He rolled after her almost to the foot of her mother, frozen into a statue, but Louise scrambled to her feet and ran for refuge—into the vast black ocean.

The man got up and chased her into the waves. They splashed through the sudsy forewater, flinging up a spray of moonlit diamonds.

An endless bellow began to curl over at the top and whiten along its dark crest. As it loomed above the little shadow of Louise, she joined her hands above her head and dived into it.

The last her mother saw of her was the white soles of her feet vanishing. The young man plunged in after her and Mrs. Todd thought she could see a pair of heads now and then beyond the white ridges of the breakers, but she could not be sure. She glanced at the overcoat and recognized it as her son Gilman's. She found in one pocket a silver flask that was not Gilman's. She opened it and held it to her nose—it was raw whisky. She poured it out in the sand and grimly waited the return of her child—if indeed she should return.

Chapter Four

BY and by she made out two figures darkling nearer shore. They seemed to be wrestling in the foam and, when a breaker overtook them, it swept them ashore and left them, wriggling like an eight-legged monster.

Mrs. Todd braced herself to receive Louise with proper scorn, but instead of returning to the coat, the two fell to playing like silly children.

They boxed for a while, and Louise took a professional stance like a prize-fighter in

a picture. Her slim arms blocked and feinted, and she sparred with what her mother assumed to be disgraceful skill.

Then they set to wrestling and were again entangled until they fell together. Louise rose and ran, laughing, and when the young man sprawled in pursuit she played leapfrog over him. Then she let him return the compliment and they went down the beach so till Mrs. Todd lost sight of them.

She was just about to follow when she saw them coming back, playing tag, shouting with laughter, dodging, darting, like two pups at play.

At length Louise ran to the coat and fell down upon it, and the boy dropped to her side. Mrs. Todd, held fast by a terrified curiosity, stood aloof and watched and listened.

The young man dug from the pocket the flask and offered it to Louise.

"I've had too much already, Scuddy," she panted. So it was Scudder, then. He laughed as he unscrewed the top.

"I'll say you've had too much, but that's the time to take a wee bit more."

LOUISE put out her hand and clutched the flask from him.

"You've had your share and your bit more, too. This party's gone dry."

He made a lunge at the flask and they fought for it. At last he snatched it from her, and kept her at bay till he had the top off, and could lift it to his lips for a toast.

"Here's to you, Hot Toddy—the warmest baby on the beach! Hell, it's empty!"

Louise howled with laughter.

"Aint that life, dearie? We fight and fight for a silver flask and when it's won, it's empty. Say, boy, that's poetry—or it would be if it rhymed. Let's see. We fight and fight through the livelong night for a—a—"

"Oh, for Pete's sake, haven't we had enough poetry for one sitting? You've been quoting that guy Brooke all evening. There's more poetry in one of your kisses than in all the books that were ever written."

"Maybe so, me lad; maybe so; but these lips are a closed book to you from now on."

"Is 'at so?" said the King. "Well, I'll just take a page out of that book."

He flung himself at her and seemed so certain to overwhelm her that her mother stepped forward to rescue her from the beastly wrestle. But Scudder fell away with a howl, gasping for breath. When he regained it, he said:

"That's a dirty yellow trick!"

"I know it, son; but all's foul in love and war. Mamma hates to say no, but when she says it, Mamma means it. Baby must behave, or Mamma 'pang."

Scudder writhed at such language and moaned:

"Gosh! To think that I should 'a' picked a damned evangelist on the swellest night of the year! Look at that little old moon—those ocean—them star—all whisperin', 'Kiss while you can, for the day is comin'! And then you hand me a sock in the solar plex."

Instead of taking pride in her militant virtue, Louise apologized for it.

"I'm sorry, Scuddy. I'm human. I get as much kick out of moonshine bottled or skied as the next fella. But I'm not in the mood. I'm not in the tense, rather. All my petting is in the past.

"I've had my share of it, and I got an early start. I was only a brat when I began necking around. Now I've got a kid sister—you've met her—Dodie, just turned fourteen. She looks as innocent as a piece of tripe, but she's got me wondering."



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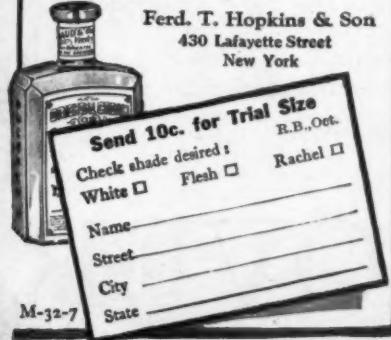
You can dance, motor or indulge in vigorous sports fully confident your complexion will always retain a soft, velvety freshness. "Touching up" is unnecessary as there is no need to worry over streaking, spotting, rubbing off or the effects of perspiration.

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"I used to look innocent too. But I was clever. Dodie looks as if she didn't know her own name, but me—when I was fourteen, I knew all there was to know—and a lot more.

"When I think of Dodie doing now what I was doing long before I reached her age, I get cold chills up and down the little old spineo. But how could I rebuke Dodie if I caught her at it?

"I'd rather be almost anything else than a hypocrite. And here I am outside the pale. I can't go to my own little sister and give her a straight talk. Here I am eighteen and still at it."

Scudder railed at her earnestness.

"There's time enough to swear off when you get older. Save the gospel for Sunday, honey; don't start a prayer meeting here on the sand. Man made the church, but God made the beach, and the moon and this— Gosh, you don't know how pretty you are. You're simply beautiful. I'm crazy about you, Toddy."

"Crazy's the word, son. But I'm goin' sane while the going's good. It's not that I've had an attack of measles. I've not joined any Purity League. But I'm just trying to wise myself up a bit."

THE waves were so boisterous, the wind so fitful, and the gusts of song or laughter from the camp-fires so erratic, that Mrs. Todd could not hear all that was said, though she had sunk to the sand, spell-bound by the opportunity to learn at last what one of her children thought and said when presumably far from her.

She was dazed to hear her child giving such solemn utterance to such forbidden thoughts.

"No, Scuddy, no! I've heard the alarm clock whang and I'm trying to wake up. It's no fun. . . . I'm not bragging . . . just plain luck . . . right boy at right time or wrong boy at wrong time saved me. . . . When I hear of . . . I say, 'Thence but for the grace of God, go I.' But the pitcher that goes to the well too often . . . want to quit before I get broken. . . . It's ghastly what a risk we . . . Is it worth it? I ask you!"

Under this flood of confession, Scudder was plainly buried. He manifestly wavered between regret at the wasted evening and respect for the recovered reason. He muttered:

"Funny you should spill all this tonight. Last night—the life of the party. Gosh, these old hair turned white in a single night with the things you said. And as for lovin'—wow! What caused the sudden transformation from Hot Toddy to Little Eva?"

"I guess it was the run-in I had with Mamma this aft. She tried to. . . . I ran out on her. She caught a glimpse of my bathing suit. . . . nearly swoonded. She's got those funny old notions that clothes and morals have something in common.

"She's got so much rubbish in her dear old beanio that . . . had seven children and I don't think she has the faintest idea how it all happened. She knows less now than I did at ten.

"All the fun she's had was the pain. When I had my tonsils out I got a faint idea of . . . a large family. . . . And the worst of it is that the longer we live, the more pain we give her.

"In spite of having such good parents and such sweet old-fashioned home training . . . we Todds are a gang of trouble-hunters in our various ways.

"Poor Mamma doesn't know the half of it, at that, scared as she is. What parents don't know won't hurt 'em—but there's always a fat chance that they'll find out—from the newspapers, if nothing else.

"My eldest brother, the firstborn and the boss . . . Well, he's been mighty lucky . . . but—whew, he can't graze through everything forever!

"And my eldest sister Helen—you met her once . . . lofty ideals, independence, earns her own living . . . same line of talk that I use myself. Well, she's ridin' for a fall . . . when it comes. Ye gods! I'd like to tell her what I know, but she'd simply give me a smack in the eye and tell me to go back to my doll rags.

"My next brother, Clifford . . . mighty white of you to take him home with you when he got soured the last time. He told Mamma he was being initiated in a fraternity and she swallowed it, hook, line and sinker.

"And then there's my little sister comin' along . . . eyes of a couple of cherubim, but I've got a notion there's a hell-cat inside her. . . . Can't you see, Scuddy, I've been speeding and I've got to pull over to the curb and set the brakes before I get a ticket.

"I just got to do it, Scuddy. I can't expect you to understand . . . awfully sorry I spoiled your evening for you. All the good neckers are busy by this time, I suppose, but you can get another tomorrow. If you could have seen the look Mamma gave me when I told her where she got off, and reminded her that I was free, white and all of eighteen, and wasn't taking any more orders from the old folks at home. . . .

"Why, Scuddy, she looked like she did when her baby died. I was just old enough to remember. I've been haunted all evening.

"When we were swimming I saw her face down there under water . . . drowning. . . . When you were wrestling with me . . . I thought she saw me. Poor old dear, I can't kill her, can I?

"I've taken a little vow to go straight for a while anyway . . . see how it feels.

"She's got funny old ideas . . . but she's not so crazy at that. . . . She's scared to death of what's going on . . . and if she knew it all, she would drop dead. But I'm going to try to fight my way out. Mamma would die for me . . . she damn' near did . . . the least I can do is to live for her . . . a little, anyway. Don't you think so? Or do you?"

SHE was eerily beautiful in her mother's eyes, seen through tears and a heartache of memory and hope. Her mother longed to run to her and take her to her arms, but fear constrained her and she lay quiet, unnoticed, behind a little ridge of sand.

She watched Scudder anxiously to see how he took the girl's long sermon. He was evidently stunned, depressed, bewildered. He stared up at Louise and suddenly put his hand on hers, murmuring:

"Hot Toddy, I love you. Let's go through together."

"How do you mean?"

"Let's get married. I'm mad crazy about you. I never knew it till now. Let's get married."

"Married? With me eighteen and you twenty? It would mean the ruin of both of us. That's the hell of it, boy, we've got to wait so long. I ought to wait five or six years at least. You ought to wait ten."

"But I can't wait. I'm insane about you. Kiss me! I'm cold. I'm freezing to death!"

He hunched up close to her and wrapped the overcoat about both of them.

The mother's heart stopped. Louise had fought her way out of one danger into another. Surely, she was lost now—even if she married.

But the girl put aside the coat and



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GUILTY extravagance! And yet you loved them so—those costly imported soaps with the texture of fine old satin and such caressing lather!

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Today, by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps, Lux Toilet Soap is made!

Satin-firm, white, delicately fragrant, a cake that wears and wears to the veriest smooth wafer! Delicious lather—abundant even in the hardest water—that cares for your skin the true French way.

But instead of costing fifty cents or a dollar—Lux Toilet Soap is just ten cents wherever soap is sold. The art of France—America's genius for achievement—make it possible. Already, all over America, tens of millions of cakes have been eagerly bought! Made by the makers of your cherished Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



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Open doors to infection *those invisible nicks*

You can't see them—those invisible nicks of the razor that give germs and dust their chance at your skin!

So, apparently without warning, little infections develop.

Try this pleasant daily precaution: dash Pinaud's Lilac all over your face after each shave . . . Your skin is always smoothly clear!

For Lilac is a real antiseptic, yet it is healing, too. For a new process makes Lilac blander than ever before.

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**PINAUD'S
LILAC**
[*Lilas de France*]

stood up. Clothed in little more than the moonlight, she was uncannily beautiful, loeworthy and perilous to herself, to this man, to men, and to endless generations. Upon her decisions in life hung the fate of myriads. She commanded the very womb of time.

In her seemed to war immortal responsibilities and immemorial instincts. She quivered under the strain. But she looked down at her lover wistfully and shook her head.

"No, my son, no! I feel as old as God, but we're only a couple of kids, and we've got to wait till we grow up."

WRAPPING his arms about her knees, the infatuated boy begged her not to deny him. But she shook her head, and laughed with a catch in her throat:

"Don't think I want to quit out of this. It hurts Mamma more than it does you, baby."

He dragged her down to her knees and pleaded at least for a kiss. Her mother could feel as never before the beauty of temptation as it enveloped her children, the sweet and kindly impulses to self-sacrifice and surrender that led them to disaster, the tremendous urge to love that streamed down over them from the moon-sick sky, that rolled in around them from the floundering sea, that poured up about them from the warm and fruitful earth.

She saw for the first time that the victims of love are victims of beauty and not of wantonness alone. And she ached with pity for her daughter, whatever her fate might be.

But the youngly ancient child beamed upon the cringing suppliant for her tenderness with a mothering grace and laughed softly:

"The only kisses I've got tonight, son, are the kind I give to relations and old

gentlemen. If I give you one of those, will you take me home in your car? It's a long walk and I'm awful old."

He promised and she gave him her pretty mouth. But he was not content with the kiss she offered. He held her fast and would not let her go.

When she broke from him half-smothered, he began to cry, burying his face in the sand. She looked down at him, wavering. Then she sighed:

"I never was really afraid of you till now. Good-by!"

She got to her feet and, snatching up her brother's overcoat, ran down the beach.

Her fellow-sufferer rose and pursued her, crying: "Toddy! Toddy!"

When their forms and their voices were lost in the chaos of the night and the flames and the roaring sea, the mother lifted herself from the sand and went to find her husband.

She was mightily troubled by the battle her daughter had waged and won, at least for this night, and she was profoundly alarmed by what she had heard of the dangers of her other children. One phrase rang in her ears. "Poor Mother doesn't know the half of it, scared as she is."

Then she found her husband's car and he demanded what she had learned and done. She answered:

"I found out that Louise is a good, good girl, and unless we hurry, she'll be home before we are."

All the way he nagged her about her discoveries, but she felt that the things she had learned by a kind of theft, were sacred to her daughter. And she felt that even her husband, being a man, was something of an enemy to be kept at a distance and in the dark.

(Another vivid episode in this story of a modern American family will be chronicled in the next, the November issue.)

A MILLION DOLLARS

(Continued from page 45)

serious?" asked Karst a trifle, apprehensively.

"Serious as hell. But not for me. Listen: I bought up one of his gang, and got tipped off that the trouble starts Saturday. By then yours truly will be many miles away at sea."

"What will become of old Cevallos?" asked the diamond-merchant.

"His look-out," said Banton. "Probably they'll hang him. But let's get down to business. What do you want for the stones?"

"Cut, and sold right, they'll bring, at the very least, a million in the New York market—probably more."

"That isn't what I asked you. Listen: I got wind of this coming mess six weeks ago—and I decided not to mix up in it. That outbreak last Easter was bad enough. So I began, under cover, to liquidate my assets. Rachado and his crowd can take the damn' hemp-fields; I've milked 'em dry, anyhow—but they can't touch the cash I have in the strongest bank in Rio. Here's my proposition. In my pocket I have a bank draft on Rio for eight hundred and seventeen thousand dollars and forty-two cents—my entire assets to date. I'll endorse that draft over to you, and you give me the stones. Well, what do you say, Karst?"

"But," began Karst, "they are worth at least—"

"Take it or leave it," snapped Danton. "I'll be frank with you. That's my way. Last night in the bar you admitted that you are devilishly hard pressed for cash. I know the stones are worth more, and that I stand to clean up a good profit when I get them to New York. Well, you don't think I want them because I like jewelry,

do you? You need the cash, and I want the stones. Well, here's the cash."

Karst rubbed his gray-stubbled chin with a long finger, looked at the pile of diamonds, and at Judson Danton standing there, legs apart, massive and masterful.

"You drive a hard bargain," he said. "Take it or leave it," Danton repeated.

"Oh, well—if I didn't need the money—" said Karst, sadly. "Take them."

He stowed the diamonds back in the belt with respectful fingers.

"It will be a tight fit," said Judson, as he endorsed the draft.

AT sundown the steamer *Garden City*, New York bound, was due to sail. Judson Danton was whistling as he packed his bags. Once or twice he stopped to touch with pleased fingers the belt which encircled his plentiful waist. It was there—safe—his goal, his ambition.

He had sent one of the boys ahead to the wharf with his bags, and was following, down the hill, with leisurely steps, puffing contentedly at an obese cigar, when out of an alley emerged half a dozen men. Silent men, with set, brown faces, moved toward him. One of them he recognized—Rachado. Sixty yards away, Danton saw them, and knew what they wanted. He turned and ran, ran toward the consulate of his country, ran as only a man can run who is in mortal terror. Back up the hill he ran. His legs began to falter. His heart pounded violently. Needle-pointed pains lanced his heaving chest. His lungs felt as if they were going to burst. He cursed himself. The easy hammock life had made him flabby.



If graying hair would only ache

WHEN disease attacks your tooth, the pain is anguishing and off you go to the dentist. If graying hair would only ache, you would probably realize that it, too, is a disease and one which should have prompt attention.

But at least when the first silver strands appear you should know that you have what Science calls "Canities." *Canities* is the medical term for the loss of color from the hair. Notox offers a corrective for this disease, that has been as scientifically worked out as the filling of a tooth. For it supplies a reproduction of Nature's coloring and is quite as undetectable.

How Notox duplicates Nature: Hair is a long, slender stem with a translucent

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outer covering and a layer of tiny fibres inside. It is the inner fibres which Nature colors. It is in the same place that Notox colors the hair—it slips beneath the outer covering and is absorbed by the fibres inside. Thus, instead of the old-time "painted" effect Notox leaves the surface entirely natural in appearance. Why are there so few Gray-Haired women in the Smarter Sets? Because the modern woman realizes that she need no more suffer aging, streaked hair than she need endure pale lips, a colorless skin or a disfigured tooth.

To enjoy life today one must remain young. Notox shows the safe and natural way.

A Few Unique Features of Notox:—Inecto Rapid Notox is the only Canitic Colorative. It does not affect the strength or softness of the hair. It permits marcelling, curling, permanent and any kind of waving. It is unaffected by shampooing, salt or fresh water, steam baths, strong sunlight or perspiration.

Notox requires but a single application. It is permanent and needs no further attention until new hair grows out. Notox is tested on living models before leaving the laboratories. It is produced by the largest makers of hair coloring in the world, and both its basic ingredient and method of manufacture are protected by patent.

Notox is applied and sold in beauty shops or sold in drug and department stores. On request the makers of Notox will recommend a shop near you where you can have Notox expertly applied.



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MANON LESCAUT Face Powder

Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Ocreé, Mauve,
Leaches "Powder, Peaches-and-Cream" Powder.

Just outside the consulate gate, they caught him. They were not rough with him. He did not struggle long, for he had seen at the consulate window the white face of Clarke, the consul, and he knew that when he had cried out with all his strength, "Wire for help," Clarke had heard him.

Judson Danton did not spend the night in a cool berth on the steamer, but in a rough log structure, a sort of small fort, on a hill, jutting up unexpectedly in the midst of the semitropical jungle. They gave him a blanket, and the sort of food they had themselves. Danton stormed and threatened. Rachado was firm—they would hold him until the Cevallos government was ousted, and Rachado secure in the presidential chair. Danton did not sleep badly that night. They had made no attempt to search him.

SLEEPILY, Captain David Daly, U.S.M.C., and Lieutenant Thomas Yore, were playing rummy in the Captain's quarters aboard the U.S.S. *Canterbridge*. From outside, sounds came to their ears, the shouts and splashings of the sailors and marines as they disported themselves in the Cuban sun and sultry waters of Guantanamo Bay. Captain Daly tossed down the cards, and yawned.

"You win, Pop," he said.

Lieutenant Yore grinned.

"He weighs twelve and three-quarter pounds now," he said. "So Julia wrote in her last letter. Lord, I wish the old man would let me get away for a week, so I could slip up to Jacksonville and get a peek at the kid. Guess you're always most excited about the first one."

"I was," said Captain Daly. "Mine was born while I was lying in Belleau Wood with a slug in my thigh."

"Think I'll name him Mike," said Lieutenant Yore. "Michael David Yore—how's that for a fighting name?"

"Aw, don't make a marine out of him," said the Captain. "Bum job. Too much sitting around."

He stretched himself. A sergeant entered, saluted and handed the captain a dispatch from Washington.

"Praise be!" cried Captain Daly, leaping up, jubilantly.

"What's up, Dave?"

"Action, Pop! Action!"

THROUGH the dense jungle growth they pushed, cleaving a way with machetes, their rifles slung across their shoulders.

"Tough going," said Captain Daly.

"Why won't they give him up?" asked Lieutenant Yore.

"Stubborn," answered the Captain, "and cuckoo—like most revolutionists. Still, I hate this job—"

"Might as well like it. We've got to do it."

"I know. But I had a parley with this Rachado. A straight-spoken, game sort of lad. Make a good marine, he would. Not the kind you'd like to see stop a pill with his face."

"Which he very well may—before long," said Lieutenant Yore.

"Hope not. That rotten old robber Cevallos has been running this shop and giving the people a mighty dirty deal. This Danton party we're out to save is no prize either, from all accounts. Hand-in-glove with Cevallos—power-behind-the-throne stuff—but too smart to get caught with any jam on his shirt. Sweated a fortune out of the natives, Rachado says, and they don't trust him any farther than you could heave a submarine."

"None of our business."

"No. I put it plain to this Rachado: Hand over Danton, or we take him. I liked the way he came right back and said:

"Try and get him. If you use force on us, things will not go so well with this precious Señor Danton."

"Bluff," said Lieutenant Yore.

"I'm not so sure. This Rachado doesn't look like a quitter."

A scout, wriggling on his belly through the tangle of vines and weeds, came back to report that Rachado and his band had entrenched themselves in their log fort a mile ahead.

In the fort they waited, some seventy brown men with grim faces, their rifles, antiquated ones mostly, ready. In a corner, lying bound on the floor, Judson Danton waited too. He was not very much afraid now. A sense of security had come to him when he heard one of Rachado's men report:

"I see in the harbor boats, oh, many boats, big, big boats, with guns as big as the biggest tree, and men, many men, with rifles, coming ashore in little boats."

Danton waited, amused, almost. After all, he was a noncombatant. Two groups of determined men were going to fight for a prize—and he was the prize. It was comforting to know, in advance, which side would win.

Rachado was speaking to his men.

"We will not give in. We have our honor, as well as they. Fire, if you must, but fire low. I would avoid hurting them, if I could."

WHEN the first mild rays of the morning sun stole through the jungle leaves, the marines attacked. From the loopholes in the log fort, rifles spat out red death. Captain Daly cursed as a bullet raked across his knee.

"Hurt, Dave?"

Lieutenant Yore was at his side.

"No. Grazed me. I'm O. K. Push ahead. Get this thing over with."

"Right." The lieutenant moved away—then called out fiercely:

"God in heaven, there goes Sergeant Bradley—"

"Got it bad?"

"Through the lungs."

"Those swine!" Captain Daly shook his clenched fist toward the fort. "Billy Bradley—the finest man in the outfit! Tell the men to keep low and keep going—"

The lieutenant was bending over the fallen sergeant. Suddenly Yore gasped, and stood swaying, his face a greenish-white, his hands clawing at his breast. Then he went down on his face, not pitching forward abruptly, but crumpling down. Captain Daly knelt beside him. He heard the faint whispered words:

"Tell—little Mike—how—his pop—went." Captain Daly's teeth bit into his lip; his hand tightened on his automatic.

"Keep going, men. Knock hell out of 'em."

Heads bent low, they pushed on toward the fort, while the bullets clipped leaves around their ears.

INSIDE, it was a shambles. The loosely built log structure leaked bullets. Men moaned as they lay. Some were beyond moaning. There was a lull in firing. The besiegers were massing at the foot of the hill for a final rush.

Rachado, a crimson crease across his olive cheek, cried out a command.

"We cannot hold out. There are too many of them. We must retreat—into the depths of the jungle."

"And what of—him?"

"He has cost us dearly," Rachado said, "and I gave them fair warning what I'd do."

One of the men raised his rifle, pointed it at Judson Danton. Rachado knocked the gun up.

"No," he said. "That is a soldier's death. Hang him."

One of them darted to a corner and brought back a coil of rope. It trailed behind him, past Judson Danton's face.

"Wait," said Rachado. "There is a God of Justice, and a God of Irony."

A volley of crisp orders shot from him. Some of the defenders of the fort scurried to obey. Judson Danton was seized, hauled to the center of the room. He blustered.

"But—but—you can't do this. I'm an American citizen. You'll suffer—"

"We have suffered," said Rachado quietly. "We expect to suffer more. Be quick, men. In ten minutes they will be here."

With starting eyes, Judson Danton saw what they were doing. His nerve went flat. It was broiling hot in the fort, and the air was fetid with powder-fumes, but ice-cold sweat began to course down the ashen face and quaking body of Judson Danton. He began to whimper and bleat.

"For God's sake, don't do this!" he pleaded. "See here: Let's talk business. I'll give you money—a lot of money—"

They jeered at him.

"All the money I have," he cried. "A million dollars—a cool million—"

They paid no heed to him.

"See," he kept gibbering. "A million dollars—"

He tried to fumble at his belt, but his hands were held, and he was trussed up. A wiry, half-grown lad, agile as a monkey, scrambled up into the rafters. Full forty feet above the hard clay floor, he fastened one end of the rope. Others piled tables, one on top of the other, rickety tables, made of packing cases. On the topmost table they stood Judson Danton. He would have collapsed and fallen, but he felt the rasp of the noose about his neck. Another rope was run to the only door of the fort, and secured to it. Judson Danton saw, and understood. The devils! That door opened outward. When his rescuers opened that door, the tables must be jerked from under him, and those who had come to save him would find him dangling high from the floor, mocking their endeavor with dead eyes.

A fury of noise broke out again—the barking of rifles, and then the sinister, insistent rapping of a machine-gun.

"They come!" cried Rachado. "Through the rear window, men!"

His men—the few who were left—poured through the window and dashed away to lose themselves in the jungle-covered hills behind the fort. Rachado waited until the last. His foot was on the sill, when he cried out, sharply, and toppled back. Looking down from his height, Judson Danton saw the sight leave Rachado's eyes. Then Danton waited—a million years—not silently, but screaming—and his screams were lost in the shots and shouts of his saviors.

They were at the door. Strong hands flung it open. The pile of tables swayed an instant. Then it crashed down, and Judson Danton plunged into a black night.

"THAT'S him." . . . Danton opened his eyes. He knew that he was dead and in hell, and that the mask of dust and sweat, with hard eyes, staring down at him, belonged to the devil.

"Nothing serious."

But does the devil wear the uniform of a captain of marines?

"Broken ankle," Danton heard the voice say. "Fainted. Bring a stretcher, Sergeant."

A wave of acute joy swept over Judson Danton.

"What happened?" he got out.

"The drop was short—till we cut you down."

Judson Danton wanted to sing, to scream with happiness, to whoop, and dance. He was swiftly master of himself again—Judson Danton, millionaire.

"Good work, Captain," he said. "Thank

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you. I'll see that you and the boys are well taken care of."

He did not much like the way Captain Daly turned his back, and spat on the hard clay floor.

They bore him back through the jungle on a stretcher. Now and then he grimaced as a twinge of pain went through his injured ankle, and said:

"Easy, boys. There's fifty apiece for you in this."

Mostly, though, he did not mind his ankle. He had but to touch his belt with his hand to find a potent antidote for any physical pain.

They took him out to the U.S.S. *Canterbridge* in one of the ship's launches. He could not stand, so they rigged up a comfortable sling to hoist him aboard.

"Take it easy, boys," he kept cautioning them. "That water below us is boiling with sharks, you know."

The men obeyed him. They were very careful. There was no smile on the faces of any of them.

His stretcher was level with the deck now. He was smiling up at the blue sky. Then—one of the ropes broke. . . .

In his big schoolboy hand, Captain Daly, U.S.M.C., was writing out his report:

"Losses, one officer, and six men, killed; two officers, and ten men, wounded. Varacostans killed (estimated), forty-seven. Death, accidental, one civilian. Body not recovered. The marines have landed and have the situation in hand—"

THE LACEY SISTERS

(Continued from page 77)

encouraging, she told him much of herself, her mother's puzzling attitude toward her in regard to her imitations, the excitement and enjoyment she found in vaudeville and, finally, her hidden ambition to become one of the world's finest little mimics.

"You certainly must love the life," Older smiled. "Your mother—it's hard to judge; she always jokes so about it, about everything that concerns herself—she isn't nearly so keen about it, is she?"

"I should say not," Virgie answered. "I honestly believe she'd quit it in a minute, if something better offered that she could do."

"I wonder what she would consider—something better?" Older smiled.

"Almost anything—to hear her talk," Virgie laughed.

Two nights later, Georgia again begged off from an engagement. But during the evening that followed, Virgie found Older preoccupied, especially on their walk home under a soaring June moon showering the universe with sentimental speculations.

"You like me, don't you, Virgie?"

His tone sent Virgie's heart dizzily into her throat.

"Don't you?" He stooped to search her face, holding her hand tightly.

"I—of course, I like you,"—the gray eyes were averted,—"a great deal."

"And I love you very dearly. I hope—I want you to—" He paused. The moon swiftly disappeared behind a black mass of clouds. A moment later, free and serene, it sailed into view again. But in that moment Older had released Virgie's hand. She pulled a scarf around her thinly covered shoulders as a puff of night breeze wafted from the river.

"You're chilly," Older said quickly. "You'd better go in. Tell your mother I hope her headache will have entirely disappeared by morning. Good night."

TEN minutes later, slipping into bed, Virgie laid her head upon her pillow to commune with herself.

"Was that, or was that not, the overture to a proposal?" she inquired of herself. "If it wasn't, what was it? If it was, what stopped it? Did he get cold feet, or merely change his mind? Or did I miss a vital cue that ruined the scene? 'Do you like me?' he says. 'Sure,' I say. 'I love you,' he says. And then, with me standing there quivering, he drops my hand like a hot potato, says, 'You're cold. Give my love to your mother,' and exits briskly down the street." She sighed. "What I call a very unsatisfactory rehearsal." A second before she floated into dreamland: "I wonder—what I would have said—if he'd got to the point!"

WHEN Virginia awoke, late, the next morning, she heard her mother at the telephone.

"Who was it?" she called into the next room when her mother hung up.

"Rod Masters is back," Georgia replied, standing in the doorway of Virgie's room. "He says vaudeville conditions in the Middle West don't look so good for next season."

"Did he call you up simply to tell that pretty news?" Virgie asked airily, feet tucked under her as she sat on the edge of the bed.

"N-no. He asked how we were."

"What did you tell him?" Virgie reached for a comb and ran it through her shining hair.

"Told him we were all right, and having a wonderful summer."

"Um! What did he say to that?"

"Said he was glad. What else could he say?"

"Have you had breakfast yet?" Virgie wiggled her toes into a pair of mules.

"Yes. The coffee is still hot. Do you want it before or after your bath?"

"After, I guess. Momsie, dear, how is your headache this morning?"

"Oh, it's all right—gone. I feel—fine."

"I'm so glad. Did Rod say what kind of a trip he had?"

"No. He—he wanted to know if he'd find us if he stopped in on his way home from the office this afternoon."

"And?"

"I told him you had a dinner engagement with Wade Older, so you'd be here until six, anyway."

"Did you say that I, or we—you and me—had the engagement?"

"I don't remember," Georgia said calmly, as she disappeared, to prepare Virgie's breakfast . . .

"Listen, Virgie." Georgia broke a silence only disturbed by the crunching of toast between her daughter's white teeth. "You'll perhaps think that what I'm going to say is none of my business. In one way you're right. Your future life is yours to live. Its responsibility belongs to nobody but you—and the man you live it with. But for days I've been wondering how I was going to talk to you—about Rod Masters and Wade Older. I may be wrong, dear, but sooner or later I think you'll have to make a choice between them, or between the two different types they represent."

"I like Rod. He is a very bright young chap. And clean. With fair luck, he'll be worth a lot of money some day, a power in the show business. Just now he's pretty young—"

"Twenty-two," Virgie interrupted, according it the respect of seventeen.

"When you're my age, you'll realize just how young that is," said Georgia. "But the point is that already he is wrapped up in the show business; that's all he thinks of, lives for. I've seen enough of his kind to know what will happen to his wife, if he marries a professional—which he will most certainly do because nobody outside of the profession means anything to him."



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But for sheer ecstasy of fragrance, in all the world I know of nothing that thrills and enthralls like the fairy breath of Orange Blossoms when it's Spring in Southern California.

I shall never forget the rapture that came to me with my first full inhalation of that wondrous scent.

Each spring since then I have journeyed across the continent to joy anew in the bliss of that entrancing

fragrance. Its charm for me is almost hypnotic.

As I write, California's billowing seas of orange trees are three thousand miles away. Yet the picture of their bloom and the spell in their perfume come to me across the miles with a vividness and lure that leave me all aghast.

A thousand times I have wished that some day someone might discover a way to capture that ecstatic fragrance and imprison it in bottles—so that I and others might summon its enchantment whenever we choose and wherever we happen to be.

And now my wish has been answered. From a treasured bottle in my hand comes the unforgettable fascination of California's springtime orange flowers, the fragrance I love above all others.

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"Rod will get behind his wife with all the ability he has. He'll shove her forward as fast as he can. She'll be booked steadily; no fear of that. Every season he'll raise her a little higher. He'll keep her working, advancing in vaudeville, until he gets a chance to place her in a revue. After that he'll jockey her back and forth between shows and vaudeville, keeping her name before the public, until he talks some one into starring her.

"Everything that brains and pull and managerial ability can do for an actress will be done for Rod's wife. But, my God, how she'll have to work!

"Vocal lessons, dancing lessons, long hours of practice between shows, stewing, worrying—it will be hotel and theater, theater and hotel, day after day, month after month. That will be her home life. It will be one of those week-end marriages you read about, with Rod jumping to Boston or Philadelphia or wherever his wife is playing, to spend Saturday and Sunday with her. There will be months at a time when they won't see each other.

"But worst of all will be knowing that she's got to make good! At every opportunity Rod makes for her, she'll have to come through. Because if she doesn't, if she turns out to be just an ordinary actress, just one of the ten thousand wearing their shoes out on Broadway, he'll start looking for somebody else to make a star of. Put this in the book, honey—I've seen it happen too often to be mistaken: if Rod's wife doesn't go far and fast in the show business, she'll soon find herself out of it, idling around a downtown apartment and looking at Rod building another woman's career.

"If his wife is the right sort, he'll keep on loving her just the same. But nobody in God's world will be able to convince her that he does. She'll know she's failed him."

FOR some moments Virgie's gaze had been fastened on the strip of sky the dining-room window permitted.

Now, as her mother paused, she slowly turned her eyes to the tips of the satin mules on her feet.

"I don't believe Rod would—would marry a dub," she said.

"He wouldn't know," Georgia quickly answered. "The shrewdest of managers are fooled—all the time. I—when I was your age, everyone predicted wonderful things for me. My youth, my prettiness and charm—they mistook those for ability.

"Every girl has to gamble with her life. And with happiness, love and security to win, I don't blame any girl for taking every advantage she can."

"What do you mean by that?" Virgie quietly asked.

Georgia did not immediately answer. She put her hands under her apron to hide their trembling. When she continued, her voice was queerly unsteady.

"Wade Older. He is in a position to give the girl he loves all the things a girl loves: a home, position, and all the little luxuries that mean more than the big ones. But most of all, the best of all—even better than love—he can give her security. He'd be patient and understanding. He'd be devoted because his business is established; his fortune is already made. He—" Georgia checked herself as she saw a question in Virgie's eyes.

"How old is he, Momsie?"

"Old?" The question flustered Georgia. "I don't know; I should say about my—er, still under 20—still in his thirties. To me he doesn't seem old at all, in any way. Of course, he is older than Rod."

"He's a lot more set in his ways, too," Virgie commented without implying any criticism.

"Naturally," Georgia conceded. "There'd

be no running around in vaudeville for Wade Older's wife, no sketchy week-end visits with him tearing back to his office Monday mornings. He's just dignified enough to expect his wife to manage the comfortable home he'd furnish, the way the Lord planned a man and woman to live together."

"Where does it say that in the Bible?" Virgie asked.

"Somewhere it says something about a husband and wife cleaving to each other."

"Well, can't a wife cleave to her husband—and love him—even though she doesn't see him every day?"

"It's pretty hard to convince him of it, sometimes. And also, *vice versa*, oftener."

"You mean, Momsie, that if Wade Older married an actress, he'd expect her to give up the stage?"

"I didn't say that," Georgia replied. "But I do say this: that almost every woman in vaudeville I know, would gladly leave it to struggle along without her if she got a chance to accept the love and—and security Wade Older can give his wife!"

Quickly, as though she had said enough, Georgia hurried from the room, closing the door of her own room behind her.

ROD MASTERS, on meeting Virgie that afternoon, blankly realized that he had never adequately estimated the beautifying potentialities of the months that intervene between a young lady's sixteenth and seventeenth birthdays. Momentarily dazzled, he stood shaking hands with her.

"Is—is your mother in?" he finally asked.

"Yes." Virgie smiled brightly. "Did you come to see her?"

"No, thanks." Rod pulled himself together. "You've been keeping off the streets, haven't you?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Nobody's stolen you yet."

Virgie's glance dropped to the watch on her wrist, a dainty sparkling imported novelty, two of which Older had brought from his shop for the Lacey Sisters.

Rod followed her glance. "How much time have I before he shows up—What's his name, the old John who's been so busy buzzing your mother?"

"Buzzing my mother!" Virgie artlessly exclaimed.

"Why—" In unconcealed confusion Rod glanced again at the wrist-watch, at the slender necklace encircling Virgie's throat. "My error," he apologized. "What is his name?"

"Wade Older," said Virgie, sweetly calm. Then, truthfully: "He has been looking forward to meeting you."

"That's nice," Rod said unconvincingly.

A few moments later Virgie introduced the two men. Neither of them exhibited any emotion other than politely cordial pleasure at meeting each other; Older insisted that Rod become a fourth at dinner; and Rod accepted. Throughout the dinner and dancing that followed, Virgie saw that Older, tranquilly relinquishing her to Rod, was devoting himself to the mother.

"He's a regular, a fine fellow," Rod told her on their walk home. "When you were getting your wraps on, he asked me to have lunch with him tomorrow and shoot some golf."

"Are you going?"

"Sure. By the way,"—his voice lowered,—"I wish you'd come into the office tomorrow morning—just you. There's something I want to talk over with you."

No one but Rod was in sight the next morning when Virgie walked through the reception-room into his private office.

"Give me a pleasant smile to remember—will you, Virgie? I'm afraid it will be the last one I'll get from you in a long time. The truth is that—that managers don't

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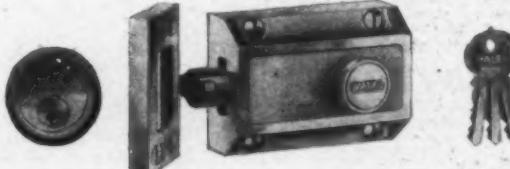
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want the sister act you and your mother played last season," he went on, plunging into the heart of the trouble. "I can't book it for anywhere near the salary you need."

"They don't like me?" Virgie's lips were quivering.

"They do; they like you very much. And they know your mother's work; what she can do. What they don't like is the combination, the contrast."

"Well, what else can we do?"

"I'll tell you; split the act."

"Split it!" cried Virgie, aghast.

"Split it. You go your way and let your mother go hers. You could go far, if your mother would let you. Now, please, please don't think I'm trying to prejudice you against your own mother."

ROD took several nervous turns across the width of the office. Then he added:

"You're paying this office to handle your act. This office now is giving you the very best advice it has. Split the act; make two singles out of it; get twice the money and twice the work. I wouldn't have said anything to you about it before talking to your mother except that I thought you might like to—*to prepare her for it*."

"It will just about break her heart. Can't you see?" Virgie cried wretchedly. "Suppose you're right; suppose I did go far—became a feature act. Would her pride—or mine—allow Momsie to continue dubbing along in the dumps while I was drawing good money in the first-class houses? No sir! But vaudeville is all Momsie knows. It's her life."

Neither of the youngsters heard the outer door click behind a newcomer. Neither of them remembered that the door connecting the two rooms was partly open.

"No, Rod, before I could consent to that, I'd quit altogether and—and get married."

"To whom?" Rod asked quickly.

"Anybody—who would treat me nice and let me take care of Momsie."

"Whose idea is that?"

"Mine!" flared Virgie. "Listen: you tell Momsie the managers insist on me doing more imitations, and—"

"What's the use of that?" Rod interrupted. "She won't let you. Has she ever let you add one little thing to your bit in the act? Has she ever given you the slightest chance to become the more prominent of the Lacey Sisters? Has she ever given you the least encouragement to study or advance yourself in the profession?"

Vainly, Virgie searched her memory for one instance.

"Do you know why?" Rod pressed on. "Do you know—"

A knock on the door interrupted him. Four hot eyes glanced quickly toward it as it swung open to reveal Mr. Wade Older.

"Sorry," he smiled. "Couldn't help overhearing a few words." He turned to Virgie. "Wouldn't it be only just and kind to your mother to ask her the question that is worrying you two? I'm sure she'll answer it, if you tell her I think she should."

"Did she tell you?" Virgie asked.

"I guessed it," Older smiled. "But it is still her secret."

"Not for long!" Virgie threatened, striding toward the door.

"You'll be careful—"

"Listen, Virgie—" Simultaneously the two men cautioned her.

"You two," Virgie told them dramatically, "have nothing to worry about except your golf. That's how lucky you are!" Imputuously she hurried from the office.

But on the street, the first sweep of her determination ebbed. Things had to be rehearsed to get satisfactory results. What was she going to ask?

"I'm going to make Virgie's future as

different from my past and present as platinum is different from potash," she remembered her mother saying to Rod. Virgie found a new interpretation of the phrase. She, Georgia, was going to make her daughter's future; she wasn't going to leave it to Virgie, or chance, or Providence, or anybody but herself.

That—past and present—was vaudeville; working, traveling, worrying. Virgie's future was to be different—what had been her mother's steps toward making it different?

Loads of pretty, becoming, smart, eye-attracting clothes. Exercise, pains-taking supervision of Virgie's hair, skin, complexion. She had never refused an opportunity to display Virgie to her best advantage—outside of the theater, at society and men's club affairs.

"Showing me off—like a prize sheep!" Virgie exclaimed in dismay at the conclusion she jumped to. "Why?" And then: "Wade Older! He's the future she picked for me. That's why—everything!"

But unexpectedly, twinkling like a star through a rift in a midnight fog, there came a thought born of intuition.

"Almost every woman in vaudeville would gladly leave it . . . if she got a chance to accept the love and security Wade Older can give his wife." That was the way her mother felt. To her mother it was supremely desirable, the peace and comfort. . . . In a flash, Virgie saw the truth. The picture Georgia had drawn was her own ideal, the blissful, dreamed-of goal at the end of her long, unsuccessful struggle in vaudeville.

"Oh," Virgie sighed, "what a pity Wade doesn't love Momsie instead of me! Poor old Momsie! Poor old Wade—because he is old; too old. If only he'd fallen in love with her—." Again she sat bolt upright. "Listen, Big-Head, how do you know he hasn't? How do you know, Virginia darling, with him dividing his attentions fifty-fifty between you, whether he's been making himself solid with mother because he craved daughter, or getting in strong with daughter because he yearned for mother? Instead of proposing marriage the other night maybe he was getting ready to propose step-fathership. Get up, Stupid, and walk that idea around. Expose it to air and sunshine and see if it fades."

Lithely she set off along the walk.

"Fading—fading fast," she mumbled some minutes afterward.

HER mother was not in the apartment when Virgie arrived, nor had she returned when a violent squawking of a motor horn announced Rod, standing beside a taxi, imperatively beckoning her to join him.

"Had to talk to you alone," he explained, assisting her into the taxi. "I got some wonderful news this afternoon!"

"What about?" Virgie asked as the car rolled forward.

"Older. He doesn't love you."

"What?"

"I mean he does love you, but only as a daughter—I mean, father—stepfather. It's your mother he's batty over, but he doesn't think she—you know, reciprocates."

"Never mind about Mother. Are you sure about Wade?"

"Positive. He played the first five holes this afternoon like a champ. Then the subject of marriage came up, and he started wobbling. A few minutes later your mother's name was mentioned and in quick succession he hooked into the rough, bounced off a weeping willow into a brook, cleaned out a sand-trap to stagger onto the green in a fat fourteen and finally picked up after four of the most pitiful puts ever seen. Mentioning your name didn't do me a bit of good."

"You're so sweet to me," Virgie murmured.

"Listen: if your mother thought enough of Older—"

"She does."

"Well, isn't there some way we can bring them together?"

"Ssh," warned Virgie. "I've been working on that idea for the last six blocks." Her lips pursed. "If they only knew you were going to split the act—"

"Older knows it," Rod interrupted. "I told him. He asked if your mother knew anything of the plan. I said no, and what a heck of a job it was going to be to tell her."

"I have it!" Virgie cried, exultantly. Briefly she outlined her plan.

With Virgie at his elbow, a trifle breathless, Rod rang up the Lacey apartment from a drug-store booth.

"This is Rod, Mrs. Lacey. You don't mind if I take Virgie to dinner and a picture, do you? And listen: it's only fair to tell you that I've about persuaded Virgie to split the act—make two singles out of it and— What's that? . . . Well, we can talk it over when I bring Virgie home tonight." Quickly he hung up, an uncomfortable glint of guiltiness in his eyes.

"She—she didn't take it very easily," he said. "Now you—continue the dirty work."

VIRGIE called Wade Older's hotel and requested a connection with his room.

"Hello," Older's voice sounded pleasantly muffled in her ear.

Virgie cleared her throat. High and clear, in the sweetly fresh musical tones of her mother, with her mother's familiar inflections, Virgie spoke.

"Wade? This is Georgia Lacey." Heart pounding, she awaited his acceptance or rejection of her imitation.

"Yes, Georgia."

"I've had some upsetting news. Rod tells me he's persuaded Virgie to—to try her luck in a single act."

"I know. He told me the same this afternoon."

"Surely," Virgie managed the little gasp which characteristically accented her mother's astonishment, "surely you don't approve!"

"I'm not so sure," Older replied. "I've been thinking—many things. May I come over this evening—or now, and tell you some of them?"

"I wish you would." There was a vicious hint of tears in Virgie's voice. "I feel terribly—lost, and—and useless."

"Nonsense," Older scolded. "I've an idea the whole affair may turn out very—very well indeed. Expect me in twenty minutes."

Virgie hung the receiver on its hook. "Whew!" She relaxed for a second. "Thank goodness, he volunteered to go. Give me another nickel, Rod." Waiting for the operator to connect her with her own apartment, she said: "If I get away with this next imitation, nothing will ever convince me that Love isn't tone-deaf as well as color-blind."

"Hello!" sounded Georgia's voice, a bit strained, Virgie thought.

The girl's voice dropped deep in her throat. "This is Wade Older, Georgia."

"Who?"

Virgie resisted the temptation to clarify her muffled tones by removing her lips further from the transmitter: "Wade—Wade Older."

"Wade?"

"Yes, Georgia. Young Masters was talking about your act today—said something about splitting it. I don't know that I entirely disapprove. I don't worry about Virgie as much as I do—about you. Er, ahuh—" Virgie wasn't afraid of imitating the way Older cleared his throat. "I've been thinking—many things. May I come over this evening—er, now, and tell you some of them?"



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"Why, of course, Wade." Virgie detected a tiny catch in Georgia's voice. "It is very thoughtful of you to—to think of me."

"Nonsense," Virgie scolded in Older's best manner. "I've an idea the whole affair may turn out very—very well indeed. Expect me in twenty minutes."

With a triumphant flourish she replaced the receiver. "Heaven itself," she piously told Rod, "could do no more than that to bring those two together. Now let's eat. I'm starved."

Hours later, as the two neared the Lacey apartment, Rod said:

"No matter what has happened at your house tonight, I'm going to apologize to your mother for misjudging her. When she wouldn't let you do anything in the act, I thought—well, never mind. I was wrong. She was right. She had the true, genuine vaudeville performer's slant."

"She didn't want you doing much because she didn't know how long you'd be in the act. She had to protect her act, keep it as it always had been, *her* act, featuring her, in order to be able to continue booking it, after you left. It was a shrewd, businesslike move."

"Especially as she thinks I haven't much ability," Virgie added.

"I've a hunch," Rod said, "that your ability never entered into your mother's plans at all."

Softly the two let themselves into the apartment; silently they tiptoed toward the living-room; soundlessly they peeped through the crack of the door. Above the top of the divan they saw the back of Older's head; touching it, supported by his encircling arm, Georgia's head: altogether a peaceful, satisfying picture.

"... a mistake, Georgia mine," Older was saying tenderly. "You couldn't live

Virgie's life for her; she's entitled to live her own, anyway. Oh, I know you wanted to save her the heartbreaks which had been your lot in the profession. But"—his arm tightened about her shoulders—"how you could imagine that I wanted to marry that slip of a girl—with you and your heart of gold to work for and fight for and win—"

"Exit!" whispered Virgie to Rod. Out they tiptoed—to the street.

"Give me air," Virgie implored. "Next time we'll ring the doorbell."

"I wonder," Rod muttered after a moment, Virgie's arm tucked under his as they strolled around the block, "if he thinks you are too young or something to get married."

"I wonder," repeated Virgie.

"What do you think?" Rod invited assistance.

"I suppose there is much to be said on both sides," Virgie said demurely.

"Then listen," said Rod, joyously.

R E S C U E

(Continued from page 92)

She had been sitting there a long time. A smiling nurse came and put the peach blossoms in a jug of water. It was time to go.

"Wont you come to see me again? Gee, it's been fine to talk to a girl again."

She stammered that she would try to come.

CORA gave up the Neptune and went to work in a laundry. It was hard sledging for a while; she had to combat not only the unaccustomed labor but the ridicule of her associates who saw in her efforts nothing that was within their understanding. But before very long her body began to accept the hard work and her companions faded away. They were suspicious, resentful of her. When they learned that she was "going straight" as they called it, they let her alone. Only May came now and then to the room Cora took when she left Mrs. Pruett's. The room was one of the events that puzzled Cora in her new life. It was a cheaper room but paradoxically a prettier one. The sunlight came into the open windows and there was a patch of yard running over with common flowers. The first time May sat in the white rocking-chair against the background of the casement windows, Cora could hardly breathe for the sick heavy feeling in her heart. Could anything in the world erase that look from May's face—and she knew that she had looked like May. There were hundreds of girls who looked like that. Without knowing it, May answered the question herself.

"They say that being in love with a guy can change a girl all over," she said wistfully, "and that's what must have happened to you, Cora. You sure look different. And without any make-up on. I wouldn't believe it. Say, why don't you come across? Who is he and where?"

Cora was rubbing her swollen ankles. She

wore broad, low-heeled shoes and cool cotton stockings, but turning a mangle all day was not like dancing on a floor like oil. She answered in a hesitating way, as if she had to search for every word.

"It isn't being in love that changes a person so much; it's what love stands for, I think. Who he is doesn't matter—it's what he gives you to hope for, to work for."

After May went, Cora tried to recall what she had said and to analyze it. What she hoped and worked for was very faint and nebulous in her mind. She had only obeyed a primitive demand of a soul grown suddenly sick and conscious of defilement. Jimmy was a frail raft that had appeared when she was about to drown, and she clung to him without asking where they were drifting together. She knew that he needed her, but not so desperately as she needed him. In the beginning it was only the tie of their loneliness that held them. She could not give up the welcome which was always in his face when he saw her; the demand that was as undeniable as that of a child for its mother. She had to go to him when he looked for her like that and gradually the sweetness of being needed stole into her and captured her so that when Jimmy let her see how he loved her, she was stricken and afraid and trembling, but so happy that she cried bitterly for all that she could not give him.

ALL this happened after she had gone to work in the laundry; somehow that fact alone gave her the right to listen to him and perhaps she would have shut her ears against his words even then, if for the first time he had not let bitterness come into his voice.

"I'm not even a man any more," he said. "I haven't any right to expect a girl to tie herself to me. Why, I couldn't even fight for her!" When he said that he shut his eyes so she could not see his slow tears.

It was that sort of thing which kept her from telling him. She could not find a time or a place to strike at the hope she read behind his words.

They came together like blinded travelers lost in a desert. They trembled and drew back, afraid of the unknown, but inexorably their isolation drew them on until they walked together. Jimmy was humble in his helplessness and before Cora's strength, but she was humble before a God whom she named fearfully in her secret heart. Lord, let me be good to him. Lord, let me pay him back for some of that which he has lost. Lord, let me work my fingers to the bone and wear out my knees scrub-

bing floors so that he can learn to walk upon them! Don't let him know about me, Lord! How can it hurt if he believes in me a little?

THE miracle of Jimmy's innocence always amazed her. It was as though in taking from him, life had left a shield before his heart. . . . He noticed the difference in her as time went on; different clothes, different shoes, a different face; a different girl he had grown to love in the place of the little painted stranger who had come at first, but in the alchemy of love one image became blended in another so that he soon forgot there had been a change. . . . And as she could not bear to destroy his struggling happiness, she told half lies so pitiful that they would have deceived no one but Jimmy. He accepted everything with the credulity of a child. Catastrophe had overwhelmed his youth so suddenly that there had been no time for disillusion.

It was wonderful to see his face when he looked at Cora. There was all the bewilderment of a child cruelly used and dreading more pain, but sure that it would not come from her. It was to such justification that Cora clung when doubt assailed her.

They went to live in a little house so plain and small that it was able to hide modestly behind a pepper tree and a wall of red geraniums. They gathered a few sticks of furniture and gradually more than the mere outline of a home appeared around them.

This was not done without tremendous effort from Cora. She had to get up before dawn to prepare the day for Jimmy. She had to think of everything; the food, the cleaning. She had to beg or borrow books and papers for him to read; she had to think of his long hours alone and guard against them by setting out little traps for his mind. There was so little that he could do to help and he must not be allowed to think of that or realize it.

In the change from organized invalidism to disabled citizenship Jimmy touched with perilous closeness a condition which had never before reached him. He had been waiting for death, but now he found himself in contact with resentment toward life. He had his first introduction to humiliation. When he saw Cora go out to work while he sat at home, he began to seek dumbly for the old resignation and found it no longer there.

Some of the neighbors who dropped in to visit him were able to voice this dissatisfaction better than he could. They were not whole men. They had given bits of

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their bodies to a cause that had begun with band music and ended with dish-washing for wives who earned the greater part of the living. They sat under the pepper tree and exchanged more or less dazed views upon this injustice.

War never did anything for any man except maybe the generals, they said. There was a lot of talk about pensions and soldiers' allotments and Disabled Veterans' Relief, but what did that amount to against a man's life? Give a man his legs and arms, and he'd support his wife and family himself. That couldn't be done, of course, after the big mill, but why couldn't war be settled in some other way than taking it out of a man's skin?

Jimmy was drawn into this, his ears so full of those murmurs that suddenly the stream ran into his heart and the sweetness of it was curdled a little. He seemed to have been worshiping a tricky sort of god who had deserted him now and left him tottering, not knowing what to believe. If war was all wrong,—if there was no glory and nothing but selfishness and waste,—how was he going to face the ruin of his body? What had he got out of it? Mercifully there was an answer to that. He had got Cora. He would never have known that women could be like her.

CORA heard an echo of this now and then. It was not easy for Jimmy to explain the obscure working of his puzzled mind but when she got a glimpse of what he was trying to say, it flooded her whole being with healing rapture. She had to work very hard to do what she must for Jimmy. She had to pay for the house and the furniture and she was beginning to think about a little old second-hand car to drive him out on Sundays. She was very proud and very humble. She was proud because she was a man's wife and able to do a man's job of bread-winning, and she was humble because she was a liar and hadn't come clean with the man who believed in her and loved her. The talk of Jimmy's friends was vaguely troubling to her. If he got to thinking as they thought and became bitter, it would tear down what she had built upon. Jimmy, believing that he had been betrayed by his country, would easily believe that a woman had betrayed him. . . .

"I used to think," she said haltingly, "that if a man—or woman—didn't get an even break in the beginning, he lost out for good. But I don't see it that way now. You can make something out of what is broken if you try hard enough. . . . Oh, Jimmy, I've got to believe that!"

But he shook his head with that strange stubbornness which came upon him now and then. "It makes a man feel—like dead timber—for a woman to do everything—" But she hushed him with her fingers, calloused fingers, upon his lips.

"Don't say that—please don't ever say it! Why, Jimmy, you give me a reason for being alive—" She stumbled toward confession. "Once I wanted to hurt myself because I had been hurt. Once I wanted to die because I thought everything worth while was dead, but now I've learned to live again."

He didn't understand. She saw puzzlement and pity in his face but nothing else. As he grew stronger, she was quite willing to be a liar if his happiness was the price of it. She learned to defend herself against this depression with small subterfuges. She would ask him to wash the dishes for her nights, and he would splash happily in the soapy water with his clumsy left hand, believing that he helped. Afterward, when he was reading the paper, she would get down on her tired knees and wipe the splashed floor. That was a small task beside his contentment.

IT was through May that Luther Spence found her again. May was not the friend to Cora that she had been in the days of their equality; the fact of Cora's marriage had not only put a great and visible chasm between them, but it had shriveled May's soul, which was not very big in the beginning. So when Luther turned up at the Neptune again and asked for Cora, he was able to locate her in the time it took for the inquiry.

"Sure," said May, "she's turned respectable. She's married and all that bunk. You oughta see her—working in a laundry, wearing big shoes and liking it! No, I've never seen the guy she married, but I don't think much of a guy that'll let his wife slave like that for him, do you? Sure, I've got her address. She might be glad to see an old friend, and then again she might not."

Luther was in very bad luck. The races at Tia Juana had relieved him of his capital and the girls across the Border had cast a spell upon his Middle West soul, causing him to dally in the land of daylight spangles and the whine of the honky-tonk so long that he returned to the city jingling less than two dollars' worth of change in his pocket. He had holes in his socks and was looking for some way to live without working.

His former proud boast that he always had money and could out-smart the best of them was not clinking as usual. He had quickly sunk to referring to the past instead of the present as a time of plenty.

"Lookit me," he complained. "I've had money—real kale—in my time. I labored and sweated holdin' down three men's jobs while a lotta lazy bums drilled in army camps and ate three meals a day without workin'. An' what have I got now? Nothin'. Cleaned out by a lotta crooks because a man isn't allowed to have any fun in his own country any more. That's what war done for me, fellas. And I'm goin' to live easy and take my pay easy from now on."

AS a starting point in his new enterprise, Luther Spence was waiting for Cora at lunch-time one day. When he saw her in her white uniform and straight, smooth hair he thought appraisingly, "She could pass for seventeen or eighteen easy," and chuckled at some unnamable thought of his own. But when she saw him, Cora lost her youthfulness as if it had been wiped from her face with a smudgy hand. They walked together to the end of the block. "What do you want coming after me? You better let me alone." It did not sound like Cora's voice.

"I heard you got married. I guess I'm sort of one of the family. I got a right to congratulate you, aint I?"

Her white cheeks were spotted with a dull flush. "Never you mind about me. You get out and stay out. You're no kin of mine."

They reached the curb and turned to walk back.

"Aw, Cora, don't be so unfriendly. I need a friend right now. I'm sick—broke. Aint got lunch-money even. How're you fixed?"

She gave him money, and a sick wisdom made her know that she was not done with Luther Spence. His very existence hung over her like a miasma, though she did not yet know what it was she feared. When she went home that night she approached the little house timorously, almost as if she had no right to be there. Jimmy discovered this at once.

"Honey, you're all tired out and here I sit without lifting a hand or foot all day to help you." His thin brown face twisted with pain; he looked at her with the agony of the helpless, and she came and put her

head on his breast and held him close in her arms.

"I'm not tired, dear. I could work day and night, too, for you, and never be tired. It isn't that. Maybe I get to thinking if only we had met years ago—before anything happened—"

She did not often let him think of that and he picked up the past eagerly. "Gee, Cora, I was a young husky. Did you know I was pitcher in our league—just kids, but maybe I might have played good ball if—" He meant if he hadn't lost his right arm. This was breaking rules. They had agreed that this was not to be spoken of. She tightened her hold.

"I bet you was some boy! But who'd want a ball-player for a husband? You'd be chasing all over the country, forgetting me. . . . And what if you got mad and pasted me one instead of the ball? I'd rather not take a chance like that." This was so ridiculous that they both must laugh and he said:

"I guess you'd be safe, kid. But don't forget that then I'd be able to smash anybody that bothered you. There's the other way of looking at it."

They were on dangerous ground, and she hurried to make him forget with a gay little supper and talk about the car they were going to get.

THEY didn't get it. Luther Spence was always lounging around the entrance of the laundry. The other girls noticed him and nudged and giggled or stared rudely. They thought that Cora had a sweetie.

"If you don't quit hanging around here I'll speak to the manager!"

"You wouldn't do that, baby—you're to wise. I just wanna be friends with you. I wanna know the guy you're married to. Seems like he must be a darned good sport to marry a girl like you. Why don't you ask me up to Sunday dinner,—like the old days in Chi when your ma cooked a big feed,—that I paid for, remember. I'll try to get something to drink if you'll slip me a V. We could talk over old times."

"Oh, God! . . . You keep away from my house! Don't you ever dare to come there. I'll get a gun if you do. I'll get a gun!"

He was surprised and hurt at that. "I see I aint welcome. But I got to eat and I'm broke. The least you can do is to pay back some of what I done for your folks. You give me that five-spot and I'll leave your love-nest alone."

Luther Spence must have had a voracious appetite that summer, for he ate up most of Cora's wages and the savings for the little car and even the payments on the house and furniture. The ways of the blackmailer are simple ways. While his money comes in he marks time; when it stops his victim does the marking. Cora made her mistake when she let him know that her past was a secret from the man she married. The game was such a simple game that her persecutor hardly had to make a plan.

Perhaps he really never meant to tell, for that would have put her beyond his reach, but when she in desperate straits descended to pleading she brought catastrophe upon herself.

"If you've got no pity for me, can't you have some for him?" she sobbed. "He's lost everything but me. If you tell him about me you'll take that away from him. And he's lost his arm. . . . He couldn't hit you back. . . . You couldn't stand up and do that to a man who couldn't hit you back, could you?"

"You're married to a cripple? I didn't know that. Now I see. . . . I was wondering how a man come to marry a girl like you. . . . Hah, it's a joke! After livin' like you have—a cripple!"

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She flashed back at him. "One of God's cripples! Lost his arm fighting for his country! Oh, you damn' dirty slacker, to laugh at him! You coward! You slacker who stayed at home and claimed another man's children! It's because of that you can do this! I ought to know. I ought to know what you can do."

Luther Spence turned a queer ugly color at that. His slack mouth hung open and he had nothing to say because there was such a turgid stream of hatred in his heart. That stream welled up from somewhere within him and as it poured through his veins it turned all of him to poison. Silent for a while, he said finally, in a harsh voice: "You get me the money or I'll come an' tell your cripple all about you."

There wasn't any more money. She couldn't get any.

She could, he told her, go back to the Neptune and get plenty—sailor's pay. But at that Cora screamed like a rabbit run to earth in a hollow log.

ON Sunday she moved lifelessly about the little house that had all its air of gaiety and surprise. She lifted things and set them back in the same place. She answered without hearing what was said. It was lovely out of doors. People were passing up and down the street dressed in Sunday clothes, everyone going somewhere. Cora and Jimmy went to sit under the pepper tree. Her face was very still and from time to time he looked wistfully at her.

Luther Spence saw them sitting there together when he came swaggering down the street. He had been looking at house numbers idly and until he saw them had only a half notion of what he meant to do. He wanted to torture Cora some more and he wanted to see the man who had lost his right arm in the war, and when he saw them a shaft of hatred pierced him like a bayonet in the back and drove him up the path to them. His thoughts were chaotic, but he pieced a satisfactory excuse together for his presence. Here was a boy, young and green enough still to taste his mother's milk, setting himself up for a hero; marrying a woman, owning a house. A boy without a right arm could do that while he, Luther Spence, had to threaten for every cent he got. A blind fury of destruction drove him. He was determined to put an end to this. He had been under a sense of injustice too long. . . . The Government provided a home for bodies like this boy's; let him stay in it.

He introduced himself when Cora did not speak. "Meet an old friend of your wife's. Sort of relation, you know. She's invited me out lots of times, but I never could come until today. Didn't she mention it?"

"I don't think so," Jimmy said, "but it's all right. Glad to meetcha." With the usual greeting he gave a curious little twist of his body as if his shoulder tried to do the honors of his right hand, but Luther Spence missed that. He was enjoying the sight of Cora's face. Now she would see which was the better man. She would see a cripple who couldn't knock her down for the lies she'd told. He sat on a canvas chair facing them; in that position he could watch the expression of their faces while he lead up to his disclosure.

"You got a rough deal in the war," he said to Jimmy. "I reckon a man in your fix would be pretty sore on the government that got him into such a fix."

Jimmy thought about that for a moment before he replied; he had heard this same sentiment expressed many times but now it filled him with a vague irritation. "Well," he said at last, "some of us are sore, I suppose. But for me—I was thinking that somebody had to get hit with all that powder and shot flying around and I hadn't a right to expect favors."

"But you were a fool to go," Spence urged. "You got to admit that much."

Jimmy drawled: "No, I can't say I was a fool. There wasn't anything else to do. I was a man, wasn't I? I was about twenty, anyway. What would I do but go?"

"Didn't you have a mother or—or—some dependents of some sort?" Spence snarled, but Jimmy had not had that excuse. He explained mildly that his granddad owned a good farm and all his uncles were able-bodied. He began to be surprised at this persistent questioning.

Spence snickered. "Must seem funny to see other men walking around with two feet and two hands—just as much heroes as you—only with more sense. Men that stayed at home and looked out for their folks an' let cocky young fools take the bullets. I'm one of that kind. I had enough sense to stay out of it." The admission seemed to burst from his dry lips and after it was uttered gave him courage for more. "I took care of my brother's family." He glanced at Cora balefully.

Now it was coming. She saw it forming at his lips, sly, leisurely, cruel. Very soon Jimmy would know all about her, for she had no doubt that Spence would tell everything and her knowledge of men had not taught her to expect pity. She tried to pray in her heart. Oh, let something happen to stop him! Don't let Jimmy know. It will turn him bitter like other men. . . . It's only me that keeps him happy, or what he thinks is me!

Spence kept looking at Cora as if he heard her prayer and savored its foolish inconsequence. Her misery made a safe anchor for his eyes because Jimmy's thin brown face kept on smiling as if what Spence said did not matter at all.

The Sunday strollers kept dawdling past. It was growing late and they were talking about the movies, a car ride to the beach, home, supper—they were that sort of people on the little street. Under the pepper tree Cora and Jimmy and their visitor looked as plain and simple as any of them. Children on roller skates clattered back and forth in the next block and a stray dog slithered guiltily across the lawn. It was as peaceful as that.

JIMMY seemed not to know that Luther Spence was sneering at him.

"I suppose everything gets evened up somehow or other," he said. "If you lose one thing you gain another. If I had stayed home now,"—and he smiled a little at the improbability of that,—"I'd maybe own a grocery store by this time. But I never would have met Cora. I wouldn't know what a pal could be; I wouldn't know what a woman will do for a man." Love flooded his eyes as he looked at her.

Spence tilted his chair back until he was gazing into the lacy green canopy overhead. He took his time searching for just the right word. He was going to pull down the little house and lay it in ruins. He was going to wipe that smile from the face of the grocery-boy and show him how he had been fooled all around. Cora was no longer the victim of his animosity; he hardly thought of her except as a weapon.

"I'm glad you feel that way about Cora," he said slowly, tasting his victory. "I always looked on her as a sort of relation. I done my best for all my brother's kids and she used to seem like one of 'em while she was growing up. The way they turned out wasn't my fault."

"I s'pose most men do right as it looks to them," said Jimmy.

Spence moistened his lips. The right word was not coming as easily as it should. "A pity you can't say that about women," he grinned. "The way a woman does is laid out first in her heart If she's born right she'll behave herself no matter

what little mistake she might've done to begin with. But if she's a bad 'un. . . . Now Cora, here, she had everything to keep her straight. All them kids, her ma an' pa—and me willing to do the right thing by her. . . . No reason why she shouldn't turn out fine. But the war made fools of most men and turned the devil loose in women."

He was talking, at random, very rapidly. It seemed impossible for him to bring his story to a climax. It went around and around like a wheel.

THE sun going down slantwise found a way through the swaying wreaths of the pepper tree and chose Jimmy to caress. The sun showed how young he really was. His eyes were clear and brown as water and the sun warmed them into golden eyes. Only a brook can be as clear as a boy's eyes.

Cora had shrunk away to the far end of the bench. She was already enduring the feel of him as he would draw away from her. She was very tired and the hope that she and Jimmy would be saved had faded from her. Even the truth would be better than that rambling, whining voice.

"I done my share when I stayed at home and took care of those kids. Somebody had to. I'd have kept Cora if I could. Nobody drove her away from home; she went of her own accord. She could have got married, young as she was, if she wanted to. I tell you, we treated her as good as we could. I kept the house together in spite of the slurs they kept throwing at me.

"I deserve some credit for that. Nobody knows what a man had to put up with when he stayed at home. It was hell—a sort of hell where nobody ever speaks to you without being ready to knock you down. . . . And you know all the time they are thinking—A man deserves some credit for sticking by another man's kids when it's like that. I tried to keep Cora—keep Cora—" He began to stammer and to wipe the sweat from his face with a dirty handkerchief.

Jimmy sat listening. He had not liked Cora's relation very much in the beginning, but as he pieced the story together he began to think that he had not been fair. He thought that some men never have any luck. This Spence looked down and out; his shoes were broken at the sides and he had the look of a man who would never have what he wanted. A spreading sun of gratitude illuminated Jimmy's smile; it seemed to him that he had everything.

"Gee, but that's tough," he said. "You got a hard deal out of the war, all right. You missed all the fun and now you've got nothing to look back to. Maybe those people didn't understand how it was, but if you were good to Cora it's enough for me." He looked rather shyly at his empty sleeve, for Luther Spence might think he was boasting. "If you did the right thing by another man's kids, you're all right, buddy. . . . Gee, I wish I could shake hands with you."

CORA was on the ground beside Jimmy's knife-edged knees, holding to him as if she would never let go. She did not know why this mercy had been given her. Luther Spence was gone. Halfway along the block he was hurrying and scuffing in his broken shoes to catch a street-car whose bell was faintly warning. His shoulders were bent as if the skies might be expected to fall upon him.

"What made him leave like that?" Jimmy wondered.

Cora laid her face against him. She knew. He had defended her. She worshiped him. Luther Spence was gone and he would never come back.



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THE IMPOSSIBLE MR. EGGER

(Continued from page 85)

to be a fine day, now aint it?" Silence was the answer bestowed upon Mr. Egger.

"This is sure a mighty pretty course."

Further silence for further answer.

"Looks to me like the first green has traps—"

Ice eyes turned upon him. An ice voice spoke.

"I do not wish to talk. I have no intention of talking. And I'm not going to talk!"

An all-comprehending smile illuminated the Egger face, spreading from mossy mustache outwards. "Sure, I know how you feel. Some players like to talk and some don't and that's all there is about it. The best player that I think I ever see didn't talk at all. Couldn't talk. Deef and dumb he was, and had to make signs, but the way he could hit that ball—"

The way that Albert J. Hopkins now hit his, easily put him in the deaf and dumb gentleman's class, and Mr. Egger said so. "Say, that's a peach! Why, now, thunduration, I wouldn't have thought, looking at you casual like, that you was the sort that could smack 'em like that. You sure know how to swing that club."

A puffing, teakettle sound came from Albert J. Hopkins!

That he would have liked to swing that club just once more, and with murderous intent, was horribly obvious. The only thing preventing was a certain age-old statue aimed at exactly this form of club-swinging. So he swung once more at the ball, and the ball bounded away and fled and did not stop fleeing until it had reached the green and brightly rolled almost up to the flag. From which point the Hopkins entrant, with desire to kill still upon him, whacked it into the cup.

FROM the Egger throat rose a salvo of applause.

"Whoopee! Just look at that pardner of mine. You bet they knew who they were teaming me up with when they drawed his name out of that box. Down in four, and don't forget for a minute that four on this particular hole is par. Now, le'ssee."

Score-card and pencil in hand, Mr. Egger pondered. "My drive, that was one. My brassie that didn't turn out so good, that was two. Three up by that oak, and four on the edge of that trap, and five across it—and it wasn't a half bad shot if I do say it myself—and six in. Six. Not so good, but not so bad, neither. And now, gentlemen, what was yours?"

The Sanderson-Himmelbach combination gave brief summary from their own cards. "Six," crisped Mr. Sanderson, sparse eyebrows going down and coming up again.

"Seven," said his partner, running thick fingers through bushy hair.

"Six and seven," pronounced Mr. Egger. "Well, that's that, and the first hole is behind us. Now all we got to do is to play golf, and boy, I'll say we'll have to. Card says the next hole is four hundred and twenty-five yards, par four. The feller that figured that out must have shot it with a gun. Well, my pardner don't mind;

all holes look alike to him. All right, Mr. Hopkins, it's our honor and that means you. Let the ball know you aint the sort to be trifled with. And I'll say you aint."

Just how close Mr. Egger had marched up to the truth, he was fortunately quite unaware. For less than a French cent, partner Hopkins would have transformed the Egger derby into a fedora hat by the simple process of slashing a driver down upon it. But that would have rather abruptly ended the game, and Mr. Hopkins at that moment was in no mood for its conclusion. For the first time in unnumbered years he had gotten par on Del Grande's first hole, and that, mark you, with a derby-hatted clown ballyhooing in his ears. Hat in mind, Albert Hopkins drove.

"Well," announced a watching Henry Egger, "there aint no stopping some people today. Just shows what thinkin' of nothing but golf will do."

IN outspread formation like a detachment of skirmishers, the four went forward. A pull, a slice, and an indeterminate bouncer gave a way of separating golfers. Not until Mr. Hopkins' third shot was partner Egger again at his side. The wandering one made up fully for his absence.

"Hey, now watch out for that oak to the right of the green. It's got a big branch stickin' out, and a full iron shot, if you should happen to slice it, would bang right into it and cause no end of trouble. If I was you I'd play it just a little."

Partner Hopkins had been looking at this selfsame branch for some time. With the added impetus of Mr. Egger's warning he shot straight at it.

When halfway in its flight, it became evident with ghastly certainty that the ball would strike the limb, and Albert J. Hopkins made up his mind. He would take his niblick, it being his heaviest weapon, and he would brain this Egger thing—would slay him, and then leave, and if the courts did anything about it—

The ball struck, glanced horribly, rose like a white meteor, and fell—fell toward the green, rolled, skipped nimbly along, slackened, and came to rest within a whisper of the cup. A four, a par four, for even a man stricken with palsy could now putt it in.

Long did Albert J. Hopkins stand and look, and somehow the desire for slaying faded away. A par, two pars in succession, pars on two tough holes. Lucky, of course, the last one—but a par.

An ecstatic Henry Egger so recorded it, along with a six for himself, a five for the Sanderson gentleman and an eight for Mr. Himmelbach. Grim was the short and stout Mr. Himmelbach. "Hits a tree and gets a four. I don't hit any trees and I get an eight. If I did hit a tree, do you think I'd get a four? Huh, I'd get a fourteen."

Hole Number Three on the Del Grande is a dog-leg. A drive and a pitch—if one drives and if one pitches. If one doesn't drive—

"It looks to me," said Henry Egger, with a scout gesture of hand above eyes, "that there was flat sand traps off to the left by that tall brush where the course bends, and if you was to keep a little mite out—"

Albert J. Hopkins looked at Henry Egger. Looked at him as a patrician Roman might have looked at some extra shaggy barbarian. Looked at him, in other words, as a golfer who has made two successive pars looks at one who has not.

"I happen," intoned Albert J. Hopkins, "to have played this course before. I shall

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continue to play it. And I seem"—and now the Hopkins eyebrows went up—"to be the only one playing it."

Albert J. Hopkins teed up. Albert J. Hopkins drove.

For the space of time that it takes a golf ball to travel one hundred yards, there was silence. Then Henry Egger spoke—called.

"Hi—hi! Git away from there!"

Mr. Egger was calling to the ball. The ball was going toward the tall brush beside the sand traps at the course's bend.

"Git away!" repeated Mr. Egger, and added directional emphasis by leaning sharply to one side.

The ball curved. Curved ever so slightly, but enough. It shaved the rampart of brush by inches and began to drop. Began to drop toward the sand traps. It landed just in front of the first trap.

"Jump!" cried Henry Egger, at the same time bringing one leg sharply up under him.

The ball cleared the trap, struck hard turf, hopped nimbly over trap number two. Then it began to roll. It rolled into the third trap, rolled through it, rolled out upon clear fairway.

A radiant Mr. Egger turned upon Albert Hopkins. "I've found," announced the radiant one, "that when nothin' else works, you've still got a chance to holler."

The foursome, after three other drives had spattered the landscape, went forward in silence. At that moment there seemed nothing further to be said.

The saying was done the following moment, when the Egger entrant had gotten around the dog-leg and obtained a full view of the hole.

"Well, for the love of—" Mr. Egger removed derby, ran finger over brow, put on the derby again. "Say, there aint nobody been setting off mine explosions around here, have they, and forgot to sweep up the pieces?"

In his own way did the speaker thus refer to what the Del Grande people considered the finest piece of golf architecture in the State.

THE ball lay on the edge of the fairway, at a point farther along the course than Mr. Hopkins had ever before been. For the first time in his long knowledge of Del Grande he had a chance to shoot straight for the flag, and he now made up for all the times he hadn't had; and the drum-fire monotone of Henry Egger made him hit whatever was hittable just a little harder. The ball whistled away, soared, reached zenith, held there; held there, high above the green for seeming hours; then began to fall—to fall, to drift, to slant down toward the trap. On the narrow line of nothing did it slant, green fields of paradise beckoning to it on one side, white pits of hell clutching at it on the other. It fell. It struck. And by an inch did salvation claim it.

It landed on the crest of a grass peak, kicked sharply, disappeared over a billowing margin of the green.

Followed a lapse of several minutes spent in watching Mr. Himmelbach first scythe his way out of rough and later scoop out of sand. Then the foursome was on the green, but to searching eyes the Hopkins ball wasn't. Not until Henry Egger, passing by the flag to search wider, glanced down—and stopped.

The bright, round spirit that had chosen paradise was in the cup.

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most dramatic of cinema stars have out-
emoted Mr. Himmelbach as that gentleman
cast arms aloft.

The Egger enthusiasm lasted full until the next tee. And here it was that Albert J. Hopkins, the mighty, turned and spoke. Full of the most heady of wines was Albert J.—the wine of success, and that gained on a golf course. Two pars and an eagle; ten strokes to date—two under fours in three holes. What he might or might not do from then on—The time had come for speech. He confronted the impossible person of the derby hat and suspenders, of baggy trousers and boiled shirt. He spoke, and ice formed around each word.

"This happens to be a game for gentlemen. Not only are you totally incapable of dressing like one, but of acting like one. These other gentlemen and I shall continue to play. I know of no method of preventing you from continuing, if you are so obtuse as further to desire it. But if you so much as speak to me again, I'll have the caddies run you off the links."

For the space of a long moment Henry Egger stood regarding the speaker, head slightly on one side, and then an admiring smile went expanding over his face. He turned and nodded to Messrs. Sanderson and Himmelbach.

"Say, that aint half strong enough. If I was him and had shot two pars and an eagle all in a row and had a partner that hadn't helped no more'n I've helped, I'd be callin' people at least horse-thieves. And he can, if he keeps on playin' like that. Mum's the word for me from now on. I didn't know I was playing with a champion."

MUM indeed was the word. The silence on the next several holes was so heavy that a whisper would have sounded like a shout. So heavy that Mr. Sanderson of the bushy eyebrows at last broke under it and sent a slashing drive off sideways into an oak copse, where the ball ricocheted from trunk to trunk not unmusically for some time before going to earth. Sulphurous were Mr. Sanderson's comments. Again fell silence, to be relieved now in the person of Himmelbach. The art of getting out of tall grass is not one that can be mastered in a brief quarter-hour.

The Egger ball lay near the edge of the fairway, not far from the Himmelbach wanderer. The ball of Mr. Egger's champion partner was on the other side of the fairway; the champion was well beyond earshot. After watching the Himmelbach efforts through two slashes and a smack, H. Egger could remain mute no longer.

"Hey," said Mr. Egger in a low voice, "grip your club shorter and don't take such a long swing."

"Huh?" demanded a sweat-browed and scowling Mr. Himmelbach.

"Grip 'em shorter," said Mr. Egger, raising his voice. "Like this. And cut, like this."

"Huh," snorted the other. And, having tried everything else, he did as suggested.

The ball rose like a quail. "Say," came radiant acknowledgment, "you sure called

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the trick that time. Now, if I only hadn't gotten into that place—"

A hole farther on the luckless Himmelbach ball was found in an unplaced divot. "Say, what's the best way—"

"Make a deeper one," said Mr. Egger.

This time the mighty Albert J. Hopkins was not so far away. Thunder went across the Hopkins face.

"I aint spoke to you," said Henry Egger.

"Sure not," agreed Mr. Himmelbach. "He was just speaking to me."

The deeper divot seemed to do wonders. The Himmelbach ball took on wings. Mr. Himmelbach showed gratitude.

"Maybe you don't dress or play like a champion, but you sure know how to tell 'em what to do."

The next three Egger suggestions—the first two solicited, the third entirely voluntary—bore weird fruit.

"Maybe," frowned Mr. Himmelbach, "you were all wrong, or"—and he brightened—"maybe I didn't do just like you told me."

The next joint effort skipped over a trap and landed on a green; then, from off at one side, came a roaring snort snorted in anger.

It came from the person of Albert J. Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins had tried to make the same sort of shot, and had failed.

TO admit the truth, things had not been going quite as well with Albert J. Hopkins after leaving the fourth tee—after establishing the armistice of silence. Not that he had blown up. Oh, no, nothing like that. But pars seemed somehow to have entirely flown from view. In trying to recapture them, and not succeeding in recapturing them, Mr. Hopkins began more and more going mentally far afield, began catching at any stop-gap that might serve. In a lapsing moment, with a lie akin to that of Mr. Himmelbach, he so far forgot himself as to attempt to copy that gentleman's Egger-coached shot, with dubbing and horrible result. A consciousness that he had copied, and failed, didn't help things in the least. Seething like a kettle with its lid tied on, he hacked his way to the green.

He took a deep breath, took several, grew three shades redder of face. But the next hole was no better. Indeed, it was worse. And now, as in some troubled dream, did his mind begin to concentrate less and less on what was before him, and to prey more and more on what had been. He had had two pars and an eagle—two pars and an eagle! And if he had continued playing that way, he would have won the tournament, would have won a cup. A cup. For three holes he had had a cup right in his hands. Two pars and an eagle, and now Albert J. Hopkins blew—went up like a powder magazine. And for the next quarter hour he came down in flaming bits and patches.

From the dizzy nest of eagles, he fell horribly into the noisome pit of buzzards.

Like a man in a trance he went forward; crowding into his memory—being fought off only to come back the stronger—edged the saw-toothed recollection that his unspeakable partner, the creature of the suspenders and derby hat, of the long arms and bowed legs, had been talking, talking, talking as he had made those wonder shots. Talking and making suggestions, even as he now was making them to the Himmelbach person. Fiercely did Albert J. Hopkins grip his club and glower through mental mists at the phonographic thing of the derby. To smite, to slay. But the courts might not now sustain him; the Egger creature had not spoken directly at him.

Obsession claimed the Hopkins mind, and wild, insane ideas that he would have kicked to tatters a half hour ago now camped, chin in hand, gargoyle-like, close

about him. Larger and larger loomed the most grotesque of them all. If he could only get the Egger creature to talk once more to him—one can readily see how insane he had become—if he could only get the Egger creature . . . Back in a happy past, garrulity, pars, eagles, and now—slash, top, slice, dub—swimming out of the ether to make a good shot, surging up hopeful, falling back into deeper depths.

HOPKINS granite, Hopkins ice, Hopkins existence for sixty years kept him from showing the least outward flicker of his hopes. He would have let himself be struck by lightning first. Because of it, he seethed inwardly the more. He would get even. Del Grande he would bring down; he would see that the tournament director lost his job; he'd find out what the Egger thing was invested in and he'd ruin those investments. . . . He'd rip things splendidly to pieces—and all the while he kept looking bleak-faced toward Henry Egger and the vision of a cup, a cup that he might have won if only—

He looked, blinked. Was it the eighteenth hole that he was nearing? It was. The eighteenth hole, the clubhouse, the porch, people on the porch, people rising and coming down to the green. People gathering about the green, gathering about the score board at one side.

The last foursome to come in, the end of the tournament.

Interested, more than interested looks, were on the watchers' faces. The great, the mighty Albert J. Hopkins was nearing, and with him was his partner, his clown partner. Wild-fire had gone the tales of this partner. Yes, there he came, in suspenders and a derby, and oh, my God, in sleeve supporters and Congress gaiters, and he was talking to an opponent—giving suggestions to an opponent—and Albert J.'s face! With quickening pulses, expectant, the watchers ringed about and made ready to watch the kill. For old Albert J. would kill; what he would do to that partner would be a caution.

Two friends of the Sanderson-Himmelbach combination quitted the score-board and accosted the playing pair with, "One hundred and forty-seven net is the best, with your foursome the only one not yet in. What have you got?"

A puffing Mr. Himmelbach stopped in the midst of addressing his ball. He took out his score card, studied it. "One hundred and seventeen, and a twenty-seven handicap deducted makes—" When added to the Sanderson effort, it made, all told, something over a hundred and fifty.

"Beaten," said Mr. Himmelbach. "Beaten!" He took the score card, tore it into small bits. "It was the start. Say." The beaten one raised voice to include another player, and this player was Henry Egger. "Say, if I'd started playin' better sooner like you told me, I might have done better and my partner and I might have had a chance at the cups. A hundred and forty-seven net wins them, and he was—"

A condoling smile answered from the Egger face. "Sure, I know. If I'd of done better—I'm ninety-six to here, and if my partner hadn't had a little hard luck we might have had a chance, too. My twenty-five handicap would have pulled things down, but my partner playin' from scratch as he was—"

A rumbling bellow rose from near Henry Egger.

"What d'ye mean, scratch? I'll have you know my handicap's twenty-five."

APLEASED murmur went about the ring—the hoped-for attack had begun.

"Twenty-five?" Henry Egger took a step forward. "Twenty— You mean that you aint scratch? You mean—" He broke off.

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Kaleidoscopic effects chased across the Egger countenance. He whipped out crumpled card, ran swift pencil down its columns. He looked up. "Say! Ninety-six for me with a putt to go, and ninety-eight for you with another one to go, and our handicaps off—say, it'll make us a hundred and —it'll make us a hundred and forty-six and we win. Hey, git out of the way, there."

The Egger derby bent over the Egger ball; the Egger feet planted themselves; the Egger putter swung back, forward; and the Egger ball, without any nonsense about it, ran straight into the cup.

Henry Egger straightened. He beamed, radiated. Unashamedly he posed, hand on hip, one knee bent, and derbied head high, thrown back.

Then smiling and posing vanished. After waiting due time for his partner to make the winning putt, Mr. Egger turned and regarded Albert J. Hopkins. The spectacle of Albert J. Hopkins was enough to make any man stop smiling and posing.

Mr. Hopkins looked like an addled tree toad. Like an addled tree toad holding a buggy whip, for a buggy whip at that moment would have been just as useful to him as any putter. Mr. Egger, never having seen a tree toad holding a buggy whip, doubtless did not get the comparison, and the ensuing Egger words were based on things as he interpreted them.

"Come on, be a sport and finish the game out." He moved close to his partner. "What if you have got a whole flock of cups at home? It aint going to hurt your pride, is it, to go and grab another one?"

Sounds came from the Hopkins throat; sounds followed by words, accompanied by a boggle-eyed look.

"I—I never won a cup." And the words were barely above a whisper.

Henry Egger's head bobbed forward.

"You never won a cup? And you been playin' I bet all of five years?"

"Thirty," said Albert J. Hopkins, and his mouth had the gape of a fish too long out of water.

"Thirty?" echoed Henry Egger. "Thirty?" And then Henry Egger understood. Omniscience descended upon him. He looked into the Hopkins eyes and he read a story of thirty years' standing.

A step or two of the Congress gaiters, and Henry Egger was at Albert Hopkins' side. Hand went to shoulder.

"Say," said Henry Egger. "Say!" And his voice no longer had corners and edges, but was quiet and confidential. "Now you just listen to me. That ball of yours is just as good as in the cup already. Take a-holt on that putter now and give it a crack like it was only two inches from the cup and you was putting with your eyes shut, for fun."

Three times did Albert J. Hopkins swallow, then took stance like a drunken Eskimo trying to spear seal through the ice.

The Egger hands made correction. The Egger voice instructed. "Now!" said Henry Egger. . . . Albert J. Hopkins, looking across thirty years, putted.

A second later Albert J. Hopkins and a man wearing a derby hat were dancing on the greensward of Del Grande's eighteenth hole, and as they danced, they shouted.

DAILY over an exclusive golf course set in the fair land of sunshine and subdivision that is Southern California, trudge two men. One wears a derby hat and leather suspenders, and is talking, talking, talking. The other is a heavy-set, red-faced man who is listening, listening, listening. The red-faced, listening, trudger is the god and founder of that Ancient and Only Club; the derbied talker is the club's newest member.

AS THE TWIG WAS BENT

(Continued from page 82)

the ideas in accord with which they lived were "silly" standards,—"Puritan," "old-fashioned,"—they were, however, the measure by which they were judging him. Must be. From their point of view he must look like a failure. Merely because he did not look at things the way they did! Merely because he did not struggle for what they called "success!" He could not bear the thought that they must be looking down on him. When he passed an old friend on the street he sometimes looked away, pretending not to see him; sometimes, seeing one coming at a distance, he turned a corner.

ONE day he told his mother he was going to New York; the opportunities there, he felt, were greater. She agreed with him. She hoped for him; hoped he would fit himself in; hoped he would "find something" in New York. Find what? "Himself."

I do not know the details of Ed's life in New York. I know a few particulars. I know he held a number of different jobs and did not make entirely good in any of them. He got along—somehow. He associated—I know this too—with "free" companions. Men and women "unattached." They talked, had different "views." Had difficulty, a good many of them, in making a living. Whether he formed any "temporarily permanent" relation with any of these women, I do not know.

He was inclined—this I do know—to seek "low" companionship. His most frequent companions had less education than himself. They looked up to him, without effort on his part to make them do it. I have heard he spent time wandering about

the streets alone, seeking lonely adventures—with women to whom a few dollars was sufficient introduction. He passed evenings where these women congregated, with no other companionship but theirs—talking with them, listening to their affairs. He was deferential to them, considerate. They did not understand him. He treated them as he had treated the little girls at school, as he treated all women—always "a gentleman." His ways amused them. They did not respect him.

It was at this time that I met Ed on the street and stopped to talk about old times. Looking back, after we had separated, I caught him also looking back at me, uneasy, pretending that he had not looked; and I felt that he was "dropping out."

Out into what? What do they all drop into? Failure. Unhappiness. Poverty. Dependence, if he could find anyone to depend on; an institution, if he could not. Jail. The insane asylum. No physical fault in him to account for that. No physical fault in many of them. Quite the contrary; Ed had a fine body and a fine mind. Or he had had them; it is sometimes the finest minds that go the furthest wrong.

Somebody else met Ed upon the street—Broadway—a long time after I had met him, several years. I only heard about that. At least, this old friend of the Kelceys met a shadow of what had been Ed—hollow-eyed, shabby.

The old friend got Ed clothes and sent him home. He went willingly enough. At the train, accepting the railroad ticket, he pressed the friend's hand in thanks; his eyes were filled with tears.

Ed was thirty-nine, a silent man. He was





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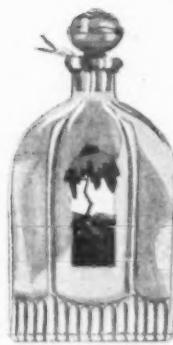
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Q
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as gentle, as sweet-tempered, as obliging about the house at home as he had always been. He got a job and stuck to it. His family all were glad to get him back. They loved him. His habits "worked" with them. They respected his opinions—allowing of course for the fact that he was peculiar. His judgment on other folks' affairs was good; he still was "smart." They said he ought to marry; it was not too late, at thirty-nine. A good wife would work wonders with him. Marriage was their remedy for the ills of life; after one married, then he "had to get along and make money." They did not know that the same thing that kept Ed from getting along kept him from marrying.

His parents were getting old. No fire in the old man now, his father. He no longer weighed three hundred pounds; he was getting smaller. He walked laboriously with a cane; his hair was whitening. He was a child, or not much more, in Ed's hands. Ed helped him carefully about, was very tender with him—set a chair where the sun would strike the porch, before he went away to work, and spread the blankets over it in readiness. The old man took pride in Ed's devotion—a "devoted son." He let his tongue loose when things did not please him, but that was habit. It made no difference to Ed—now. It was merely Father.

WHEN Ed was forty-one, his father died. The home was sold; his mother went to live with one of the brothers. Ed, there is no doubt, had seen these events coming—with terror. He had come back "home" after being defeated by the world; it was his refuge. Now the home dissolved and left him.

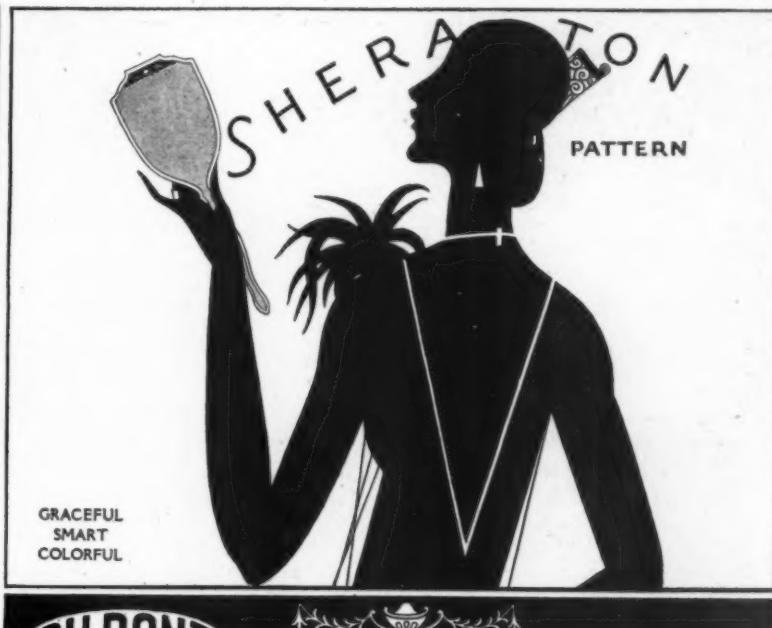
He lived alone, a hermitlike sort of man. He had no friends—or very few; and they were like himself, discouraged. He could not be "natural" among more successful people. He kept on with his job, in doggedness; he was working in a coal-yard office, answering telephone calls, writing down orders—nothing else. He hated it but could not think of changing it; his terror was lest the job should dissolve the way the home had done. He was always fighting fear—fear of the future now, indefinite and palsyng. He could expect only, if he had good luck, to go on in the way that he was doing. Life was an endless treadmill, leading nowhere.

He had been "licked" by it—by life. Sometimes before this he had feared that he was licked; sometimes, in hopeful moments, he had doubted it. He knew that something had "always" been wrong with him; but he did not know what. To think about himself brought him only bewilderment, a sense of helplessness—and, because helpless, a greater terror of the future.

He had no hope. He did not want to work; he wanted to give up the struggle. One cannot work who has no hope. "One must work," we say, "or starve;" and that looks like fact, but is not. There are many exits from that dilemma, besides the death which has been sought by millions of people who had no hope and could not work and would not starve.

The most frequent way of "getting out" of keeping up the struggle against life is illness. A sick man cannot work and cannot be criticized for not working. He is fed. Some one must take care of him. Hundreds of thousands find that way "out," not knowing that they do it. They break down under the strain of life, under their own "mental conflicts;" their inability to adapt themselves to the realities around them, because they have "unfit" habits which they do not know they have.

Ed did not know he "wanted" to be ill. He knew only that he was discouraged. He did not know that illness—invalidism—is the most usual end of a discouraged life—



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a refuge in which the man or woman who has given up hope finds a solution for the problem. The way he lived had given him occasional fits of disorder—part physical, part "nervous." These became greater and more frequent. Illness became chronic with him. Doctors could not help him. At the coal-office, as he grew thin and weak, they sympathized with him. He did not want their sympathy—not theirs. He got so that he could not work.

When he had neither health nor money left, he wrote to Anne.

Anne and her children and her husband met him at the train, accepting this as a joyous occasion; a loved uncle had come to live with them. Does Anne ever suspect that Ed's illness is not what it seems to be? I doubt it; she loves him. What Anne wonders about is Ed's failure. Something happened to her brother; and she wonders what. She, too, is bewildered. When she speaks of him, the question is in her eyes.

Does Ed suspect? He does not. He has, undoubtedly, a sense of shame about himself; he failed in life, and that is plenty to account for such a feeling. He gets out to work about the yard and does "the most he can" to repay Anne in that way. Why should he suspect his illness? It is real. If he had succeeded in life, it would not have incapacitated him; but he did not succeed: he failed.

ED still lives in fear; no question of it. Fear, for him, takes on many forms; it masquerades; it has a thousand faces. His chief fear now, I think, is that Anne may die. He would not tell you that, might not admit it even to himself. He feels it. If Anne dies, who will take care of Ed?

Can he get over fear? I do not know; I think so. Even now, after fifty years, Ed's are a half-century of habits molded upon fear. They control him. Why? Because he does not know what started them. He has forgotten all the things he felt when he was six months old. Or at one year, or two. It is only back to when he was six or seven that he can remember. It was all done by then.

If Ed could go back in memory and recall what has filled his life with fear and frustrated him, what would he find? His father. How utterly ridiculous! Ed cannot face life because of his fear of a man who has been nine years dead, whom thirty years ago he ceased to fear. Incredible!

If he could realize that, could know that it is not incredible, I think he would become a sick man slowly getting well. In mind and body, both. His cure would be that he too would see that it was ridiculous. Habits of fifty years are not changed completely and at once, no matter how ridiculous they may be. Perhaps never. But he would be no longer bewildered. He would have hope. The distorting spectacles through which he has always looked at life would have been taken off. He would begin to see things as they are, to touch realities, to try himself against them.

This is the story of my friend Ed Kelcey, told as the men and women who are studying such things have come to believe such stories really are. How odd! How unbelievable!

"The fathers"—and mothers—"have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." How strange that that old statement in that old Book should have come to be a "latest scientific fact!"

A LITTLE CLOWN LOST

(Continued from page 59)

while we were traveling, and you cannot love a smear, can you, Shepherd?

"I was with Professor Williger only two months, though, altogether; and then the best piece of luck happened to me you ever heard of. My dancing was more comical than graceful, I suppose; or maybe I'm so homely and awkward it makes people laugh just to look at me. Anyway, I was suddenly taken away from the medicine show to this new job, which is so much bigger it sets my head to swimming, if I think of it by the side of what I was.

"Well, I wanted to let you know I was getting along all right. I should like to know that you are in good health and contented peace, though you were sick only once in all the time we were together. I suppose your days now are full of serene quietness. I am sure you are successful in your work.

"I do hope you have not married again. You will do better not to, I am sure. You will need entertainment sometimes, and women can help you about that. But do not go tying yourself to another one.

"I often lie awake at night after the show thinking of our times together, Shepherd. I come back to the big house, and you and I play like children in the attic, and go out in the woods, and are caught by Cousin Cesar and the sheriff in the loft again, and we go away to college and work and quarrel—is Miss Ekker still at the university, Shepherd?—and go to shows, and are excited about our examinations, and so swelled up when we pass with good marks, and everything. And all that seems so long ago, Shepherd, so terribly long ago.

"Tell Beddoes, Heydler and Vallati that a tramp requests remembrance of them. If they ask who, tell them it is Elizabethan Phoebe, who does so like to remember them.

"If you are not married again, Shepherd,

put my ball dress on a hanger, suspend it from a gas jet, and set my little golden slippers and my yellow silk stockings under it. Then you pretend I am there, and slip your arm around my waist and make believe we are dancing. Yes, do do that, Shepherd. Do it some Friday night at twelve o'clock, and maybe I shall know about it. Maybe you will even *feel* me in that darling dress, Shepherd.

"It is a great deal to request of a tall grave scholar, but I wish you would lay Marguerite, Gwendolyn and Arthur on your bed sometime, and kiss them and tell them that their vagabond mother is well and thinks of them often, and that they must always be very quiet and not make any noise to disturb you while you work.

"You must not think, Shepherd, that I am discouraged, or homesick or anything like that. I assure you I am getting along splendidly.

"Yours affectionately,
"Phoebe."

HEP was in St. Louis within thirty-six hours from the time he received the letter. He didn't know which way to turn, of course, or what he could possibly do, but he went. After a futile week he returned to the houseboat, leaving the little personal advertisement to run for a month in two St. Louis newspapers that circulated far outside the city into several adjoining States.

Now he was more desperately hopeless than he had been since Phoebe's flight. Was there any use trying to catch her if she didn't want to be caught? He decided to sell the big house and the five hundred acres around it still belonging to him. He would accept the kindly offered fellowship, go back to Austin, continue his studies, if he could, and wait.

Cesar Honfleur, Crebillon's one realtor,

threw himself at the job of selling the Tideboy place.

Chapter Nine

CÉSAR HONFLEUR always walked as if leading a silver cornet band in full blast at the head of a gorgeous parade. He had the air of a drum-major whirling a gold-knobbed stick, followed by fluttering flags, swinging gonfalons and many proud feet.

But the faded red frame station, pushed a mile out in the country by Crebillon, which loved the memory of its steam-boats and hated the rival railroad, was silent and without bustle of life. Several hardy train-gazers had walked up from town to see Number Five rush in and rush out; presently Lon Olds' cab would come rattling up the gentle hill in a cloud of yellow dust, rolling wildly on its weakened springs like a ship in a heavy sea.

César walked rapidly up and down the cinder platform, for sitting down was not to be thought of in his excitement. He had been running a small notice in three weekly farm papers abroad, in England, Ireland and France—not that he had had much confidence in them as business ventures, but they were inexpensive and they ministered to some need in his splendid heart. And now he had sold the big house and the plantation, and the buyer, accompanied by his wife, was about to arrive, impossibly hailing from northern England.

Mr. Honfleur stopped for a moment to flap the dust off his shining thin-soled shoes with a vast cross-barred lawn handkerchief, and he carefully adjusted the red signal rose in the lapel of his coat. It was to identify him to the newcomers.

As he began pacing back and forth again, Shep strolled out of the station. Rushing at him, Mr. Honfleur seized his hand in both of his.

"Shepherd Tideboy, my tall infant! I did not expect this. It is marvelous, it is magnificent. My clients shall have a double welcome. But do they not deserve a grand welcome? They come across that broad Atlantic, across that Gulf of Mexico, up that Mississippi River, and then by train to this Crebillon. They have written me from New Orleans. Oh, these English! They will go anywhere!"

"But how is it, my cousin, that you are not on your way to that barbarous Texas city, to the University, to take up your so long delayed studies?"

"Oh, the University doesn't open until October, Cousin César, and it is only the beginning of September now."

"The wise student waits not until the last moment. There are many things to be done before the University opens. Have you looked about and selected a proper boarding-place? Have you conferred with the head of your department and discovered exactly what are to be your duties as this fellow? The answer is, no, absolutely not."

"That's all right, Cousin César. I'll be in plenty of time."

"Ha, 'plenty of time'! It exists not, plenty of time. You come to my office in the summer and say to me, 'Cousin César, sell the old place if you can. I do not seem to like farming at all. I will go back to the University to study, to teach a little now, maybe to become a professor in the end.' You said that, did you not, my high infant?"

"Well, yes, Cousin César, although I said nothing about becoming a professor. You have sold the place, and I'll be on my way in good time, but you did not sell the furniture and the other inside things. I thought Mr. Denham ought to have first chance as a buyer. Besides, I'd rather like



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the old things to stay in the house just as they are. He's paid only half the price; something may go wrong—he may not stay on; when he sees the place and the country out our way, he may not like it all out there."

"What then? Has he not signed a mortgage? He is bound. Do not soften, Shepherd Tideboy, and let him off. Make your heart of iron, like mine, and hold him to the bargain. Attend, my infant; if he wants to buy those furnishings, permit me to inscribe the bill of sale and to set the price. Ha, Lon Olds has arrived and now whistles the train. Proceed, my child, to that far distant end of the platform. I go swiftly to the rear. That is where the Pullmans are. Look for a man and a woman."

FOUR persons stepped from the train. Two of them were instantly seized by Mr. Honfleur, who swept off his great Panama hat, bowed twice, as low as he could, shook hands, snatched up a suitcase and, with head still bared, led the captives forward almost on the run.

Shep was disturbed by the look of these would-be farmers. He had imagined a sturdy couple of obvious hard workers, bearing visible evidence of rural experience. Harry Denham was not delicate-appearing, it is true—he was of stocky, medium height, broad-shouldered and robust enough; but Shep got the notion that he had never done any steadily difficult work in his life, especially not with his hands and not on a farm. He was clean-shaved, and his reddish-brown eyes were as merry as a boy's. He was obviously enjoying immensely the spectacle of César Honfleur. Shep stiffened a little at that; he resented the smiles of this stranger at a kinsman.

Mrs. Denham was a girl of little more than twenty, Shep was sure; small, sturdy, with feet slightly turned in, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, grim; and somewhat frightened, it occurred to him. She wore a blue sailor suit of a kind he had seen little girls wear, but never a woman, with a skirt much shorter than was common in those dark days of the century's first years, and a blouse with a large collar having in its four corners woven red anchors. He sometimes recalls, with a shiver, that he then appraised and rather dismissed Ida Denham as insignificant.

César Honfleur introduced Shep with a grand flourish. The student volunteered to take the travelers immediately to the farm, and soon they were in Hooker Dibble's old wagon, and the successful realtor, who had brought people from such a magnificent distance to buy land through him, was backing away from them, his hat over his heart, waving his free hand at the newcomers.

"Are there many like *him* around here?" asked Denham in a tone that mollified Shep.

"Just enough for flavor."

"I mean to see a lot of Monsieur César Honfleur. He's precious. Isn't he, Ida?"

She drew down the corners of her mouth, shrugged her shoulders impatiently and looked away.

Shep felt that he distinctly did not like this dour little self-centered person. He liked her even less during the trip; she had a way of impatiently snapping up the genial Hal and cutting him off in the middle of a sentence. She didn't respect him, it appeared to Shep. He wanted Hal to squash her, but the amiable husband rattled on as if her sullen mood didn't touch him.

Shep seized an opportunity to warn Denham about the predominant black population in his end of the parish, and about the distance of the big house from white neighbors, so that he could withdraw if



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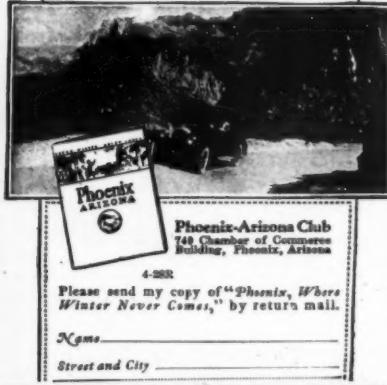
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he wished and look for property in another section.

"Look here, my dear fellow," Denham said, catching hold of his arm, "I like you, and I'm going to call you Shep, as I heard César Honfleur do. And you call me Hal, if you will. I'm older than you, but that doesn't matter. I'm thirty-seven."

"Be careful, Mr. Tideboy," broke in Mrs. Denham. "He'll have his arm around your neck in a minute."

"Never mind her, Shep; she'll get over it in time. About this farm of yours, the die is cast, the Rubicon is crossed and all that sort of thing. On that land we are going to try our great adventure. We're satisfied; we don't back out. The curtain's up, the play's begun; we shall see how it will all end. And you are not to worry, my tall infant, if you'll permit me to say so."

SHEP thought he heard Mrs. Denham sniff, and he fancied he could see her mouth drawn down at the corners. An hour before dark he turned off the main road and drew up at his front-yard gate, the big house dimly visible back among its old trees. It was still summer and the deep yard was full of blossoming flowers.

"Here we are," he said, looking back at Mrs. Denham.

"Oh, is this really it, Mr. Tideboy?" Her face showed some interest now. "I do like it." She was a person of direct speech at any rate, Shep thought, and he wondered what sort of hut she had been visualizing.

Jumping down, he opened the gate in the picket fence, and stood waiting. As Harry Denham helped her to the ground, Shep heard him whisper:

"Our last chance, Ida."

Loretta, who was cooking a company dinner and luxuriating in the excitement of the occasion, welcomed the party at the front door, her handsome creamy face glowing with amiability. She had put the entire house in order, and Shep showed the Denhams over it at once. Mrs. Denham was more keenly interested than ever.

After supper the new owners and the student sat in the living-room talking, Hal asking questions eagerly about farming, Mrs. Denham silent but watchful. Shep had already begun calling him Hal; it came easily—he was irresistible. The student had explained that he was living in a houseboat a mile back in the woods, and after a while he rose to go.

Hal objected, said it couldn't be done. Shep was to stay on in the big house until the time came to go to Austin. Hal had employed Loretta on the spot as cook, and it was absurd for Shep to think of getting up and cooking even his own breakfast. Besides, he said, he needed a native planter close to him.

LYING in bed that night, young Tideboy couldn't help worrying about Hal and his wife. It was easily clear that neither of them knew the slightest thing about farming of any kind, or even about living in the country; and the husband had whispered to his wife: "Our last chance, Ida."

The kindly, tall young man had put supplies in the big house for a week, so that the new farmers might get settled before having to attend to the gross details of food; and after a few days Hal chartered Pompey and his wagon to make a trip to town for groceries and a dozen other things that he wanted.

Shep seized this first day, on which he was free of the rôle of instructor, to go to his houseboat. He planned to begin packing up his things to carry with him to Austin, and he had to consider what to do about the houseboat while he was away. This was the only home he could call his own now; he must take care of it. If

Phoebe should come back—well, she would enjoy the lark of life on a houseboat, for a while; after that they'd move around.

He put in the day there, returning to the big house late in the afternoon to have supper, talk to Hal and sleep. Mrs. Denham waited for her husband until long after dark; then at last she and Shep ate, in silence.

The early part of the night was warm, and Mrs. Denham and he went to the front porch to listen for the coming of the wagon. She sat six feet away from him, rocking nervously in her chair. She was visibly worried, and he was surprised. He suggested that Pompey was slow but reliable, and that Hal had no doubt decided to do a great deal in town in the first flush of his farming ardor.

She made no reply. Huge bull-bats darted about in the dimness; an owl hooted so near that they could hear the throaty gurgle at the end of his hoot. Along about nine o'clock they heard a man singing far down the road. Leaping up, she ran out to the gate, dashed down to the road and pressed on in the direction of the voice, Shep close behind her.

They met the wagon a few hundred yards down the road. It was piled high with goods. Hal was on the spring-seat bellowing with hilarious glee, slapping old Pompey on the shoulders from time to time by way of emphasis. Mrs. Denham stepped back among the trees and let the wagon pass unchallenged. Shep stood by her. They followed behind it, in the deep sand, neither speaking, Hal continuing his loud song.

When Pompey stopped his team in front of the little gate in the picket fence, Shep walked up to the wagon, Mrs. Denham going on into the house.

"Hello, my tall infant, is that you? I saw César Honfleur in town today. I love him like a brother; he's better than I dared to think. We're going to do a lot of business together. We'll make this old place out here hum before we're through."

PUTTING his foot on the side of the wagon he jumped clumsily to the ground, striking on the metal tire of the wheel as he came down. Shep had heard a smothered tinkle of glass as he hit himself; now the keen odor of alcohol spread out around them. "Don't you like to smell the stuff, Shep? It's the most glorious smell in the world."

Leaning heavily on the tall student's shoulder, he ran on about his magnificent plans for the plantation. Shep called up to Pompey to drive through the big gate and unload the wagon on the kitchen porch.

"Mr. Shep, he shore is *one* caution, he is."

"Hold on, Pompey Magnus," shouted Hal. "There's something in the wagon I must have before you go."

Pompey knew what that was. He handed it down into outstretched hands.

Helping the unsteady husband into the house, Shep maneuvered him into the bedroom behind the living-room and persuaded him to lie down; he must not sit down with a hip pocket full of broken glass. Pulling off Hal's trousers, he found him another pair, and then assisted him to the dining-room. The traveler said he had had no supper and was as hungry as ten bears. Mrs. Denham did not appear.

"Where's Ida?" he asked, looking up at Loretta. "Well, never mind; I know. Poor girl! Yes, and poor me! She'll give me her devilish silent-contempt treatment for a month now."

He had held to his tall quart bottle. It stood on the table by the side of his plate. Pouring out half a tumbler of red whisky, he drank it down without a grimace. Shep had tried to steal the bottle, but Hal had been too concentrated on it to permit that. He had shown the first glimpse of ill-humor

the student had seen in him. "Shep, don't be a damned goody-goody!"

Back in the living-room before a small fire, he held forth about his plans. César Honfleur was going to divert as many new farmers as he could to this corner of the parish. Hal was to build a grist mill, a cotton gin and ultimately a store. The way to make money, he whispered confidentially, was not to farm yourself, but to sell things to farmers—groceries, hardware, dry goods and so on—and to lend them money. There wasn't, he stated, a gin or a store or a cornmeal mill in this end of the parish.

AFTER a while Mrs. Denham came in quietly and sat down on the side of the hearth opposite Hal. Shep was between them. Mrs. Denham rocked herself jerkily back and forth with quick nervous movements, staring into the fire and then at the face of her husband. He talked on and on about his increasingly splendid plans, and as he spread himself her black eyes blazed, a faint, furious sneer showed on her face, and her hands kept twisting and twisting about in her lap as if she would like to use them somehow on the speaker.

She said nothing whatever, but after she came in his voice grew louder and more belligerently argumentative. He was carrying on a violent debate with an opponent who infuriated him without uttering a word. From time to time he drank from his bottle.

Sometime after eleven, Mrs. Denham got angrily to her feet, and striding into the adjoining bedroom returned with two blankets and a suit of pajamas. Dropping them on the old horsehair sofa, she announced to the air: "I'm off to bed, Hal. You'll sleep in here tonight."

She disappeared into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

Shep heard the key turn in the lock. So did Hal. "Old girl is taking it hard, Shep." He closed his left eye in a villainous wink and bowed his head two or three times. They heard her shut and lock the door leading into the main hall and the other one opening upon the back porch.

Hal's belligerency of argument softened now. He drank oftener. The bottle was nearly empty. Between twelve and one, Hal having drunk himself at last into drowsiness, Shep spread the blankets on the sofa and left him, going to his bedroom upstairs above the living-room, that chamber wherein the ambitious boy had battled with Julius Caesar.

Crawling into bed, discouraged and worried, he began thinking, as usual, of Pheebe; where she might be and what that new job of hers was. The moon had come up late; now the world outside his windows was pale and white. He listened to the gentle September wind in the pines and the faint rattling of the big stiff magnolia leaves. The damp air was rich with flowers and vast fields of slowly browning grass. He tried to think about his own plans, but his mind kept coming back to that disturbing pair downstairs. He said they were none of his business, and tried to go to sleep, and couldn't.

He heard the tall clock in the old-fashioned shut-up parlor on the other side of the hall downstairs strike two. He got up, put on socks and slippers and a bathrobe, and sat by a window smoking his pipe.

Presently he was conscious of Hal's voice calling in the living-room below him. Then the drunken husband began beating on a door, presumably with his fists. Shep tiptoed out into the upstairs hall. This distinctly was *not* his affair. Mrs. Denham, if she was still in the bedroom, must be in terror now, for all her grim hating defiance of the past few hours. But there were two other doors, he said to himself, through which she could escape if she wanted to.



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He heard Hal, with some instrument, break through a panel of the door. Shep went down the stairs as fast as he could in the dark, the hall doors being closed, and into the living-room. It was flooded with moonlight from its four great windows.

He ran into the hall to make sure first that Mrs. Denham had escaped to some temporary hiding place. Hal had craftily tied a rope from the knob to a stout hook on the wall. Shep went to the door opening out on the back porch. She was trying to get out that way, but here Hal had tied another rope from the knob of the dining-room door to her door opposite.

Shep set to work on the knot. He heard Hal's voice just inside, then Mrs. Denham crying and begging. The knot loosened, came open and he flung back the door. A tall figure dashed by him, and he threw his arms around Hal as he started after her.

"Get out o' this, Shep! None o' your affair!"

SHEP couldn't hold him. Hal was fighting mad, and though unsteady on his feet, frighteningly strong. He broke loose and ran along the kitchen porch. The tall student caught him again, and turning, Hal sent a terrific fist at his jaw. Shep bent aside, but it caught him on the neck. Hal was loose again, but before he could move Shep grappled him. They strained and struggled all over the light-flooded porch, upsetting a tin washtub with a clattering bang and knocking down to the ground some of the boxes Pompey had unloaded from the wagon.

It was impossible to hold him. He was now trying to knock Shep out, and the frightened boy thought this furious middle-aged man might easily do it within the next few moments. Hal was not trying to get away now; he was coming at his enemy. Shep gave ground, then crouched. Cold lightning flashed up and down his back; his head swam for a second; he seemed to see a red flash; his ears clicked—and he struck at Hal as hard as he could. His fist felt as if it had been broken. Hal's head had snapped back at the blow, and now he was crumpling. Shep caught him and eased him to the floor.

Shep thought he might come to within a minute or two, and they would start it all over again, unless he prevented that happening. Running to the dining-room door, he untied the rope there and bound Hal's hands and feet. Then he carried and dragged him back to the living-room and lifted him to the sofa. As he lighted a lamp, Hal began cursing him lustily. He tied a decorative tablecloth over the shouting mouth and went in search of Mrs. Denham.

She had run out barefooted and in a thin nightgown. The early morning hours were positively cold. He himself was shivering, though he was covered with a thick bathrobe.

The big house sat high on its red brick pillars. He thought Mrs. Denham might have gone under it and hidden in a chimney corner. He prowled about under there, calling her name. Then he went on to the great front yard, darkened by the tall trees, thick with bushes of pomegranate, Cape jasmine and roses that had run wild again since Phoebe and he went away to Austin. Seeing something white pushed back under a pomegranate bush, he stooped down and put aside the limbs. Mrs. Denham was crouched back as far as she could, sitting on her heels, her chin on her knees, her black hair falling all about her.

"Come on in, Mrs. Denham. I had to tie up Hal with ropes for the rest of the night. He can't move or speak until I let him do it, and I'll not let him free until he's sober. Stand up, Mrs. Denham, please; you've got to come inside, you know. You can't possibly stay out here. Come."

She shook her head, but made no other movement. Reaching down, he picked her up and carried her into the house. It occurred to him that she was heavier than Phoebe, and he was surprised. She was no taller, he told himself. She lay quietly in his arms, apparently incapable of movement.

He bore her into a room behind the parlor, laid her on the foot of the bed, pulled down the covers, moved her into place and drew the covers up to her chin.

"You're cold, Mrs. Denham; I felt you shivering. Keep covered up. Don't worry. I'll sit up with Hal the rest of the night. He'll be all right by morning. Will you stay in this bed, Mrs. Denham?"

"Yes."

"Well, good night."

He opened the windows and started out. She called him back and he walked to the side of the bed. Reaching out, she caught his hand, held it to her, then pushed it suddenly and violently away.

He went back to guard Hal, who was sound asleep. Shep covered him up warmly, removed the gag, and getting down a blanket from the room above, he wrapped himself in it and lay down on the rug before the hearth.

Chapter Ten

ALTHOUGH Shep slept a little, he was wide awake when dawn began filtering in from the east. Far to the north a rooster crowed, and out in the chinaberry tree behind the big house two others raised their voices at the same time. In the room darkness and light were white and black powders sifting and sifting together, making a gray powder, which was coming brighter every moment.

He sat up and looked at Hal. That broad face, stubbled with reddish whiskers, smeared with some black substance, lay back against a cushioned end of the sofa, calm in deep sleep. It was an open, engaging countenance, and Shep couldn't help smiling forgivingly at him, for all his wild doings of the night before.

Glancing at the fireplace to see if any live coals might be left, he noticed what Hal had used to break through that door last night and what had blackened his hands and by way of them his face. He had snatched up one of the andirons in his fury, later flinging it back again among the ashes.

His own hands, he saw, were smudged from the contest of the night before. Tip-toeing upstairs, he washed and shaved and dressed, and came down again. The room was fully lighted now. Mrs. Denham sat stiffly erect in the little oak rocking-chair, staring at the dead gray ashes of last night's fire. She wore that dark blue sailor suit Shep had noticed when she stepped off the train in Crebillon, with the little red anchors on the wide collar of the blouse.

She didn't turn her head when he came in, or speak, but Hal's reddish-brown eyes were open, and his large mouth greeted Shep with an amiable grin. That worried young man cut the ropes from Hal's wrists and ankles, and stood anxiously back. Hal lifted his hands above his head, yawned luxuriously and lay back down. There was certainly, Shep said happily to himself, to be no more fighting between Hal and him that day.

"Feel all right?" he asked.

"Rotten, Shep."

"It had to be done, Hal. I'm sorry."

"Oh, I know. There was nothing else for you to do. When I refer to you again as my tall infant I shall mean it in a new way from now on. I was fuddled enough, but I remember the terrible thing that happened to my jaw. But I bear you no grudge, my tall straight-nosed infant."

"Better get up, and wash your face," his wife called without turning to look at him. "Loretta will be here soon to start breakfast. I'll go help her."

"All right, Ida; I'll clean up." She didn't stop to hear him. As he approached the bedroom, he halted and pointed at it. "Good God, Shep, did I do all that? It was a beautiful old door."

WALKING down to the stable, Shep wandered out across the field where Hal and Pomp had been clearing the land of scrub-pines and sassafras bushes, and came back for breakfast, which was a strained and silent meal. Saying he would knock off ax-work for half a day, Hal led Shep down to the houseboat. They sat in his bedroom-library, and he lit his pipe. Hal didn't smoke.

"Shep," he began, bending forward and looking at him earnestly, "you've seen part of our family skeleton; you might as well see the whole thing. Besides, I know much more about you than you know about me, so you're entitled to information. We're still friends, I hope."

"So do I, Hal."

"Shep, once there was an English boy whose father happened to be rich. The old gentleman manufactured bicycles by the thousands, and at that time bicycles were all the rage, over there at any rate. The boy's older brother was taken into the full partnership with his father, and ambitious plans were made to build the younger son into a professional man, into an architect, because he could draw a little and because his babyhood block-houses had been considered evidence of architectural genius. Parents, otherwise very sane and level-headed, are often simple-minded about their children."

"The boy had the best of grounding—private tutoring, public school, Cambridge; then came Paris and the Beaux Arts. He was quietly pushed out of Cambridge before the end of his scheduled time there, and he didn't finish the training for architecture in Paris. You know why, now."

"Well, he wandered about over France, Italy and Germany, pretending to study architecture, wasting his father's excellent bicycle money, getting into all manner of devilment, often locked up with lousy tramps as dirty and worthless as he was."

"Ultimately his allowance was cut off and he was compelled to go home. He hung about the town of the bicycle factory, making a mess of his time. In the eyes of his family he there added a masterly final touch to his disgraceful career: the rich manufacturer's son ran away with and married the daughter of a Scotch draper, proprietor of a little hole-in-the-wall shop. But the prodigal came back home, bringing his wife with him. He said he would work in his father's factory as a day laborer if necessary. . . .

"Before I married, Shep, bicycles were already beginning to lose their vogue. My father's nerves were worn to a frazzle by his business; he refused to transform his factory for other uses, saying that he would stick by bicycles. He was like that."

"Englishmen like to send their black sheep out of sight, far out of sight. They will go to considerable expense to remove a black sheep, and they will give him, it must be said, a generous last chance, if only he will keep away. That is why this place of yours was bought for me. It was but half paid for, because it was thought that thus I might be stimulated to work to pay off the balance."

"In addition, I have a hundred pounds or so to get the farm started, and I shall receive a small monthly remittance so long as my father lives. That can't be so very long now. It is understood, indeed agreed, that I shall appear in my father's will for

no more than a shilling, because of what has lately been done for me. Ida's people couldn't help her if they would; that grim family now rates her as black a sheep as I am."

"Well, we're a pair of black sheep, Shep, and this is our last chance. Hence our great plans for the future. Therefore Ida's indignation at my breaking of a pledge that was to be utterly sacred, this time, over here. Therefore my penitence this morning. On the rebound from sin, Shep, I become very virtuous; humility and candor are the manifestations of this state, which is also, in its way, intoxicating. I get a great kick out of my penitence."

"These manifestations are disarming and engaging, Shep. I have sometimes deliberately set them to work in my behalf. People are generously impelled to believe and say, 'A man can't be bad who confesses like that.' They're wrong; he can be, on occasion, as honest and frank as a child and still remain thoroughly rotten."

"I have a pretty clear notion that I'm a bad egg. Don't you be misled, Shep; keep a sharp eye on me. I owe you half the price of the farm and house. I owe you for the furniture and furnishings. I shall probably owe you for anything else that you happen to want to sell. Watch me, Shep, or I'll do you dirt some day. Tomorrow I shall no doubt be sorry I opened up today. I'll call myself a damned fool, and begin saying things to undermine what I have just told you. Watch me, my tall infant. I like you."

"All right, Hal; I'll watch you. I'm protected well enough. Now, what I'd like to know is, how long these spasms of yours last. I've got to go away from here two weeks from now. Your wife is a stranger in this country, with few white neighbors near by. If you keep your party going a long time, you'll probably be staying away from home soon."

"Yes, I didn't want to come home last night. But old Pompey, driving from one saloon to another by my order, would slip inside and stand behind me, holding his hat in his hand and looking so solemn and sad and frightened that finally I couldn't disappoint him. Besides, the last place I was in had no one to drink with me. In the early stages I love companionship."

"Well, are you through now, Hal, or are you one of these people who go on for weeks?"

"Shep, I have sometimes stayed drunk for months; not always dead drunk, of course, but never quite sober while the spasm, as you call it, was on. But in those days, of course, I could get money by cabling the governor. Sometimes I can get over it very quickly. I am done with this one now, I am sure—no, I won't say 'sure'; I'll say *I think* I am. And *I think* this is the last one. Good-by, Shep; I'm going for a five-mile tramp. No, don't come with me; I want to be with myself. It won't be pleasant, but it will do me good, I believe."

SHEP began his leisurely packing. Hal would be on his feet again by night. The side-tracked student took out the deep tray of his larger trunk reserved for Phoebe's things that he was to save. Presently he heard or felt, with the woodsman's sixth sense, some one among the trees on the bank of the bayou. Mrs. Denham was coming toward the boat with the quick driving strides characteristic of her and that always seemed to him, then, masculine and strangely inappropriate for her small person. She wore tan boots laced high up on her legs, and a wide-brimmed brown hat. Hal had confessed, grinning, that he and she had bought for the wilderness considerable equipment suggested by Buffalo Bill's circus.



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OPENING the door he moved outside, in case she should simply want to ask about her husband. She came on across the gangplank from the shore, and walked inside without greeting. He was accustomed to her manner by this time. Following her in, he closed the door. She was looking through the window on the bayou side of the boat.

"Where is Hal?" She didn't turn around. "He's gone for a long tramp. He's got hold of himself again, Mrs. Denham, and I'm sure he'll be all right now."

"He's been confessing, I suppose. Telling everything? He's a great confessor."

"Well, he's not blustering and swaggering about as if he were proud of himself, Mrs. Denham, and that's something."

"Oh, I know. He has his splendid moments; and then come hours—hours and days and months and years. But you'll like him; everybody does. You're already calling him Hal as if you had known him all your life. Within a month or two everybody in town will be calling him that too. They'll like him no matter what he does. And then men always stand by each other."

Picking up a stack of books, Shep began tying a string around them. She wheeled around suddenly.

"Why didn't you say you stood by me last night? I expected that." She spoke as if she were furious. One end of the string in his mouth, his hands were occupied with the heavy books, and he hadn't anything that he wanted to say to that anyway.

Moving to the tray of the trunk on the floor, she looked down at Phoebe's little children of the road, each wrapped with tissue paper, lying side by side, faintly visible through the thin wrapping. In the larger section of the tray were the dress and slippers and the rest of Phoebe's commencement outfit, also in tissue covering. Mrs. Denham glanced at them, but she fixed her eyes on the dimly seen Marguerite, Gwendolyn and Arthur.

"Dolls! Mr. Tideboy!" She stared at the tall student, her black eyes wide open.

"They were my wife's when she was a girl. I'm saving them." He wanted to cover them up. They were between Phoebe and him only. He resented this outsider looking at and asking about them. Surely she knew something about Phoebe; Loretta had no doubt given her all the gossip available.

"Did you love her like that, Shep—as your voice sounds?" She dropped on her knees by the tray and reached over to take up one of the dolls. "May I unwrap it? It's so long since I've played with them." "If you don't mind, Mrs. Denham, I'd rather you wouldn't."

Getting to her feet, she strode out of the door without a word. He covered the tray with the tablecloth, in case anyone else should come in. It occurred to him that she had called him, for the first time, Shep—certainly a slip of the tongue, probably due to the fact, he told himself, that she had heard Hal use the name so often. He plunged into the job of making ready for his flight to Austin.

HAL did not appear for midday dinner. As Shep learned later, he went to the road to walk, for fear of losing himself in the woods, but when a wagon came by on its way to town, he hopped into it on impulse. By so doing he provided the student with a good deal of wholesome exercise. Having hunted Hal in the woods until sundown, he rode to town, leading a horse in case he should find the lost settler. He did locate him easily enough—Creibillon had only six saloons for three thousand people—but Hal refused to come home then.

By the end of the week, however, the reveler had straightened himself out, had

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flung himself at the scrub-pines and sassafras bushes once more, and the student left for Austin the last day of September.

Hal insisted upon seeing him off at the station with a great flourish. He treated the tall student as if he were a younger brother of whom he was extravagantly fond and proud. He begged Shep to come back for the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Denham had hardly touched his hand as he left the big house. She was back inside before he had gone halfway down the steps.

Chapter Eleven

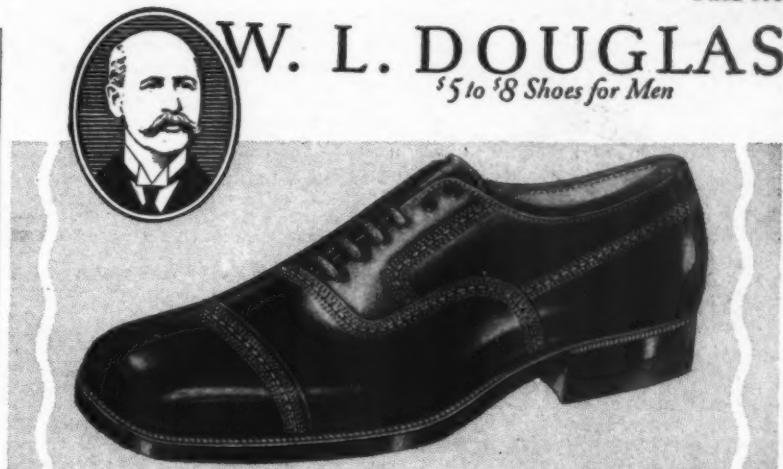
SHEP did not return to the big house for Christmas. Beddoes, Heydler, Vallati and he rented the same little four-room cottage in which Phoebe and he had found so many high moments, and some not so high. He settled down easily into his agreeable rut as a student specializing in history, and more intensely on the Middle Ages. His teaching duties were light beyond his fondest expectations. Probably forty-eight hours for the entire college year covered the work of that kind he was called on to do; the senior instructors had abnormally good health and few out-of-town dates. But he worked on examination papers, did chores for the department, and was expected to produce, in time, a paper, possibly a book, on some historical subject. He was gathering material on the medieval student in Paris—that wild adventurous figure come in out of forest and walled town, sometimes protected by king or church or both, often damned and harried by all the powers that were, endlessly fighting, arguing, loving.

There was not now the zest that was in everything when Phoebe was with him, to make much of his scholastic triumphs and to double all their mutual pleasures; but he actually paid his way with the salary coming from the fellowship, and he was asked to go on with it the following year, hope being held out of further promotion in the not too distant future.

At the end of the session his three comrades at last went on their way, further westward: Heydler to Arizona, Vallati to Utah, Beddoes to California. They were all to keep their eyes open for the Little Elizabethan.

Shep went home to his houseboat for the summer vacation. During the year César Honfleur had written him glowingly of Hal's energy and boldness. The new planter had put a second mortgage on the property, snapped up an old cotton gin and grist mill at a bargain price, moved and set them up. He had built a general country store on the road several hundred yards below the big house, had stocked the farm with horses, cows, fowls, hogs and even goats—not many but all thoroughbred—bought a full equipment of the best farming tools obtainable, and was "proceeding," Mr. Honfleur had said, "full steam ahead, absolutely, yes." Four new tenants were on the land, in addition to Pompey and Seneca, so that six farmers would be paying Hal Denham a share of their crops in the autumn.

Shep's Aunt Lyd had written that Hal had captured Crebillion and the entire surrounding parish. Everybody called him Hal, and he could be elected to almost any office he wanted. The leisurely old town hadn't seen such driving energy in years as Hal's, she had reported. He was a demon for speed. Most farmers liked to drive in, wander around among the merchants, talking and smoking and not unwilling to accept a drink, getting out of town late in the afternoon or the next morning. Not so with Hal in these days. Pompey attended to all the slow heavy hauling; when Hal went to town he entered in a gallop on a



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big bay horse, rushed about the streets still in the saddle, giving his time solely to business affairs, loitering nowhere, drinking nothing, genially amiable to everybody, making new friends constantly.

MRS. DENHAM seemed satisfied with her husband, at last, Shep thought. The Denhams' last chance looked to be a good chance now. Though Hal had gone rather deeply in debt, it seemed certain to the student that he could come clear and establish himself solidly within four or five years, if he kept up the pace he was now going.

Shep rose at daybreak on his houseboat, cooked his own breakfast, went to the big house, fed the stock in the stable and devoted himself to the multitudinous duties of a working planter.

He was in and about the gin all day. It was run by negroes who knew how, but they needed and appreciated superintendence and encouragement. There was, moreover, freshly picked cotton to be weighed, and the ginner's toll of seed and lint to be taken out of every lot of it.

Early on Saturday the whistle shrieked, sending a message three or four miles into the silent surrounding country, saying that corn would be ground that day. A superfluous message, for corn always was ground there on Saturdays. Men and women, boys and girls, drove up with bags of newly shelled corn, usually slung across a horse behind the saddle. The long-legged young man with the big-pupiled gray eyes measured the corn, and when it had gone in between the two ridged grinding stones, he measured the meal to the waiting patrons, keeping out the accustomed toll.

By noon his clothes, tow hair, eyebrows and thin-skinned fair face were white with the flying flour from the mill. Smelling deliciously of freshly ground corn, he hurried to the big house for midday dinner.

AFTER the mill stopped, he went to the small, rough-boarded, unpainted store, already beginning to weather toward a soft gray color. He sorted the mail, which now came on Wednesdays and Saturdays. This end of the parish had a post office at last, named Ida by a merry-minded husband not unwilling, on occasion, to make his wife furious.

Usually Mrs. Denham was there during those days, selling people what they asked for, herself grim, forbidding, savage. She hurried when he came in. It sometimes occurred to Shep that her seeming hatred of work in the store was strange, since she was keenly interested in its profits and constantly asked shrewd questions as to his conduct of it.

On most week-days the store was closed. If a customer came, he or she banged a stick or stone on a worn-out plowshare hanging on a limb of the red-oak tree in front of the store, and the tall young man, usually within call, appeared and attended to the matter in hand. When he was away, Mrs. Denham rushed down to the store and put through the transaction with a frenzied speed.

At the end of the day, Shep had supper at the big house, and rising from the table proceeded directly to his houseboat on Abancourt Bayou. He read a little, but usually he was too tired to read a great deal. He smoked prodigiously, standing outside on the bow looking up at the gay little stars dodging about among the branches of the cypress trees, listening to the eternal wind in the pines of the near-by hillside.

Here, then, was that husband for whom the gallant Little Elizabethan rode out into the world, rode away meaning thus to help him toward becoming a scholar of fair repute; at least so he told himself repeat-

edly and furiously. And he was what? He was not a fellow in the faculty of history, as he was listed in the catalogue; he was a kind of volunteer manager without pay, of a plantation which he would not manage for himself when it belonged to him, and managing it not badly.

WAS there anything that could be said for his recent management of his own life? After he arrived from the University in June, he had settled himself in the houseboat for a quiet summer rich with reading when, in July, a theatrical troupe came to Crebillon. It was billed for one night in "East Lynne." It stayed a week because it had no immediate dates ahead and was about to give up the ghost anyway.

Happening to be in town the day it arrived, Hal stayed over to see the show; he had indulged in no frivolity for months.

The small town had in stock not more than fifty bottles of champagne, some of it necessarily very old. Hal called it all out for a post-midnight supper at the Franco-American Hotel to the theatrical troupe. By day he dashed about the sandy streets and out along the country roads in a shiny new livery-stable buggy behind two white horses, by his side the hopeless star of the dying company—a young, slightly stout, and extraordinarily attractive woman, no doubt grateful for any anodyne of amusement and careless of public opinion. By night he made the members of the Climax Répertoire Company forget that its end was fast approaching.

He swept César Honfleur aside and laughed at his violently splendid rebukes. He paid not the slightest attention to anything the long-legged student had to say. It was generally agreed in town that Hal should be locked up for the good of the community if not for himself, but officers of the law disappeared down alleys when he came ramping into sight.

When the heavy-eyed Millie, her engaging open face very much worried, and the Climax Répertoire Company moved uncertainly on, Hal followed them for ten days, then disappeared.

So much for the July sensation. The plantation must go on. Considering the store, mill, gin and half-dozen tenants, it was a sizable plant in operation. It was heavily in debt, and must continue operating. It was a critical moment. No one was in sight to take charge except the monkish student on vacation. He would do it, he told himself, through the summer, and then employ a manager if, by any mischance, Hal did not come back by the time the University opened.

Hal did not return. The tall worried young man in hickory shirt and pinkish jeans trousers brought forward in September, one after another, three promising candidates for manager, to be approved by Mrs. Denham. After all, it was her property, in the absence of her husband. She ignored all three candidates without troubling to explain why.

Cotton ginning began with a rush early in the autumn. It continued at a rush until Christmas. What money was to be made out of the gin must be made quickly. In October, the desperate student wrote to Austin that he could not return.

CHRISTMAS came and went—a silent holiday for the big house but for the spirited and irrepressible Loretta—and ginning was about over. Cotton brought a rather good price, and early in January Shep took up one of the notes held by a Crebillon financier against Hal.

He carried the canceled note in triumph to Mrs. Denham. She looked at it closely, held it a few moments in her hand and gave it back to him without comment.







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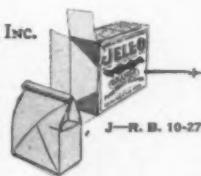
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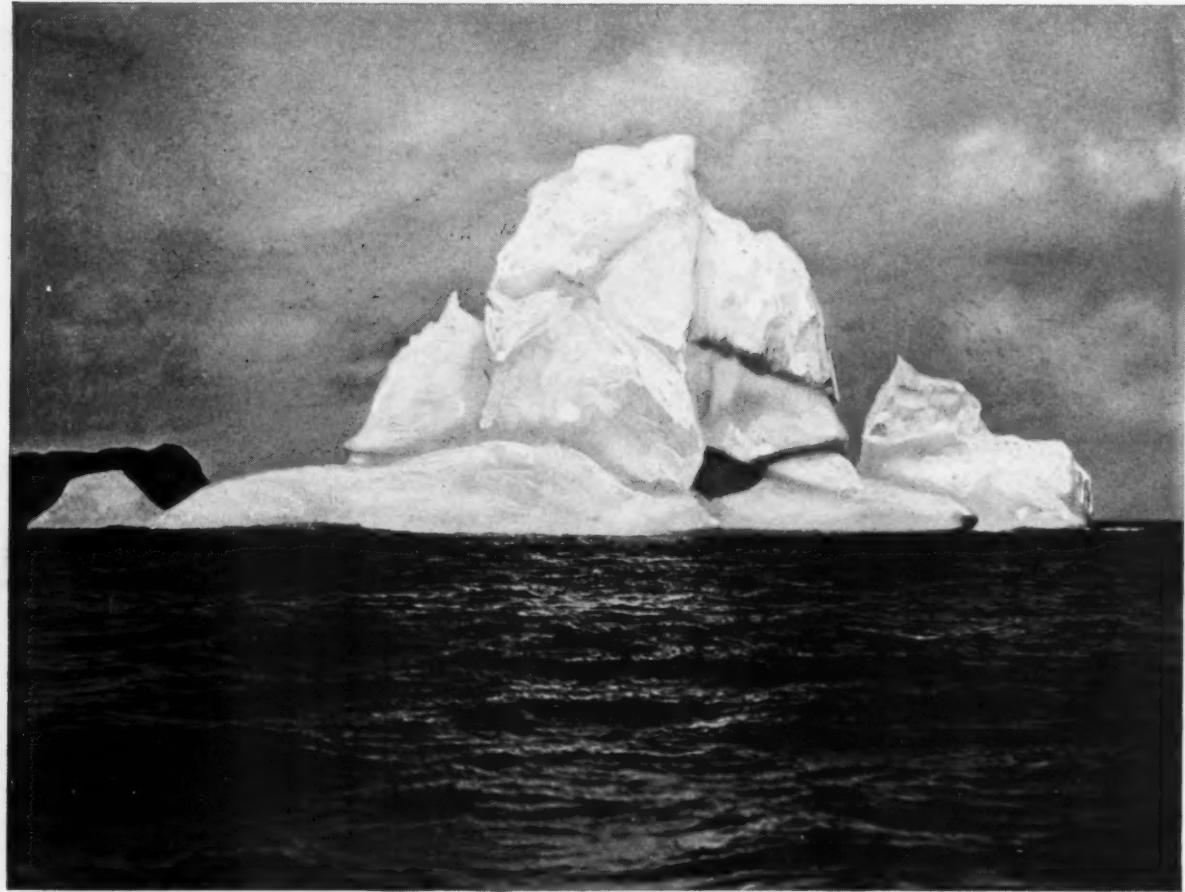
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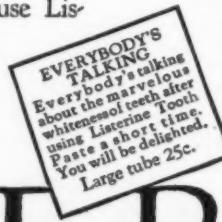
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What a celebration the Little Elizabethan would have made over that piece of paper under like circumstances!

Hal left a zero balance in the bank when he followed the Climax Répertoire Company out of Crebillon. At the great agricultural settling-up time in the autumn, checks amounting to something over fifteen hundred dollars were paid in at the store for supplies sold on credit to reliable farmers during the year. These checks were deposited necessarily in Hal's name, the bills against the store having been paid out of funds gathered by the student manager.

Late in January, the volunteer manager discovered that the money had been checked out, through a bank in Georgia, on paper authentically signed by the runaway farmer. For several days the monk of Abancourt Bayou went about with his fingernails digging into his hands; he would have liked to be at the loose end of a rope tied around the neck of an amiable vagabond. But there was no point in worrying Mrs. Denham about it.

What of her during these puzzling days? Was she merely sitting about moping, doing next to nothing? No, she was up early every day, flaming about the house and yards. There was plenty for her to do. Loretta attended to the cooking, milking and churning. Seneca's wife, Airy, did the washing. Everything else Mrs. Denham took on herself. Loretta and Airy must be looked after. There was now a large collection of fowls to be shepherded. In the warm months there were many flowers to be watched over and cultivated. And she got through with a great deal of sewing, all of her own and surely some for Loretta and Airy.

Passing through the big house, the side-tracked student often saw her sitting on the old horsehair sofa, her legs crossed underneath her like a tailor's, her white forehead puckered between the thick black eyebrows, her thimble clicking rapidly and her needle flashing through the cloth.

When she first came to the big house she occasionally made a shopping trip to town, dropped in on Mrs. Pilduff, whom she liked immensely, visited some of the too few white neighbors in answer to tentative calls from them, and attended the Methodist church four miles to the west. But after Millie Pancoast, she withdrew herself as much as possible from outside contacts, going nowhere, and became more of a hermit than her volunteer manager, who was now compelled to get out a good deal among people.

Often, when he was in the store on dull week-days, she rushed in to get a piece of cloth or a spool of thread. At these times, she was either amazingly gay or dismally gloomy. In the light moods, she would cautiously steal a stick of candy from a jar and give him a piece of it, or sneak a bottle of cologne from a showcase, dampen the front of her dress with it and coming close to him, ask him to bend down and smell how sweet she was.

At such times he thought her not unlike the Little Elizabethan, but he never told her so. Possibly he was afraid she would ask questions. Sometimes he wondered at his silence as to Phoebe in this woman's presence.

He had fallen into the habit of thinking of her as Ida—probably because Loretta called her Miss Ida; at least that was how he explained the matter to himself, defensively. After one of her visits to the store in a jolly mood he would sit a long time in a chair propped back against a counter, recalling images of her, the rank odor of the cologne still pervasive in the dark shack.

More often than not she was the opposite of light-hearted when she strode into the store. Then she rushed behind a coun-

ter, pushing him aside if he happened to be in the way, got what she wanted and hurried out again without saying a word.

César Honfleur, the violently respectable realtor of Crebillon, now and then took Shep aside in town, and asked him how in the devil all this was to end.

The long-legged student no longer stood in awe of César's adult wisdom; he smiled at his violent relative's evidences of alarm, attributing the manifestation to that worthy's flair for the dramatic and colorful. There must be a manager at the plantation. Why not he as well as another? He lived a mile away from the big house. A manager could hardly live further away than that.

So he said—and Mr. Honfleur snorted.

But he was more impressed by Mrs. Pilduff's guarded inquiries. She worried him by her obvious restraint, and he studied what might be done under the circumstances. One day at the end of February, bracing himself for the interview, he warned Mrs. Denham at the dinner-table that he would like to have a talk with her on the front porch after Loretta had cleared up and gone home.

Mrs. Denham being busy immediately after dinner, he sat on the porch smoking and waiting for her, very nervous. She came with a handful of sewing and sat in a chair close to him.

"What is it, Shep?" Biting the thread with her teeth, she raised her black eyes to his, smiling invitingly. She almost never addressed him directly by name. This softly spoken "Shep" made his talk extremely difficult.

HE wound and wound around the subject in his mind. Had she heard from Hal? He knew she hadn't, but he asked the question to gain time. Had the possibility occurred to her that Hal might not return, at least not for a long time? Had she considered that it might be better, under the circumstances, if she went home, back to England, back to her own people?

Her head bent low over her sewing.

Drawing a deep breath, he went on. If for any reason she did not care to return to England, she might go to Crebillon to live until Hal's return. The plantation was doing well enough to support her there. She could board in some agreeable family, or even stay at a hotel, just as she wished. There she would have plenty of company, friendly women on all sides, entertainment, churches around the corner, music, freedom from many trifling vexations.

He arose and knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the edge of the porch, and sat down again, waiting.

Her hands were dead in her lap, her black eyes fixed on some point out in front of her; her full breast struggled heavingly up and down. Suddenly she stood up, the scissors and thimble and sewing materials sliding clattering to the floor unheeded; then with a swishing of her skirts she rushed into the house.

He slowly picked up the cloth and scissors and thread and dropped them on the seat of her chair. The French windows opening from the living-room stood ajar. Presently he heard her in there convulsively crying, catching her breath in gulps, moaning and writhing like a frantic animal. Giving away to emotion, even for a clearly compelling cause, was almost unknown in her, to him.

He walked quickly to a window, hesitated with his hand on it, and then turning went through the long hall and out across the fields, into the woods and at last to his boat. Drawing aside a curtain hanging over a corner of his bedroom, he stood in front of Phoebe's little yellow ball dress, suspended on a beribboned hanger above the gilt slippers.



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If Ida—if Mrs. Denham would not go away, he would go himself. Yes, and at the end of the crop year, already well begun and not lightly to be sacrificed, he would cut out for Austin and the Middle Ages. The plantation might then go to the devil for all he cared.

Chapter Twelve

FOR three days Mrs. Denham did not appear in the dining-room when the volunteer manager was there. And then she came again to the table, grimly, and all went on as before. It was not her way to explain, apologize or argue. The subject he had opened on the front porch was, so far as she was concerned, closed.

One Monday in March he arose and ate before sun-up, harnessed a horse and drove off to the thirty-acre field he had set aside for his own cultivation. The field was full of wholesome earthy smells; the little green corn leaves, still so tender and weak, waved bravely in the light wind, and the ruddy sun came riding in from the radiant east.

No fever out here. The cultivator playfully threw a double ripple of dirt over worries, smothering them as if they were sprouting weedy grass. Black crows rose up and went flapping away, scolding without rancor, and he smiled at their philosophic calmness. This was as peaceful and as pleasant as the Middle Ages, and much more healthful.

The morning passed too quickly for him, and at the dinner-table he was full of high spirits. In the afternoon, arriving at the end of a furrow, he saw Mrs. Denham sitting in a corner of the rail fence, some six feet away from the plowed ground. Her legs were crossed under her, and she rested her bare head against the ancient oak rails, colored gray and worn smooth by the years, and her white hands were holding a shining needle and a ball of fine thread. As if to say, "See, I'm working too," she lifted her head, her face lighted with one of her rare still smiles, seeping out slowly from some inner source of canny merriment.

"Who's watching out for the store?" he asked.

"Oh, bother the store! I gave Loretta the key. She can attend to anybody that comes, if any do come. It isn't likely today, in the middle of the afternoon. She knows the prices of most things. If she gets in trouble, she'll blow the horn."

Then she bent her head and went on with her crocheting, her red lips pouting. He thought how different Pheebe would be. She would have come running across the field hallooing to make him notice her approach, and she would now be asking quick questions just to make talk, frolicking with the horse, criticizing him gayly or complimenting him enthusiastically on his work.

HE went trudging up another long row. After a dozen rows she sociably moved to another fence-corner to be in line with the scene of his operations.

The cultivating went much faster now, the horse blowing and looking back occasionally with rolling eyes as if to ask what the new hurry was. The wind was still, the green corn leaves stood straight, the sun was hot on the back of the husbandman's neck. Presently Mrs. Denham awaited him on her feet.

"Teach me to plow." He turned the horse, set the cultivator in the ground, placed her hands properly on the handles, and holding it with his left hand and the lines in his right he clucked at the horse. A dozen feet of corn was promptly dug up.

Getting behind her, he put the lines over his head, reached his arms around her, held her hands on the handles and spoke to the horse. This was better, for the corn. The

furrow ran true, and she glanced up into his eyes triumphantly. His arms tingled where they touched her, and he could smell the fragrance of her hair.

At the far end of the furrow, screened by fences and thickets of plum bushes, the horse halted, awaiting the signal pull of the line for the turning. She said softly: "That was fine; let's do it again." She leaned back against him, lifted his hands and held them against her breast, and tiptoeing raised her face, her lips parted. He bent his head.

The sudden excited blowing of a horn up at the big house brought him straight and listening. The horn went on with quick, sharp calls.

"Loretta must be in a lot of trouble," he said. Unhitching the traces, he tied the horse to the fence and started across the field. He began running, and Mrs. Denham called to him: "Don't desert me, Shep!" Holding her warm hand, he went on again. At the cross-fences he leaped over first and received her in his arms, then went running on, holding her hand closely in his. He saw Loretta charging down the gentle slope of land from the big house, waving her arms.

"Tramps, Mr. Shep! I seen 'em around the big house, an' then they went on down to the store. I heard 'em breakin' open the door. I was afraid to follow 'em there, an' Pompey is in the field. A big crowd, Mr. Shep; I don't know how many—maybe ten, maybe twenty! You better grab a gun at the big house before you go to that store!"

Telling Loretta to take the horse home, and Mrs. Denham to go on to the big house, he raced on.

It was a shortcut to make directly for the store. As he neared it, he saw that the back door was open; the front door had been unbolted from the inside and flung wide.

THE place was full of fuzzy tramps, sitting about at their ease on chairs, boxes and counters, talking at a great rate, eating crackers and canned sardines and salmon. The store reeked with a fishy, oily smell, rising even above the usual conglomerate odor.

"Hello, my tall infant! I didn't think you'd be here—that is, to tell the truth, I hoped you would be, if anybody was. I'd come to shake hands, Shep, but my two fists are full of cheese and crackers. Meet my friends and accomplices!"

A bareheaded, auburn-bearded, stout figure on a counter thus yelled at him as he stood in the back door, considering where to begin.

"This is the Frisco Kid." Hal pointed at a bleary-eyed old sinner gorging sardines and looking to be considerably more than a kid. "That is Topeka Tim; this lily-fingered youth eating so daintily is Poughkeepsie Pete—oh, Shep, they're too numerous to mention. This is just a little snack—we're hungry. We'll have supper later."

"Hello, Hal—did you come from town?" This was somewhat lukewarm, but the best the volunteer manager could do.

"No, we left our private car, 'the Tomato Can,' at the water-tank on Abancourt Bayou, and walked through the woods here. Now, don't worry, Shep. You look as solemn as an owl. You always would worry too much. Cheerio! Let it go. Forget it. Got to stand by my pals, you know. Where's your Southern hospitality we've heard so much about? But never mind, Shep; this lousy lot of beggars will pass on after a few days of good eating and sleep. Where's Ida?"

"Up at the house, I suppose."

By habit, he moved forward and shook the hand of the smiling Hal; and by habit, he walked behind the chief counter, pulled out the cash drawer and looked in.

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"I took it, Shep. I need it. It's mine, anyway, unless I'm mistaken. And I must also have a good many remittances here to cash."

"Yes, I think you have. Your wife will tell you about them."

"But, my tall chivalric infant, what the devil are you doing here in March? I thought you'd go back to Austin. Have you foreclosed the mortgage? No, no, Shep, I didn't mean that. I know very well you've been carrying on while I've been going to the devil. I think I expected you to. But I warned you, remember?"

The volunteer manager's ears clicked; he saw red; chills ran up and down his back. He stalked out of the store.

PASSING the big house, he told the excitedly loud Loretta and the still, tense little woman with her on the back porch, who the tramps were and who their host was. Mrs. Denham strode into the house. He went wandering across the field in the direction of his boat, but halfway there he turned and came back, and hung around the big house and the store the rest of the afternoon.

Hal was busy as host. He led his company—there were ten shambling, scratching wanderers besides himself—to the well in the back yard, where they copiously diluted the fish and crackers they had eaten. Leaving them sitting on the floor of the back porch, their legs hanging over and kicking, their mouths puffing store cigars, he started in to pay his respects to his wife. Before he got away the wheezing ancient Frisco Kid, cocking one eye up at him, called:

"Bring out the missus, Happy, an' let's see her. We heard you when you were drunk in Vicksburg braggin' about what a handsome Jane she was. We'll all be glad to meet her."

"Never mind that, you perfumed old polecat! She isn't for the likes of you to meet."

"Scuse, Hoose! My mistake! So sorry!"

To these new and admiring friends his name was either "Happy" or "Hoosegow Hal," the latter because he was reputed to consider a vagabond's short term in jail as something in the nature of a lark.

WHAT passed between the returned prodigal and that grim, truculent little Scotchwoman, the monk of Abancourt Bayou never knew. But presently Hal came out again, unsubdued, indeed more loudly and belligerently amiable to his guests than before, which conduct was probably meant as a demonstration of some kind to his wife.

He commanded a half-grown negro boy, son of one of the new tenants, sent him hurrying off in a buggy to Crebillon with money and an order for four gallons of whisky. Then he grandly summoned Loretta to hear his wishes as to the supper to be prepared for the company.

"Loretta, I want a chicken supper. We've had a little snack to stay our stomachs, but we're hungry. I've been telling the boys about your cooking. They're all set for something special, very special, Loretta. Build the supper around roast chicken—seven or eight of them will be needed, at least—with a pot of rice, a bushel or two of hot brown biscuit, plenty of butter and buttermilk, preserves, jellies and the like. I'll leave the rest to you. It will take some time, of course. We've ample time; we're rich with time. We can wait until nine o'clock if necessary."

"Yes, an' you can wait until nine o'clock next month if you 'spect me to cook for that crumby gang of hoboes you got there. I'm through."

Loretta stalked across the yard in the direction of her house, head held high,

swishing her skirt defiantly. Hal grinned at his companions.

"All right, we'll do for ourselves, then. The women, it appears, don't like our looks, boys. We'll manage for ourselves. We know how, don't we, Frisco?"

"Shore do."

"Up and at 'em, then."

If this had been the previous Friday, the coop behind the store would have been full of chickens taken in trade, but Pompey has carried them to Crebillon on Saturday and sold them there. Presently the buxom Plymouth Rocks in the stable-yard were dashing about squawking, pursued by extraordinarily nimble tramps.

A rectangular pit was dug in the back yard, a fire built in it, and ten big chickens were laid on a grating of tongs, iron shovel-handles and other metal rods hurriedly collected by Hal. The long pine table was dragged out of the kitchen and set under an oak tree near by. A huge board box of crackers was brought up from the store, along with cans of tomatoes, peaches and other fruit, plus a box of biting cigars. Between eight and nine o'clock the negro boy returned from Crebillon with the whisky, and the orgy began.

THE night was dark, the table illuminated with a coal-oil lamp in the middle of it throwing in high relief the faces of the eleven bearded vagabonds. Mrs. Denham and Loretta were not in sight. Four or five negro men were hanging around on the outskirts of the party, grinning and occasionally accepting a tumbler of whisky or a chicken leg flung by the prodigal Hal. The monk of the Middle Ages sat on the kitchen porch, forty feet away, invisible, wretched, surveying the scene.

Peace and quiet and freedom from all worry—Phoebe meant to give him these when she rode away. A scholar of fair repute! Look what a mess! Bending his head, he clenched his long fingers in his hair. Good God, where was all this to end? This king of tramps was also the owner in full title to everything here.

Was he to sit still and see the old place, dearer than ever because he had lately been working so pridefully with it—was he to sit still and see it ravaged and befoiled by these filthy parasites? He shuddered to think what his tall dignified father and his neat, finical, fine-grained little grandmother would feel if they were witnesses of this orgy by this rabble. And how far would it all go? Hal had plenty of money from the cash-drawer, and Crebillon had plenty of whisky.

The guests had till now been somewhat self-conscious and timid. Hal rallied them for their quietness and backwardness. "Damn it, make yourselves at home, you lousy water-tanks!" The tumblers were filled and emptied and banged on the bare table. Knives and forks rattled, and sometimes a plate or dish was broken, whereupon the diners yelled and joked the breaker.

The old tramp who in the afternoon had asked to have the "missus" brought out repeated his suggestion, emboldened by his liquor. Now Hal did not resent the request. Leaping up, he dashed into the unlighted house, the monkish student close on his heels but keeping out of sight. Maybe Mrs. Denham had successfully hidden herself. Perhaps she was at Loretta's. So at least he hoped.

Hal stormed through the rooms, shouting: "Ida, Ida! Come on down. Don't be so infernally stuck up."

He lit matches and threw them still burning to the floor. He came finally to the attic door, and it was locked. He began beating on it, bawling his wife's name.

"Stop it, Hal! She's not in there. I saw her going out across the field. She's prob-

ably hidden in some negro tenant's house, to escape her husband's gang."

"The hell she has! She's in here. Get out o' this, Shep. I know you, though I can't see you. I thought you'd be trailing along."

"Cut it out, Hal. It can't be done."

"Why not, my tall infant? Why not?"

"You know why. I'll not stand by and let you drag her down among that gang."

THERE was a moment of tense stillness on the tiny dark landing in front of the attic door. Then there came, luckily, a sudden burst of shouting down in the yard, and the befuddled Hal, diverted, rushed away to see what all the extra noise was about. One of the diners, giving up, had slid under the table. Mrs. Denham was forgotten. For how long? The desperate, wretched seeker after peace and quiet stayed around.

Was Mrs. Denham hidden in the attic? He didn't know. When Hal ran away he hurriedly knocked at the door, calling out questions to her. She didn't answer. It would be like her to stick to the house in silent truculent defiance. He went back now to the attic door. It was unlocked. She was probably somewhere in the house yet, but he couldn't find her. He went back to be near the bawling, banging revelers—there was no telling what they might do now.

(The next chapters of Mr. Benefield's novel include some of its most dramatic episodes. Watch for them in the forthcoming November issue.)

GLAM

(Continued from page 64)

all the four-wall footage that's to be used in "Perils of the Pampas."

"Now," announces Barney, "we're ready for the thrill sequences. We leave for Truckee in the morning for the snow and mountain shots. You'll be glad to get back to the D. D. stuff, eh, Joe?"

"Uh, huh," says Grimm. "Got my double all arranged for?"

"Your double!" laughs Cole. "That's good—a double for Joe Grimm."

"I must have a double," insists Joe coldly, "for the airplane and leap stunts."

"You mean it?" I yelps.

"I do," comes back Grimm. "I'm a valuable asset to the company. Why should I take a chance of breaking a leg and tying up an expensive production? You can get men for a hundred dollars a day to risk their necks. Besides, I got a future to think of," he finishes, with a sappy smile at Lora.

"You'll not get a double," shouts Barney.

"Yes, he will," flares up the Dane wench. "Isn't he just as good-as Basil Brave? Joe's a star, and he'll get what he wants."

"Everything?" asks Grimm softly, forgetting we're on the lot.

"Everything," says Lora.

IF "Perils of the Pampas" should come to your neighborhood theater, you will see Joe Grimm, the daredevil sensation of the screen, parachute from an airplane, alight on the cowcatcher of a train and lift a girl from the tracks of a burning bridge. It will be a distance shot, and in a distance shot it's practically impossible to tell Joe Grimm from Luke McManus, an old circus man, now on the payroll of Quintessence Films.

"Perils of the Pampas" did not go as big with the South American exhibitors as was expected. There was some criticism of the blizzard scenes in Argentina during Rita's race to get to her property before New Year's. It seems there's a law or something down there making Christmas week fall right in the middle of summer.

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The Director, Department of Education

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

NOT EXACTLY GOOD-LOOKING

(Continued from page 73)

soon took that off." But the friend's sympathy was firm and unrelenting.

"I think Rodney gets handsomer every year, don't you?"

"I don't keep a yearbook on Rodney's looks," said Millicent. "I'm not much on family detail. Never even kept a baby book. Why don't you stay for lunch, Irene? There are lots of people we haven't touched on yet. Or is this one of the months you aren't eating? You never eat in months with an 'r,' do you?"

Irene's face lighted.

"I'm down to a hundred and nineteen," she said with rapture. "No, I'd simply adore to stay, but I can't. I'm going on to Jane Baldwin's for lunch. I thought maybe you'd be going."

"I promised the kids to have lunch with them," Millicent told her.

Irene wondered, as she slipped into third gear and swung her car around the pretty curves of the Gamble driveway, whether that was the real reason Millicent was staying home. She reported to the first person she saw at the Baldwins that she thought Millicent was simply wonderful, but that it was her private belief that the poor girl was cut to the quick.

"There was something in her face—" she said vaguely.

"Better soft pedal it. Freda's just come."

"I think," said Irene, "that somebody ought to speak to Freda."

"Oh, I don't know. After all, the world has changed a good deal. You can't always blame the man. And Millicent must have known what she was up against. It isn't as if she were good-looking. Rodney's played the game pretty well."

Freda came upstairs to where they were loitering around dressing-tables and threw a white flannel coat on Jane's chaise-longue. She touched neither her complexion nor the edges of soft, dark hair under her hat. The other young women looked at her almost greedily. Sleeveless white flannel dresses were no novelty, but only Freda could make one look like that. And it was certain that the pearls lying against her smoothly tanned neck were real.

Jane's luncheon was rather poignant. Irene, single-handed, brought the conversation around to generalities about marriage. But Freda was indifferent. She let the hints lap up against her like water against a stone. And when they talked of Rodney Gamble, it was not much better.

"Don't you think he's awfully good-looking, Freda?"

"I haven't given it much thought."

"And Millicent's such a dear, too. So awfully bright."

Freda let that pass. There were things she didn't do, and one of them was to answer remarks as pointed as that. Irene should have stopped there. But she couldn't. "If Rodney Gamble were married to me, I'd be worried, Freda. I watched him at the club the other night."

Freda raised her eyes. They were brown, a shade darker than the tint of her skin, and the lashes were living black frames for them. Irene instantly began to flutter. She had been having a hard time between Millicent and Freda, but she knew what was going on none the less, and had a good citizen's right and urge to investigation.

"I really don't blame him, I must say. That dress of yours—"

"What's on your mind, Irene?"

"Nothing," protested Irene.

"I thought so. You want to do what you can to alter that," Freda advised her.

Freda mentioned the fact, though not the identity of Irene, to Rodney later in the afternoon. He had picked her up at the Country Club and started to take her

home. But instead they went driving on Hennepin Road, one of those quiet country roads where they were practically certain to meet some one whom they knew, sooner or later.

"The neighbors are talking, Rodney."

"What do they say?" he asked sullenly.

"They have earnest hopes that I'm blighting your home. They are quivering with excitement."

"Why don't they mind their own business?"

"It doesn't interest them half as much as yours."

"Well, they can keep out of my affairs. We aren't doing anyone any harm."

Freda did not answer that, and her silence had a certain disturbing, even exciting quality. He looked sidewise at her and forgot everything except the beauty of her profile.

"Does what they say bother you?" he asked.

"Not me."

"Then let them beat their heads off."

"They will."

"The only thing is, it doesn't seem fair to you," considered Rodney.

"Fair enough. I've never been particularly friendly to marriage. They know it. They know I'm an outlaw."

"You've never met anyone you cared about. That's what's the matter with you, Freda. You've never been hit."

"Maybe not," she answered, and he knew exactly as much about her as he did before.

HE was sure she was not indifferent to him. She had not been at any pains to hide that. He was finding out things about women that Millicent had never taught him. With Millicent it had been frank give and take. But Freda was different. She knew how to build fires and bank them so that they grew hotter and hotter all the time.

Rodney's own sister talked to Millicent about the matter. She was an older sister who had married a Plaintiff and never forgot that she had a position to maintain.

"I suppose you know," said Mrs. Plaintiff, "that people are talking about Freda Hull and Rodney."

"I should say they are," agreed Millicent. "The messengers ride up by day and night bringing me tidings."

"I think you're taking it beautifully, Millie, and all that. But after all, there is a point at which you have a right to interfere. Mrs. Milton Davis told me yesterday that she saw them out at an inn at Blackduck last Saturday, and that they were very conspicuous."

"They would be. They look so dashingly guilty together, don't you think?"

Mrs. Plaintiff ignored that. She knew how to deal with such things, and had more than once taken a bull by the horns with her fat white hands.

"I don't want you for a minute to think that I'm upholding Rodney. But after all, this is the modern world," she said firmly, "and we have to realize that Freda Hull is a very beautiful woman. Rodney has always been indifferent to that sort of thing—"

"He never had much of it at home," remarked Millicent, and Mrs. Plaintiff bristled for a minute, for it was not quite clear whether Millicent meant his home before marriage or after it, and she herself was no beauty, though a Plaintiff.

"But men are men," she finished firmly. "Aren't they?" said Millicent.

"I think the thing's going far enough. Too far. I think you ought to lay down the law to Rodney."

"Which law?"

"Really, Millicent, I know you're nervous

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and all that. But don't be silly. This is a serious matter, and we have to take it as such. You have your children to think of. Remind Rodney of that. There comes a time when the wife, the mother, has to stand upon her rights."

Millicent looked around. They were sitting in her living-room. The long curtains stirred lazily at the open French windows; from outside came the hum of a lawnmower and the faint sound of children playing somewhere near. It was a very beautiful room, full of charming equipment for living, a home in action.

"Rodney hasn't suggested turning me out or anything. I've got everything that belongs to me as far as I can see, all my rights."

"Don't you think a wife has a right to her husband's love?"

"No, I don't believe I do," said Millicent. "You get no dower right to love."

"There's such a thing as loyalty."

"And there's disloyalty too," suggested Millicent. "So there you are, right where you started!"

"You mean to say you don't intend to interfere, no matter how far this thing goes? Not even when you think of your children?"

"No, I don't believe I do. I can't see that it's my business."

"Whose business is it, for heaven's sake?" cried Mrs. Plaintrain with great impatience.

"Why, their business, Rodney's and Freda's. They started it. It was my business when he was in love with me, but it's Freda's business when he's in love with her, isn't it? Naturally he can't live with us both. But so far, as he hasn't told me that he means to live with Freda, I don't see why I should mix in. I can't make him love me, can I?"

MRS. PLAINTAIN felt so keenly that she made an opportunity to talk things over with Rodney in a kind, open way. Unfortunately she met with complete lack of success. Rodney told her he could look after his own affairs, and only looked sulky and obstinate when she talked feelingly of poor Millicent and the children.

Immediately after that interview, in a flare of defiance, Rodney went out to Freda's house. Possibly the feeling that everyone knew about it anyway made him more reckless than usual. He did not even pretend to one of those makeshift excuses which usually paved the way for being with her. He waited for her in the loggia, a romantic place for a lovers' meeting, with iron grills set with flowerpots from which vines trailed carelessly down the plaster walls. A scarf of Freda's lay on the stone bench, and Rodney picked it up. Its silk length slipped through his fingers subtly, as did Freda herself. The scarf stirred him. He didn't like its curious scarlet design, but it had the daring and mystery which was commonly crowded out of the life of substantial young men. When Freda came in and looked at him once, she saw that he was full of fight. He was not the first man who had looked like that in Freda's presence, and she knew the stage that he had reached.

"Put on your hat," he said, "and let's go out in the country somewhere—out of reach of the busybodies."

"There isn't any such place," remarked Freda. But she pulled on one of her dozens of little hats while he telephoned Millicent that he wouldn't be home for dinner. Millicent said it didn't matter, and she thought she might take the children for a picnic. She told him exactly where she was going, and that was lucky, for it was the place that Rodney himself might have chosen if he hadn't known Millicent would be there. However, he turned his car in the other direction.



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There was nothing novel to do. They had the same sky that all lovers use, the same country steeped in summer, and the same chance of discovering romance in a shared meal somewhere. All those things they tried, and Rodney talked about himself and Freda. After it grew dark, the sense of her close to him was more troubling and poignant, and he slowed the car and grew silent. There was a smell of clover from the shorn fields along the way, delicious and sweet.

"How much do I mean to you, Freda?" he asked, out of the silence. "Am I just another episode?"

"Isn't that all life is? A series of pleasant or unpleasant episodes? You're a very pleasant one. Perhaps the most pleasant."

He couldn't define why that worried him. But it did. It was hardly enough.

"I want you to care tremendously," said Rodney, watching the mystery of her shadowed face. Then he stopped the car and took her in his arms. It was like kissing a picture. Even in the midst of what should have been complete happiness, he wondered how many men had held her so before. She knew how to place her head very deftly on his shoulder. There was nothing ragged about caressing Freda.

WHEN he got home, it seemed a strange place, as if he had abandoned it years before: a strange place and a calm one. The lawns lay sleeping; the basket chairs of wicker on the veranda cracked faintly as he passed, and the lamp in the hall with its parchment shade of ancient maps glowed a sober welcome. As he passed Millicent's bedroom door next to his own, he had a bad moment, and almost against his will looked in. Her bed was before two windows, where moonlight and sunlight streamed upon it in turn, and just now it was the moon. It showed Millicent very clearly. She had her head upon her arm as usual, and in that cool soft light she looked not exactly pretty, but very young and entirely innocent. She was either asleep or feigning it admirably. Rodney went on to his own room and shut the door of it very softly that he might not disturb her. He himself did not get to sleep until it was almost morning, but lay there alternating between moods of hot willfulness and complete depression.

The only argument which bore out the fact that Millicent had really been sleeping was that she did look completely rested the next morning at breakfast. She did not ask Rodney where he had been the night before. Not that he intended to tell her quite accurately, but he had prepared a technically truthful story which went entirely to waste. Across the breakfast table Millicent looked very plain. Still, with a heaping silver dish of strawberries before her and the coffee service shining and steaming, she somehow appeared so content and hospitable and gracious that Rodney felt all the more aggrieved. She ought to take her share of worrying, he thought, and glowered, and pitied his own headache and did not feel very much the lover.

Of course before night he did. He caught up with the day after a little while and began to recover that fever which had sped with daylight. He and Millicent went to the dinner that the Wilbur Joneses gave that night, and Mrs. Jones put Rodney next to a talkative old lady and across the table from Freda, who was also a guest.

Freda might be acting outrageously, but though people deplored her ways and her occasional havoc, they left her name on their invitation lists. It is no light matter to become inimical to a large and unchartered fortune such as Freda's, and in addition people always felt that she added a great deal of variety to the neat pairs available for dinner parties. Tonight Mrs.

Jones used her to advantage beside Harrison Brent, who was the real occasion for the dinner—a bona fide notable who had been one of the youngest ambassadors ever appointed.

And Freda did not fail her hostess. She came late and her entrance alone had great manner. Her hair was as sleek as if it had been wet, and her dress was silver and green. Some stray bit of it was twisted tight about her neck as no other woman would have dared to wear it. She spoke to her hostess, held Rodney Gamble's hand a moment too long, paid no attention to anyone else and went out to dinner very indifferently with Harrison Brent. Naturally he was intrigued.

Across the table, separated by lace and silver and the possessions of gentlefolk, Rodney became more and more sullen and irritable as the old lady beside him talked pleasantly on. Farther down the table, Millicent saw what was happening and managed to edge around the orchids which blocked her view until she saw Freda talking to Brent and understood why it was happening.

Millicent herself was looking very well. She was wearing a dress made of long colored fringes, shaded from pink to red, and as she came into the room, people looked at her twice until they realized who it was, and then they said: "Poor Millicent!" Even Harrison Brent had shown some interest and seemed rather surprised to find out that she was a matron and a resident. But Millicent did not begin to develop his interest until after dinner, when she took the center of the stage, gradually got Brent to share it with her and finally bore him off to the ballroom, where the musicians had already tuned up, and the guests invited for dancing were assembling. There was never any argument about Millicent's dancing. It was and always had been perfect, and tonight in the fringes she was a flaring rhythm.

"I think poor Millicent's almost tragic," said Irene to her docile husband.

"She looks pretty cheerful."

"That's just it. The mask! It seems dreadful to see her play up to that man in the hope of getting Rodney's attention. That's all she's doing it for, you know. And he's disappeared with Freda. I saw them go outdoors, perfectly absorbed in each other. Heaven knows where that business will end."

"In the meantime I guess I'll get a dance with Millicent."

"Do be nice to her," said Irene charitably.

BUT the docile husband did not get a chance. Other men had the same idea. The women saw what she was up to, trying to regain her husband by this burst of frivolity. But most of the men were getting dances with her, and none more assiduously than Brent. He and Millicent had established one of those *ententes* extremely cordial which kept him hunting her up between dances and bantering as they passed. Of course, everyone knew it didn't mean anything. Millicent had never looked at another man seriously before or since she married Rodney. It was clear that this was the camouflage of wreckage, but Mrs. Jones' party was going strong, none the less.

"Very amusing, isn't she?" said Brent to Mrs. Jones. "I never met anyone more so. She's wasted here. Extremely vivid, and such a beautiful dancer. Who's her husband?"

Mrs. Jones looked about and saw that Freda and Rodney were still among the missing. She sighed and held her counsel.

"Millicent has lots of life. Of course she isn't exactly good-looking," she told him.

"She doesn't need to be," he remarked, and because he had been ambassador to a country which had bordered on France, he added: "She has *la beauté du diable*."



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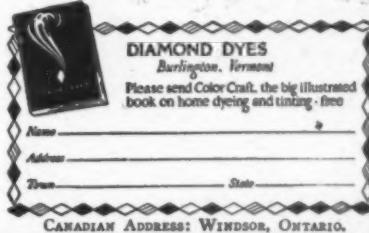
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But Mrs. Jones was weak on French and only got the devil part.

"She's an awfully good mother," she argued.

Outdoors on one of the terraces that was sufficiently removed from the house, Freda and Rodney shared an imported marble seat. She had become faintly restless. They had been out there for an hour now, and he had begun to repeat himself. The silence he was talking against now was no longer sympathetic, no longer beckoning. He was also growing possessive, and his hands were hot. That always annoyed Freda. Besides, there was big game inside the Jones house, and she hated to be kept from the hunt. She had liked Brent at dinner because he was so competent and sophisticated and didn't let her get away with anything. It had whetted her appetite and made her impatient with the ingenuousness which had entertained her yesterday. Freda was one of those who liked a balanced diet of men, and she knew that after a point ingenuousness always became flat and dull just as, at another point, it always refreshed her.

"I hated to see you flirting with that Brent fellow at dinner," said Rodney at length. He was used to being frank with Millicent and rarely dodged any issue.

"Why?"

"Oh—somehow it seemed to cheapen our feeling for each other."

FREDA was silent. Her silence spoke for her very disconcertingly.

"I don't mean to be jealous," he went on, more apologetically.

"You haven't any right to be jealous, have you?"

"No—of course not. But you're so queer tonight, Freda. And I got to thinking at dinner that I wasn't going to be just another episode—I'll be damned if I will! I suppose you go all over the country leaving a trail of boob men behind. But I won't join the procession."

"You needn't join any procession you don't want to."

"I'm going to break up the procession. I won't have it. I watched you at dinner, and you were treating that man just exactly as you treated me. Leading him on."

"This is beginning to sound married," said Freda. "Let's go in."

He caught her wrists.

"You've been making a fool out of me, then. You didn't mean it?"

"Look out. I bruise easily. Of course I meant it. I liked you last night. Tonight you're trying to bully me, and I don't let men do that. We had a good time. Isn't that enough?"

"But that's not love—"

"It depends on how you define love."

"Why, love—" he began and stopped. He remembered that he and Millicent had once tried to define it, and some of the things she had said, some of the things she had done. He couldn't go on without telling that, and this girl could never understand. Freda was already moving across the lawn. He started to follow her; then he let her go.

It took him rather a long time to compose himself, to get over the shame of having let himself in for this ending. Perhaps it was his humiliation which brought his mind back to Millicent. His sister had said Millicent had been dreadfully humiliated, was suffering, and as he turned to the thought of Millicent and her love to rehabilitate himself, he discovered all at once what she must have been through. He would set that right first of all and he would do it before everyone.

The only obstacle was that Millicent did not seem to be suffering. He found her very much the center of everything. Mrs. Jones' party was an unqualified success.

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The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Most of the guests were dancing; some were playing cards; a few light hearts were informally shooting craps; and Millicent was doing the rest. She was standing beside Freda when her husband saw her. Freda's beautiful face held its secrets and held them well. But there was something about Millicent which made him proud. She didn't look as if she had any secrets. There she was, with four children to her credit, looking like a girl and a straight decent girl too. He went up to her and crowded out Harrison Brent.

PEOPLE said various things. Irene, for instance, told Millicent that she had done exactly right to show Rodney that he wasn't the only man on earth. She spoke to Millicent with less pity and a certain new respect, as if she had become an expert in some line or other.

"Men need to be made a little jealous now and then, don't you think so?"

"Maybe so," said Millicent, "but I never made any man jealous. And I certainly never tried to."

Of course Irene didn't believe that. She said Millicent was a clever girl. Mrs. Plaintain held other views. She told Millicent that she had appealed to Rodney's sense of loyalty and duty, and she was sure the dear boy had taken it to heart and the little storm had blown over. Harrison Brent saw a good deal of Freda, but he told her the day he left that he had never met anyone he liked better than Mrs. Gamble, and he wished they could all get together again. Freda made no promises, but before very long she closed her house for the winter and took a rented one in Washington.

The only complete secret was what Rodney said to his wife. People guessed at what they might have said, but no one knew, for the Gambles did not make that kind of confidences. All the conjectures were wildly astray. For a long time nothing was said; at length, in a quiet, exceedingly friendly hour, Rodney made apology.

"The thing I can't get over is hurting you."

"You didn't. I really felt kind of mean about that, with everybody searching for wounds. It was the neighbors who worried. And your sister. I really had quite a nice summer. I got a lot of things done. The only time I took a hand was when I tried to keep Harrison Brent out of Freda's way that night. But as for suffering, I didn't."

"I don't believe you did," he said, wondering. "And yet you do care. You seem to, darling."

"Don't I care!" exclaimed Millicent, and raised her arms above her head in that same swift lovely gesture of her honeymoon. "But I figured it out for myself. You couldn't give Freda what I had. She wouldn't want it. And I didn't care about that emotional junk you gave her. I was glad to have you get rid of it. Every man seems to have a certain amount of that stuff lying around. Freda collects it. That's all."

"You're keen, Milly. You get the whole thing."

"And then of course she's beautiful."

"She's not in your class for looks," said Rodney. "Take that from me."

"The Romantic Husband"

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THE STORY OF HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 53)

harmony or symphony of pleasures, a movement of many melodies, we may look for it in any natural action, and above all in the harmonious operation of the fundamental instincts of our souls.

The Haunts of Happiness

If this is true, we should expect to find the first and simplest happiness associated with our most aboriginal impulse, which is to eat. "All good things," said the Epicureans, "have reference to the belly." It would seem so; and if one may judge from the joy written on the face, the great events of most human days are meals. So, as a soldier would say, we make a mess of our lives. In youth we spend our money on love, in middle age on food, in old age on medicine. Yet here again there is a certain wisdom in the senses; it will not do to prolong our years at the cost of every delight; probably old age would need the medicine in any case. Let us snatch the day.

From hunger acquisition sprouts, and spreads to a lust for any material thing. But this voracious and bottomless appetite is less natural than the desire for food; every acquisition is a disillusionment, and brings no such wholesome content as shines on the face of the man who has eaten not wisely, but well.

The instinct of fight is one of the servants of the master instincts to eat and to mate; and in its operation too there can be keen delight. Anger, as Nietzsche suggested, may be a "neurosis of health;" we enjoy it so much that every hot word we utter, or every blow we strike, seems sufficient reason for another, unless it is too well returned. Pride, which is pugnacity on parade, stiffens one with pleasure; there is no dog so small but he may find one smaller than himself to bear his strutting. Like everything else, it is an evil and a good; it requires continual preparedness, and yet it gives strength to the arm and confidence to the soul; no genius could be without it. Finally pugnacity issues (if all goes well) in mastery; and here strong hearts find a certain carnivorous joy. Happiness lurks in every positive and spontaneous action, and shuns every negative and cautious moment. There is always more pleasure in approach than in retreat, more in curiosity than in security, more in pride than in humility, more in fight than in flight, more in mastery than in submission.

Therefore the instincts of action are the favorite haunts of happiness. To move, to creep, to stand, to walk, to run, to climb, to swim, at last to fly: what strange delight there is in these natural expressions of our powers! La Rochefoucauld thought that the strongest of human instincts is the impulse to sit down; but though that may be true, it is a negative accomplishment, and does not stir the heart. On the contrary, nothing is so quieting as a chair. To be lifted up, one must rise.

Our first great happiness is at our mother's breast; but our second is in the ecstasy of play. What purpose is it that moves these children to their wild activity? What secret desire sustains their energy? None: the play is the thing, and these games are their own reward. Children are happy because they find their pleasure in the immediate action; their movements are not means to distinct ends; their eyes are upon the things they do, not vainly on the stars; they fall, but seldom into wells.

And they laugh. If we would learn the secrets of happiness, we must surround ourselves with childhood and youth, and absorb their spirit. Hear that wild laughter; not merely a smile, which is the abortion



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of a laugh, but a rollicking ripple of every muscle in the body. It is a poisonous error that laughter is not genteel; or rather it is a laughable error that we should be genteel. Life is not so momentous as religion and philosophy have pretended.

Our third period of happiness is in the flush of youth. It is an age not quite as happy as childhood, for it has become more serious, feels the weight of vast responsibilities present and to come, and meditates the reformation of the world. But it still is active, and action is half of happiness. Watch these young men and women at tennis or in the water. What lithe grace, what unity and poetry of motion, what gleaming shoulders, what intriguing ankles and flashing eyes, all whirling in a harmony of body and soul!

If we drive happiness to its last hiding-place, we shall find it in the perfect soundness of the flesh. Let us not be shocked at this discovery; we too have bodies; and if they ail, not all the wisdom of Solomon can make us happy. "There never was philosopher that could bear the toothache patiently." But let the body be hale in all its parts, and misfortune falls upon us with only half its weight; dissolving love may break our hearts, but the fissure will soon be repaired; and even truth will not long sadden us if we are well. For to the healthy man every sensation, if it is not destructive, is a pleasure; and every sense is a *raison d'être*. "Give me health and a day," said Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

ALL in all, then, happiness lies in action rather than in thought. Thought is an artifice, and the unnatural never quite contents us. If all philosophers are sad, it may be that they have spent too many hours sitting still; let them take a constitutional and make friends with the sun again. Pessimism is not a philosophy but an illness; some organ is injured or diseased, and generalizes its pain into a cosmic woe. What is needed in such cases is not a refutation but an aperient.

"If Napoleon had been a wise man," said Anatole France, "he would have lived in an attic and written four books." It is not often that the great skeptic spoke so foolishly; we love Spinoza not because he lived in an attic, nor even because he wrote four books, but because he practiced a gentle wisdom, and suffered great sorrow patiently; life is greater even than philosophy. And the best life is one rich and varied in content, ripe with action and thought, adventure and contemplation, responsibility and danger. Better by far to have gone through the gamut of Napoleon's rise and fall than to meditate safely on the distant actions of others; better to bear defeat at Waterloo and die on a desolate rock than to fill paper forever with adjectives and nouns. Thought is an instrument, not an end; when it does not fulfill itself in action, it turns inward into a disease. The ideal is neither Napoleon nor Spinoza, but Bacon or Voltaire: to have great thoughts and also to do great things; to die more deaths than one in order to live more lives. The best life is the fullest one.

These instincts—food-getting, fighting and action—are individualistic, and even at their best they miss an element of happiness if they operate alone. To do things together, doubles their delight; almost anything—even war—is tolerable if we are joined with others in it. Partly the approval of our fellows warms the cockles of our hearts; partly their presence brings a vague security; and above all, we value them for their ears. Friendship is an exchange of ears; and if we can listen well, we shall have many friends. In general our happiness (the other factors being equal) will vary with our sociability, and even with our kindness. There is more pleasure in giving than in taking (for all taking



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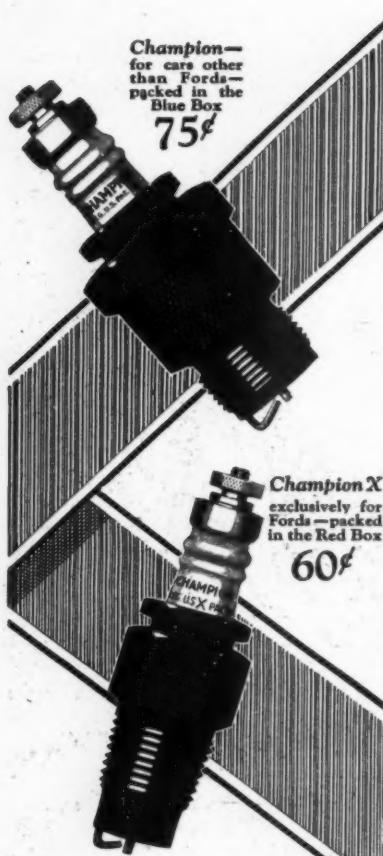
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is submission, and all giving is mastery), more pleasure in believing than in doubting (skeptics and dyspeptics are near allied), more pleasure in kindness than in giving pain, more pleasure in love than in hate.

Love (or, more widely, the impulse to mate) is the ultimate instinct, to which the rest are preparatives and ministers. Schopenhauer saw in it the sacrifice of the individual to the species; would that every sacrifice could bring such ecstasy! Since happiness lies above all in the instincts, it will lie above all in love, which is the strongest passion that we know. It brings us our fourth great period of bliss, and lifts us to levels of delight where we almost catch our breath with pain. "I am in love," said Shakespeare's *Biron*, "and I do believe that it hath made me melancholy." This strange kinship between great grief and our deepest joy is a sad consideration which Schopenhauer omitted from his Bible of despair.

To love, or to be loved, then, is part of happiness; and the dark doubt that hides in the pleasant madness merely deepens our love, as discord and suspense may make a profounder music. We must blame ourselves if love's brevity grieves us long; what right had our ignorance to expect that the song would never end? Nature made love for the species' sake; and when the children have come, she leaves the replenishment of love's fire to the resources of our own hearts. If the fire dies beyond rekindling, it is because we have not shared suffering, or have not stood together over some cradle where our lives and our love might begin anew.

To middle age children come as a fount of happiness as deep as the play and laughter of childhood and the health and frenzy of youth. The chief end of life is to pay our children's bills; and perhaps it is the chief happiness too. It is remarkable what pleasure we take in parentage, which is usually the herald of our dismissal from the earth. Napoleon, who had every opportunity to taste the pleasures of life, said that he had never had any happiness except in the arms of Josephine, who cuckolded him, or in smearing with jam the princely face of the King of Rome. And the humblest workingman finds his mature bliss in the same little circle of the home. It is not in our external and economic relationships that happiness lies, but in the old-fashioned and "sentimental" delights of throwing the latest infant into the air, or studying the dimple in his smiling face. No wonder happiness romps as readily among the poor and simple as among the rich and great. Doubtless, if present signs may be believed, this spring of delight will soon run dry in every home but those of the simple and the poor.

The Joys of Understanding

LET philosophy concede, then, that not in philosophy but in life man must find his keenest happiness; not in the library or the monastic cell, but in the harmonious fulfillment of his natural and oldest instincts. Happiness is unconscious because it comes only when we are natural; if we stop to analyze it, it disappears, because it is so unnatural to stop and analyze. If the intellect contributes to happiness, it must be not as a primary source, but as the medium of coordination, the instrument whereon we evoke a harmony of desire. In this sense it may be an indispensable aid; for what shall it profit us to gain all our ends, if our desires are in chaos and contradiction, canceling one another into a mad futility?

It is a truth which every man must learn; and though thinking comes hard to him, he resorts to it now and then. He acquires at last the art of order, as societies learn it in their growth; he perceives that he must range his desires in a hierarchy of discipline, lest the trivial should frustrate the great; he arrives in the end at something of that total

perspective in which all wisdom lies, and so much of beauty and good. He comes to see the small as small and the large as large, sometimes before it is too late. He does not fret so readily when he cannot have his way, for he knows that his own desire is but one impulse in that great composition of forces which moves the world.

Wisdom is a light, and not a fire; it illuminates the way, but it does not warm the heart, or stir the soul to action. It is (with all reverence to its majesty) a negative thing where happiness is concerned; it can keep us from suffering, but it cannot inspire us to ecstasy. Like the demon of Socrates, it can forbid but it cannot command; it can keep us from falling, but it cannot make us fly.

Youth, which has the fire, lacks the light; and age, which has the light, shivers with its back to the fire. This youth, who suffers and gnashes his teeth because his beloved has smiled to another lad—of what use is it to tell him now that his tragedy will seem a comedy when his hair is gray? And this old man suffers no more from the pangs of despised love, or the busy inattention of the world; he has found his natural place like flowing water or drifting sand, and is at rest. But the foot of the hill is not the heights; and this equality knows few exaltations. To see all things *sub specie eternitatis* is to leave grandeur only to the whole; each part is so small and transitory that it holds no inspiration and no nobility. Sometimes one must not look too far if he would see the gift which the present offers to his hand. If we had all knowledge, we might have no desire; and then our happiness would be an empty thing, like the desert's peace. When will youth give us an enthusiasm which age cannot take away?

Nevertheless, since suffering is real, ever near us, and nearest to those whose souls are the highest and the best, wisdom is a precious thing, a guide and friend whose counsel keeps many pangs away. Here is misfortune; perhaps, says wisdom, some boon lurks in it; look within and see. Are you ill? Very well; you were slipping into obesity, and now you shall be restored to the most fashionable slenderness. You are rejected by that proud beauty? Reflect that her beauty will die before her pride, and that she will lapse into an imperious and endless eloquence. You have lost in an investment? It is a tuition fee; think of the wealth you will preserve now with the wisdom you have bought. Look into your past, and see how many good things have come to you wrapped in a cover of evil.

The wise man not only sees the good in ill-fortune, but he tries to feel his good fortune as keenly, when it comes, as he feels the blows which impinge upon him yearly. A fool is conscious of his disappointments only; when things turn out well, he takes their kindness as his due, and never thrills with gratitude. If some splendid bit of luck has fallen to you, recall it every day that it lasts, and utter your thanksgiving aloud, that it may fill your own ears with gladness. Consider how many villainies you have perpetrated, and for which the world has not punished you. Consider how often tolerant circumstance has failed to take advantage of your stupidity or your negligence to destroy you. Cast up your demerits and deserts, and see if your reward is unfair. Perhaps, as Carlyle said, you deserve to be hanged and quartered, and should hold yourself lucky if you are only shot.

Do not require too much of the universe; there are other demands made upon it which may conflict with yours. You are a part of a whole, and every other part will expect you to remember it. Ask too much, and it shall not be given you; knock too loudly, and it shall not be opened unto you; seek impatiently, and you shall not find. Do not call the world names because it has other

designs than yours; perhaps if you could see the entirety, you would perceive, like Job, that the order of the planets is more important than your sores. Say to yourself what the old Aztec priests said to every child: "You are born into a world of suffering; suffer, then, and hold your peace." If we do not make our own woe very audible, after a while we shall not hear it ourselves.

Cultivate your garden. Do not place your happiness in distant lands or in grandly imagined tasks; do well what you can do, until you can do greater things as well. The modern soul seems never happy where it is, nor in what it is doing; unknown places seem always lovelier, and unknown tasks must surely be easier! It is a romantic dream, from whose waking we shall pass into unreasoning bitterness. For pessimism is the only obverse of romanticism, the morning after imagination.

And while you cultivate your garden, prepare a harvest for the mind. Do not depend upon teachers to educate you; they are only educating themselves through the errors they make in teaching you. Follow your own bent, pursue your curiosity bravely, express yourself, make your own harmony. Happiness does not come from imitation or conformity—though a clever man will pretend to conform, and will cover his heresies with a hundred courtesies. In the end education, like happiness, is individual, and must come to us from life and from ourselves. There is no way; each pilgrim makes his own path. "Happiness," said Chamfort, "is not easily won; it is hard to find it in ourselves, and impossible to find it elsewhere."

ACH age, like every individual, has its own characteristic intoxication. If play is the effervescence of childhood, and love is the wine of youth, the solace of age is understanding. If you would be content in age, be wise with Solon and learn something every day. Education is not a task; it is a lifelong happiness, an enabling intimacy with great men, an unhurried excursion into all realms of loveliness and wisdom. If in youth we fell in love with beauty, in maturity we can make friends with genius. A hundred philosophers await us in the Country of the Mind; a hundred poets sing there, and a thousand artists carve and build and paint; statesmen hold quiet discourse on large affairs, and saints speak a word for kindness; wise teachers still teach in those eternal valleys of delight, and fair women, there, are always fair, and need not lose their beauty to be great. What a gift it is, this heritage of mankind to men, this Eldorado of drossless treasures, opening its gates and bidding us enter and possess!

Let us enter. We need only clear our minds and cleanse our hearts, and that great company will welcome us, and pass on their lore to us as graciously as ancient sages loved to instruct youth. When meanness is gone from us and we have learned to honor truth even when it leans away from our desire, we shall be fit pupils for Aristotle and Spinoza, for Whitman and Euripides, for Phidias and Leonardo, for Nietzsche and Christ. We cannot live long in that celestial realm of all genius without becoming a little finer than we were. And though we shall not find there the poignant delirium of youth, we shall know a lasting, gentle happiness, a profound delight which time cannot take from us until it takes all.

Let the children play; their noise conceals the music of eternal life. Let the young men love; we shall not be stern with them. In our hearts we too are in the game, and it is our lips that give or feel the kiss. Through understanding we are of every age, and no joy is alien to us. And when childhood is tired, and youth is sad, we shall hold out our arms to them, and bid them come with us and sit at the feet of Plato in the City of God.



"Stepping high with those new Kelly-Springfields, aren't you, George?"

"Nope! Just got the best—doesn't cost any more!"

Is Your Town Safe?



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These boys and girls are being taught to save their lives! They are learning the meaning of the "Stop" and "Go" traffic signals. In many schools the children make their own semaphores, and the teacher appoints different members of the class to act the part of a Traffic Officer so that the lesson of caution at street crossings can never be forgotten.

EVERY five minutes someone dies from cancer. Every six minutes someone is killed by accident. One death in every 13 is caused by cancer—one in 15 by accident. One—a tragedy foreseen weeks in advance when

beyond hope of prevention. The other—swift annihilation that could have been prevented.

Most fatal accidents need never happen; 90,000 a year in the United States—240 a day—deaths from various causes that

could be prevented. One half of the children who are killed are the little untaught ones less than five years old. And accidents claim all too many persons past middle age—who have not adjusted themselves to the swift pace of passing vehicles.

In cities where public caution and protection are taught, the deathrate from accident is far less than the Nation's sad average. Modern scientific Safety Campaigns are organized in these cities. The Mayor, the Police Department, local associations, clubs, societies and citizens of ability and initiative are working together for safety in industry, in the home and on our streets. The newspapers which help to promote Safety Campaigns find a quick response.

These continuous safety programs are as carefully and skilfully planned as a great battle, but with this difference—a battle is planned to end as many lives as possible and a Safety Campaign is planned to save as many lives as possible.

No longer has one a right to say, "Accidents are bound to happen. You can't prevent them." Today accident prevention is neither a beautiful dream nor a vain hope. It is a splendid reality. In cities which have said, "It can be done"—it has been done. In some cities the deathrate from accident has been reduced more than half.

Do you know how many people were killed by accident in your town last year? You will find, again and again, that a little forethought or a little more care would have avoided many tragedies. Help to prevent such deaths.

700,000 Americans seriously injured last year; 23,000 killed by one cause alone—motor vehicle accidents.

Appeals to individual caution have failed to stem the constantly rising tide of accidental deaths. Last year the New York State conference of Mayors decided to conduct an "entire city" Safety Campaign. Albany, N. Y., was selected for the test, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was invited to send safety engineers to co-operate.

A vigorous educational program was undertaken. Every stage of this campaign was carefully mapped out in advance. During the first six months of the demonstration, while practically the

entire city supported it, accidental deaths of all kinds were reduced 31%. Fatal accidents to children were reduced 33½%. Fatal accidents in homes were reduced 71%.

Based on the results in Albany, the Metropolitan has prepared two booklets, "Promoting Community Safety" and "The Traffic Problem", which outline practical ways and means for accident prevention. Send for two copies of each, one for personal study and one to send to your Mayor. If your town has a working safety organization, support it whole-heartedly. If not, help to establish a local Safety Council.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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